Railroads Buck the Breadline, by Stanley Day

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

MARCH

Fact and Fiction

*25 CTS.

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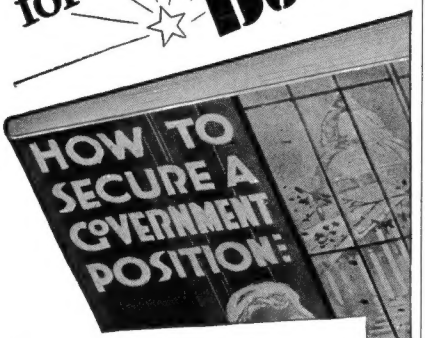

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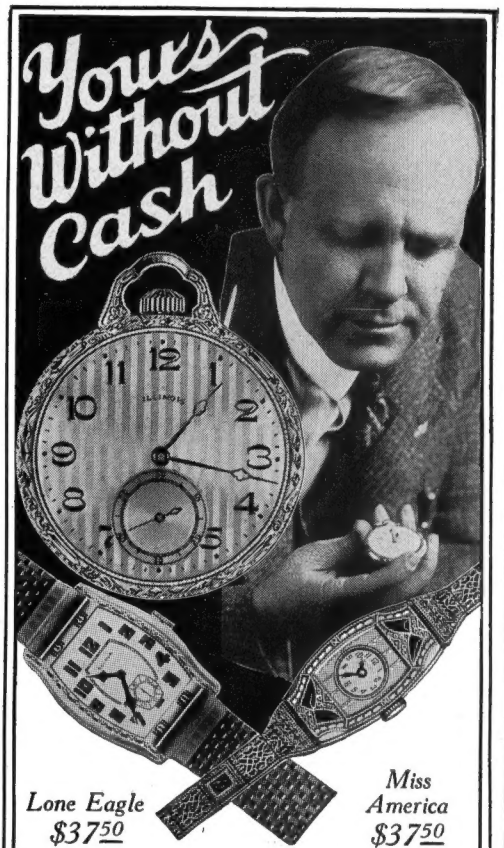

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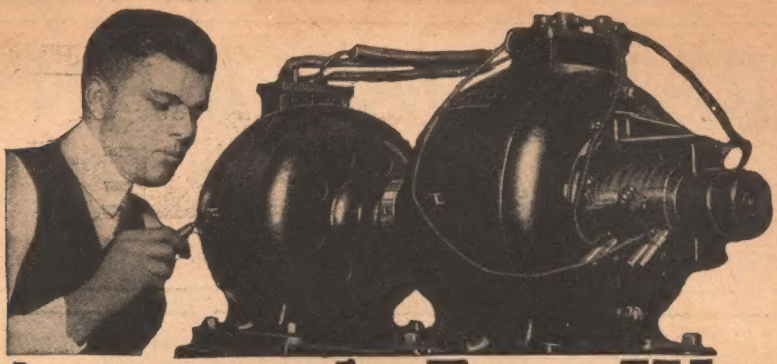

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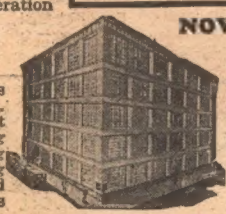

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RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

March, 1931 *"For the Railroad Man and the Railroad Fan"* Vol. IV—No. 4

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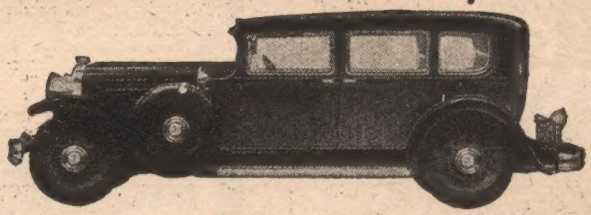

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$1,000.00
for Promptness

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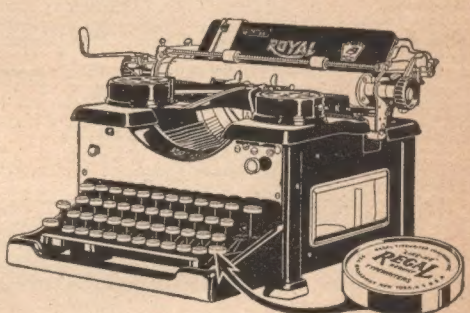

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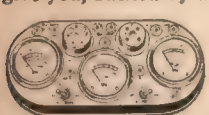

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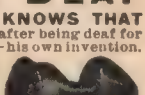

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O	O	■	H	A	M	■	P	H	O	N	E	R		
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D	R	A	W	■	H	A	L	F	A	■	L	U		
C	O	W	■	W	O	R	L	D	■	T	O	N		
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U	■	P	A	R	E	S	■	D	A	Y	■	H		
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	P	R	O	■	S	E	C	O	N	D	S			

Here are the answers to the

Cross Word Puzzle

which appears on page 634

"I got a raise without asking for it"

"WHAT do you think! The boss called me in today and said I had made more progress in the past year than any man in the organization and that, beginning this week, my pay is raised $15!

"He said he had given my work particularly close attention since I enrolled for that International Correspondence Schools course. Said if the other fellows would take it and get as much benefit out of it as I did he would have the most efficient force in the country! You certainly had the right idea, Grace, when you persuaded me to enroll with the I. C. S."

• • •

Perhaps an I. C. S. course is just what you need to attract the attention of the boss and to get a raise without asking for it. Thousands of men have found in enrolment the beginning of successful careers. Are you willing to devote a few hours a week to pleasant study? If so, let us tell you more about the I. C. S.

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- ☐ Welding, Electric and Gas
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Telegraph Engineer
- ☐ Telephone Work
- ☐ Patternmaker
- ☐ Pipefitter
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- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Steam Engineer
- ☐ Steam Electric Engineer
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- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Refrigeration
- ☐ R. R. Locomotives
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- ☐ R. R. Bridge and Building Foreman
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DIRECTIONS

To one tub full of tropical water, add one chilly T. B. M. Immerse completely to his Adam's apple. Allow to steep until his skin is as pink as a summer's dawn.

Then toss in a buoyant, undrownable cake of Ivory. (Don't irk the bather's fretful spirit with a pellet of slippery sinker soap!) He will instantly give Ivory the fraternal grip that fills his fists with lighthearted bubbles. Then he will decorate himself with Ivory foam until he looks like a whipped cream dessert!

If the bather sinks back to his highwater mark, leave undisturbed until a deep, heavy yawn comes to the surface. Then the finishing touches can be added. Dry with a large, rough towel and serve between crisp, smooth sheets. Allow to settle for eight full hours. In the morning, shake well. Dress. The result—a brand-new man!

This recipe is guaranteed to thaw winter bitten souls into a summery mood. It is endorsed alike by conservative bank presidents and enthusiastic press agents who have a kindly thought for their skins. Ivory's dividends in comfort are as profitable as any gilt-edged security!

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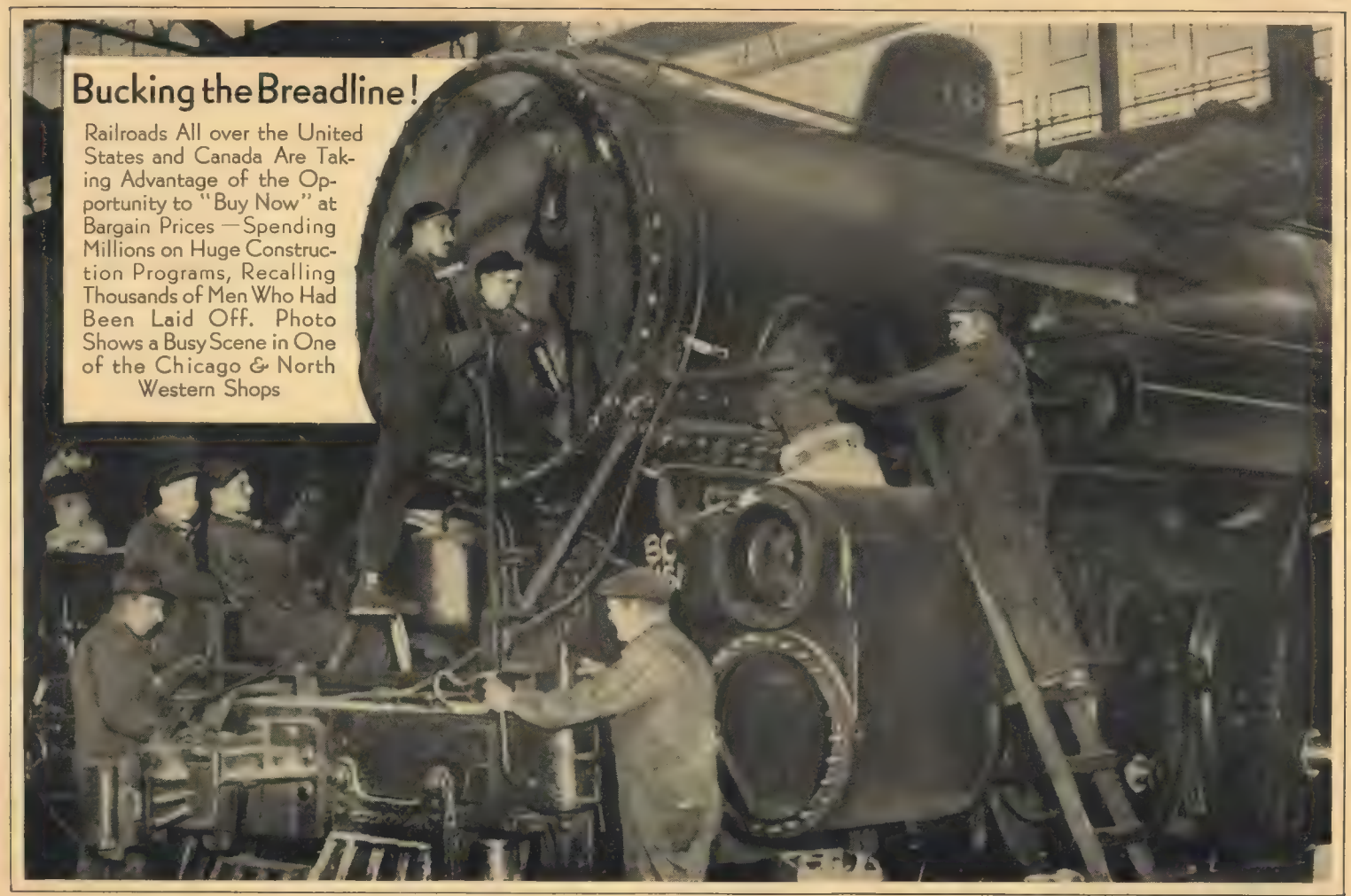

Bucking the Breadline!
Railroads All over the United States and Canada Are Taking Advantage of the Opportunity to "Buy Now" at Bargain Prices — Spending Millions on Huge Construction Programs, Recalling Thousands of Men Who Had Been Laid Off. Photo Shows a Busy Scene in One of the Chicago & North Western Shops

Railroad Man's Magazine, March, 1931

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. IV — MARCH, 1931 — No. 4

Laborers Re-lining Trackage Entering Montreal, as Part of the Construction Work of the Proposed New Canadian National Terminal

Railroads Buck the Breadline

70,000 Man-Days of Employment Supplied by One Road Alone Is a Practical Outgrowth of the Railroads' Policy of Spending while Other Industries Tighten up the Purse Strings

By STANLEY DAY

BEFORE most people ever suspected there'd be a breadline, the railroads got ready for it, and when the first one appeared the railroads began to buck it. They've been bucking it ever since. Long before free soup became a common article of American diet, the railroads were lining up their shock troops—shock troops in the shape of spending money—and were ready to go to work.

Breadlines and jobless men have been common sights in the United States for something like twelve months. Only recently have the "Buy

Pile Drivers Working on the Construction of a Viaduct for the Magnificent $50,000,000 Terminal Which the Canadian National System Is Building at Montreal

Now" campaigns and the unemployment relief measures got properly under way, since big business has at last awakened to the fact that the situation was serious.

But railroad business, and railroad business alone, saw more than a year ago what was going to happen. And proceeded to do things about it.

This "Buy Now" stuff is ancient history to the railroads. They began to buy before the depression had fully arrived, and they haven't stopped. With increasing vigor and effect they will continue.

It is impossible to say just what would have happened had the railroads, following the lead of other industries, decided a year ago to tighten the purse strings and curtail expenditures all down the line.

Most certainly breadlines would have been longer. Money would have been tighter, jobs scarcer, and wages lower.

But the railroads bucked the breadlines before they began to

Workmen Laying the First Rail on the Gigantic Boulder Dam Job near Las Vegas, Nevada. A 22-Mile Railroad Is Being Built to within Seven Miles of the Dam Site

form. So conditions aren't as bad as they might have been. What's more, they're getting better—with the railroads showing the way.

When the depression cyclone first hit, big business was stricken with an acute attack of economy. It began paring expenses all over the budget. The wave hit every one, from the office boy to the president.

Only the railroads kept calm. The prevailing hysteria passed them by. True, they did do a certain amount of judicious expense cutting. But what they saved with one hand they spent with the other. They embarked upon a program of capital expenditure bigger than anything attempted since 1923.

The capital expenditures of the Class 1 railroads of the United States for the first nine months of 1930 were $698,821,000. This was an increase of 22 per cent, or $125,000,000, over capital expenditures for the same period in 1929, and an increase of approximately 40 per cent for the first three quarters of 1928.

In other words, taking a broad view of the situation, we see that, while practically every other branch of industry in the country was decreasing expenditures because of the depression, the railroads were increasing theirs—and for the same reason.

Industry in general said to itself: "The world is in for an era of depression and falling prices. Therefore we must stop spending money and keep our reserves intact."

The railroad industry said to itself: "The world is in for an era of depres-

The Canadian National System Is Bucking the Breadline on a Big Scale. We See Here Just One of Its Many Construction Jobs—the Building of a Subway at Winnipeg to Overcome the Level Crossing of C. N. R. Tracks over the Pembina Highway, a Motor Truck Road Connecting Winnipeg with Minneapolis and St. Paul via Emerson, Manitoba

sion and falling prices. Therefore we must spend a lot. It is a great time for bargains."

The railroads were right. It is a great time for bargains. Material and labor costs are temporarily down. The railroads are taking advantage of low prices to buy new equipment, replace obsolete rolling stock, rebuild roadbeds, and generally set their houses in order.

Thus were the breadlines dealt a shattering blow. The general public benefited, as did the railroad employees, and, last, but by no means least, the railroads themselves.

In fact, so successful have the railroads been with their "Buy Now" policy, that they are able to pat themselves on the back and contemplate the past year with a great deal more glee than will be observed around the head offices of a good many other industries.

And in view of their success they are at this moment saying to themselves: "The era of business depression and falling prices is still with us. Last year was a fine bargain year. This year, or part of it anyway, will be just as fine. Therefore this year we'll spend a lot of money—more money than in 1930."

So from Maine to California, and in every part of the country where there are railroads and railroad offices, money is being spent—big chunks of real money.

Is it too much to say that this looks

like the beginning of the end of the depression?

Well, it seems that other industries are adopting the "Buy Now" policy. At this moment the railroads could, with a great deal of honesty, rise up and shout, "We lead; others follow."

They were the first to "Buy Now." When everybody's doing it there will be no more depression, no unemployment.

After all, business depression in this part of the world doesn't mean that the United States is hard up; that there is less money in the country than there was two years ago. It means simply that the money is in the banks instead of in circulation. Economists mean that when they say the dollar has lost its velocity. They mean that money isn't changing hands fast enough.

But that can't be said about railroad dollars. During the coming year railroad money will move faster and go more places than it has for many, many moons.

Take as an instance the New York Central. Within recent days this road has announced what will amount probably to the biggest capital expenditure in its history.

To begin with, it is preparing to spend twenty-one millions of dollars for the elimination of grade crossings. That money will pay a lot of wages to a lot of men. The work starts almost at once.

Shortly before Christmas the New York Central advertised for bids on 50 Hudson type locomotives, these to cost in the neighborhood of $100,000 each. The New York Central is willing to spend this $5,000,000 on new engines because, by doing so now, the cost will be slightly under that of normal times.

On these two items, grade crossing elimination and locomotives, one road is ready to spend $26,000,000.

The New York Central Right Now Is Undertaking What Will Probably Amount to the Biggest Capital Expenditure in Its History. Photo Shows a Few of the N. Y. C. Track Laborers Who Are Not at All Worried About the Breadline

But that's by no means the end of the New York Central program.

Toward the end of 1930, this line placed orders for 170,000 tons of steel rail. It is on the point of spending sizable sums to electrify the entire system on the West Side of New York City. It has ordered 42 new Diesel oil-electric locomotives. A reverse signaling system will be installed over that road between the Grand Central Station and New Haven, Connecticut.

At the beginning of December, 1930, the New York Central shops at Harmon, New York, were operating with a skeleton crew on a five-day week. By the middle of the same month the same shops were working six days a week and three hundred men had been added to the pay roll. The shops were then at capacity production. Moreover, 2,000 men have been taken back recently at the N. Y. C.'s Albany shops.

We may be wrong, but we think these things indicate dwindling breadlines and more jobs. Railroad men at least seem to have better prospects for employment in 1931 than in 1930.

Almost every railroad in the country is planning similar projects on a greater or lesser scale. While no estimate has yet been made as to the total of their combined expenditures in this connection during the coming twelve months, indications are that it will be far greater than in 1930.

The following is abstracted from a report issued in December by the Northern Pacific and is typical of railroad activity all over the country:

> The Northern Pacific will start at once to expend $4,500,000 in the largest car-building program it has ever undertaken on its own system, Charles Donnelly, president, announced to-day.
>
> About six hundred men will be added to the company's forces for fully a year in the territory between St. Paul and the Pacific Coast, involving an addition of about $1,000,000 to the company's pay roll; and a large number of men must be set at work for some months in industries from which material will be purchased . . .
>
> Railway company officials said that this work, which has been under discussion for some time, was planned to be done in the near future; but because it can be done economically now and at the same time relieve unemployment, the company has decided to proceed at once.

Not long ago the first contract of the Boulder Dam job was awarded by R. L. Adamson, chief engineer of the Union Pacific System, to the Merritt-Chapman & Scott Corporation of New York, for the construction of a 22-mile railroad to within seven miles of the dam site. The job, which involves the services of 400 men, was started November 1, 1930, at the connecting point, seven miles south of Las Vegas, when Secretary of the Interior Wil-

The New York Central Is Buying 50 of These Hudson Type Jacks at $100,000 Apiece

An Ant Hill of Industry—That's What Montreal Looks Like These Days, with the Canadian National Bending Its Efforts Toward the Erection of One of the World's Greatest Terminals

bur, in the presence of such notables as Governor Balzar of Nevada and Carl R. Gray, president of the U. P., drove a silver spike into the first tie.

All of which leads one to suspect that the worst is over; that the United States, having reached the bottom of the depression, has begun its climb back to prosperity, with the railroads leading the way.

If you're still pessimistic, take a glance over the Canadian National Railways' emergency program to relieve unemployment—and to take advantage of the above-mentioned bargain prices.

In 1931 this system will build in its own shops 500 refrigerator cars and 20 Northern type locomotives. Orders for 4,000 flat cars, gondolas, box cars, and other rolling stock have been placed with car building firms. Material for this equipment will be purchased all over the world, but mainly in Canada and the United States.

Outside shops will also begin shortly on a locomotive building program that has not yet been fully drawn up.

And, as the result of an agreement with the Canadian government, this line, for the specific purpose of aiding unemployment, has commenced to build a new station in St. John, N. B., and vast grade separation projects all across the country. In addition, on its own hook, this road is putting up a steamship dock at Vancouver, B. C., a new station at Hamilton, Ont., and new hotels in Vancouver, B. C., Saskatoon, Sask., and Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

The $50,000,000 terminal which the C. N. R. is building at Montreal is the most important construction project undertaken in the Dominion dur-

ing the past year. Plans for this proposed central passenger station and office building in the heart of the city's theater and business district, provide for electrification of all passenger lines entering the terminal, and make adequate provision for long distance and rapid transit traffic as well as for development of freight facilities which Montreal will need during the coming years.

Meanwhile the Canadian Pacific Railway is planning to spend $1,250,000 for the construction of a passenger station at Regina, Sask., to be used jointly with the Canadian National, and to be erected on C. P. R. property, next to its present building. This station will, in general, consist of the reconstruction and enlargement of the present building, to provide a structure three stories high with an underground entrance to the station platform. It is expected that construction will be completed during 1932.

The C. P. R. also will share a $1,750,000 expenditure with the city of Vancouver and the British Columbia Electric for the construction of a tunnel to eliminate seven grade crossings between Burrard Inlet, Vancouver, B. C., and the Canadian Pacific's False Creek yard. The tunnel will have a 24-inch reënforced concrete lining, and will be about 4,600 feet long. The contract for driving and lining this tunnel has gone to the Northern Construction Company and J. W. Stewart, both of Vancouver.

Had it not been for the depression, many of these projects would not have been begun for two or three years. As the program stands, it is an effective weapon with which to begin the elimination of the Canadian breadlines.

Railroad employees in the United States and Canada have been about as hard hit by the depression as those of any industry. Worse, perhaps, than some, not as seriously as others.

In June, 1929, there were 1,736,000 people employed by the Class 1 roads of the United States. Three months later the number had fallen to 1,485,000, a reduction of approximately 250,000, or something less than 14 per cent.

That, of course, is bad. But not so bad that it cannot be cured by a year of free-handed spending. And railroad spending during the next twelve months will be free-handed. Don't make any mistake about that.

The country at large will benefit. But the railroad man will benefit first and most. His will be the first and biggest dip into the treasury. Because when the railroads "Buy Now" they purchase first of all the services of their own personnel.

But if you're not yet convinced, just listen to this:

The Erie Railroad has just announced the forthcoming expenditure of millions of dollars on new equipment consisting of locomotives, freight, passenger and express cars, and additions to its harbor facilities. In December the same road announced that, under authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it was starting almost at once on the dismantling of a large number of units of equipment and that 300 Erie men then on furlough would be recalled to do the job. Extensive grade-raising operations are to be commenced in Paterson, New Jersey.

A few weeks ago the Pennsylvania Railroad announced a program involving $5,000,000 to be spent on the construction of new steel cars. Six hundred Pennsy employees, large numbers of whom were then on furlough, would be required to do the job.

Now the same road is asking for bids from American manufacturers on 200,000 tons of steel rails for delivery during 1931. At present prices this rail order will total over $8,500,000. Add to this sum the cost of attachments for laying this rail, and the Pennsylvania's bill for the job comes to more than $15,000,000.

"Our rail-laying program for 1931 will insure the maintenance of track in the very best condition," said W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsy. "Our track and roadbed are now in excellent shape. The rail order which we have just placed will insure a continuance of that condition."

Standard rail, weighing 130 pounds to the yard, is rapidly replacing in main line track all lighter weight rail on the Pennsy. The 1931 order will consist almost entirely of standard weight. Steel rail orders authorized by the Pennsylvania during the last ten years totaled 1,758,000 tons.

Mr. Atterbury went to the Pacific Coast in January with two of the company's vice presidents, Elisha Lee and Julien L. Eysmans, for the purpose of developing railroad service to growers and shippers of perishable food products. This is a direct bid for more business, which would, of course, eventually add to the P. R. R. pay roll.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad," Mr. Atterbury commented, "has invested more than $22,000,000 in the last five years on produce terminal and other facilities for handling this business."

Recently the Baltimore & Ohio announced it was soon to embark on a car-rebuilding project involving the reconstruction of 1,000 steel box cars and 1,000 heavy service gondola cars. This work will furnish 70,000 man-days of employment, and will cost $4,000,000.

At Indianapolis the Beech Grove repair shops of the Big Four reopened, and officials said prospects were good for steady employment on an eight-hour daily and five-day weekly schedule. Railroad employees in Fort Smith, Arkansas, also went back to work after a layoff of several weeks, as did shopmen in Augusta, Georgia, and Roanoke, Virginia.

The Erie Is Spending Millions on Modern Equipment to Help the Unemployed and at the Same Time to Buy at Bargain Prices. Above We See a New Type of Gasoline-Electric Combination Mail-Express Car

The Norfolk & Western has returned 3,500 men to work since January 5.

Not long ago more than 1,000

One of the Lackawanna's Two New "Three-Power" Locomotives, Uniquely Designed for Transfer and Switching Service. These Are the First of Their Kind Built to Operate at 3,000-Volt Direct Current from Overhead, Instead of Third-Rail Contact

skilled workmen returned to the shops of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. Many other instances could be cited of renewed activity in the East and the South.

In the West, too, there are increasing signs of prosperity returning to the iron road. For instance, the Northwestern Pacific, which has already spent more than $60,000 in repair work on tunnels, is preparing to spend an additional $100,000.

Early in January, 7,500 Southern Pacific men who for several months had been working only three days a week, temporarily went back to work on a full-time basis, and 1,000 more were put on maintenance last month.

This action benefits such California cities as Oakland, San Francisco, Sacramento, Los Angeles, Roseville, Dunsmuir and Bakersfield; also Tucson, Arizona; El Paso, Texas; Sparks, Nevada; Ogden, Utah, and Eugene, Oregon.

In Sacramento alone, according to Thomas Ahern, assistant general manager of "Espee," 2,262 men resumed full-time work in the shops. The pay roll of the company's shops in Roseville was increased by 350 names.

It is the opinion of "Espee" officials that, the railroads being considered as a barometer of business throughout the nation, the company's action is a definite sign that the darkest period of depression is definitely over, and the upswing toward economic prosperity and widespread employment has arrived.

The Chicago & North Western Railroad recently has taken back more than 7,000 of its furloughed employees.

Room for 3,000 men is being planned by the Santa Fe System, and W. B. Storey, president of the line, announces a normal addition and betterment program, requiring from $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 in addition to $6,000,000 for new equipment just ordered.

Eight hundred workers have already returned to their Monon Railroad jobs in Chicago.

The Missouri Pacific has restored 1,200 to the pay roll at Sedalia, Missouri, and 1,000 at Little Rock, Arkansas.

The Illinois Central recently has taken back 1,000 men.

Each day brings new reports of additional activity in all branches of railroad service throughout the United States and Canada.

So it seems there is room for optimism in the ranks of the railroad man. The railroads are bucking the breadlines—bucking them hard. And, until things get back to normal, they don't plan to quit.

Asleep at the Switch

Railroad Managements Will Have to Develop More Aggressive Salesmanship, in Addition to Cutting Rates Here and There, if They Mean to Check the Increasing Losses Due to Bus and Air Competition

By FRANKLIN SNOW

"A PARTY of 20 or more West Point cadets will use the air-rail service to St. Louis and southwestern points, leaving New York on the Airway Limited, December 23. A special plane bearing the cadets on the return trip will arrive at Newark Airport the afternoon of January 1."

Thus read a press statement from the alert publicity department of Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., just before the Christmas holidays. Although more than 500 additional "kaydets" left the Point by rail for various destinations, no railroad thought the movement important enough to tell the press about.

That, in a nutshell, shows how aviation companies are pulling in the business at the expense of the railroads.

The air-hop of these men, who flew from Columbus, Ohio, westward, cost the railroad at least $400 in the loss of potential passengers. Eastbound, the all-air journey cost the railroad some $1,100, on a basis of $38.06 fare, $8.70 to $10.88 sleeper, extra fare of $4.80 and three meals from St. Louis to New York, not to mention the loss beyond St. Louis.

Photo by H. W. Pontin, Allston, Mass.

"The Mohawk," Pride of the New York Central—Headed by Engine No. 5272, a New Hudson Type—Is Shown Scooping Water While Picking up Speed just Outside of Schenectady, N. Y.

A Rail-Air Handclasp. At the Left Is W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsy, on a Visit to Los Angeles, Greeting Harris W. Beck, Western Traffic Manager of Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc.

Other planes with 40 cadets took off from Newark for Washington, costing the Pennsy or the Baltimore & Ohio some $360 revenue. Pullman porters lost extra runs; train crews lost runs in the event that the extra cars would have necessitated sections.

Keener Publicity and Cut Rates

Out in Nebraska, college authorities are handling athletic teams by motor bus, to cut the travel expenditures. A baseball squad of some 40 men, lost to the railroad, represents at least $1.60 a train-mile drop in rail revenues. Perhaps a lower rate would have held them on the rails, and even at half fare the railroad would have earned money, for two sleepers could be moved at less than 80 cents a mile. The moral of all this is: (1) More and better publicity and (2) bargain rates, if you can't get the business otherwise.

Just *how* are the airplanes and busses cutting in so disastrously on rail traffic, as pointed out in Railroad Man's Magazine? The answer is: better salesmanship and brighter publicity. And when you come to analyze these two factors, they are pretty much the same, for without the one the other is of small value.

Bus and air companies have "out-slicked" and outsold the iron road in recent years. They have the railroad companies eating out of their hands, too, for *in various rail stations you can now buy tickets to ride in airplanes or busses.* Think of it! Business given away to competitors.

Just wander out to an airport or a bus terminal and ask for a *railroad* ticket to Central City or another point and hear them laugh. Probably before you get away they'll have sold you a ticket by air or bus, as the case may be. That's how good these new transportation salesmen are.

By way of contrast, I wandered into the Santa Fe's city ticket office at Los Angeles last summer to buy Pullman tickets east, and casually told the ticket seller I was going down to San Diego by bus—a journey directly competitive with his own line. He didn't care, however. He didn't even say "Zat so?" Just let it go at that.

Every joint ticket sold by a railroad

with a bus or air line affects the job, or run, of one of its own employees of many years' service. The first instances cited in this article are actual evidences of this.

Every railroad man realizes this. The conductors, trainmen, engineers, dining car and Pullman men, who are blazing the trail in the fight to hold business, need coöperation. It's no encouragement to them to see their own companies diverting business to busses and airplanes.

Tickets sold by railroads for other carriers not only affect the jobs of their own men but their own net earnings. It reduces the return on the huge capital investment in railroad plant and rolling stock. Every passenger diverted to a competitor impairs the dividends of the numerous railroad employees who have bought stock in their companies.

RAIL-AND-AIR SERVICES
48 Hours Coast to Coast
TAT-MADDUX AIR LINES
NEW YORK—PHILADELPHIA—WASHINGTON
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Sky-Riding Gets Plenty of Railway Publicity. Go to Penn Station, New York, and You'll See the Plane Depicted Above. This Transcontinental Schedule Recently Has Been Supplemented by the Air Company, Which Now Provides an All-Air Route. The New York-Washington Line, Shown at the Bottom of the Page in Railway Folders, Has No Rail Hook-up Whatever, Being Strictly Competitive with the Iron Road

The railroads' business is railroading. History shows few records of companies which have gone far from their own field and have made a success of it.

More Aggressive Salesmanship

In fighting the air and bus lines the railroads are up against a faster type of salesmanship than they themselves have yet displayed. Take the aviation companies, for example. They live and grow by publicity, exploitation, stunts, promotional work of all sorts.

Just as an example of what their alert passenger salesmen have accomplished, the two leading railway terminals of the United States—the Grand Central and the Pennsylvania, both in New York—actually have airplanes on display within their portals. (There is no record of an engine or train model exhibited in any airport, however.)

The Pennsylvania has a plane used by the Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., in its New York station, with a bridge enabling persons to pass by its cabin and inspect it—thus fostering the "air consciousness" of the public. Every passenger thus bitten with the bug to travel by air means one less *rail* passenger, 100 of them mean one less train, and one less train crew on some railroad.

Up at Grand Central, the transatlantic plane "Bremen" is suspended from the ceiling as a further advertisement for the railroads' competitors. This was pictured in last month's issue of Railroad Man's Magazine in a feature article entitled "The Sky Riders."

Certainly one cannot censure the aviation industry for thus seeking publicity for itself. It is well within its rights, and if it is able to prevail upon its competitors to aid it in this generous manner, it denotes an active sales ability which will bring it more business—at the expense of the railroads!

Then come the bus lines. They work in a different manner, because they appeal to a less affluent type of traveler. They drop into a new town, line up the porter of the local hotel; the proprietor of the principal drug store and a few other stores or "runners"; offer them a good commission on all the passengers they produce and, *presto!* business leaves the railroad *en masse*.

The railroads decline to pay commissions for tickets sold over their lines on the ground that it would deprive them of more revenue than they would derive from the practice, since many persons who would travel by rail anyway, and on whom they would get 100 per cent of their fare, would buy their tickets from agents to whom the railroads would have to pay a commission.

Perhaps the railroads are right, but bus and air lines do it, and even though these industries are not yet on a profitable basis, generally speaking, it seems only a question of time before they will become so.

Railroads gratuitously print air schedules in their time-tables as a further aid to their adversaries, thus giving additional evidence of the ability of the promotional experts of the aviation lines, but there is no evidence of such reciprocity on the part of air lines either in publishing rail schedules or selling rail tickets.

The gracious step of the railroads is akin to that of a hotel manager who hangs up a notice in his rooms that his guests might like to try the rival hostelry down the street for the re-

The Bus Can Be Harnessed to Railway Operation in a Way That Brings Traffic to the Iron Road. For Instance, the B. & O. Provides Free Motor Coach Transfer from Various Parts of New York City to the Trains at Jersey City, across the Hudson River. The Union Pacific Does This at Los Angeles, and the Atlantic Coast Line Does It at Charleston, South Carolina

mainder of their stay, in which event he will make a reservation for them.

Misleading Air Propaganda

Fight the plane and bus! That must be the new motto of the railroads. The press has been flooded with air propaganda in which, all too frequently, misleading comparisons of rail versus air schedules and rates are allowed to go unchallenged by the railroad press agents.

Air lines, for example, send publicity to the press in which they fail to take into account an hour, two hours, or three hours extra time *en route,* due to the changes in time across the continent. Whether or not this is done intentionally, the effect is the same. It makes the air journeys seem even faster than they actually are, in contrast with rail schedules.

Take the case of an air company which offered a round trip rate of $20 between two points, one-way fare $13.50. By showing their round trip rate in comparison with the railroad fares (double the one-way journey being $20.04, including Pullman), it appeared that the air rates are actually lower than the rail. So they *are,* providing the passenger buys a round trip air ticket. If he buys only a one-way ticket, he pays 35 per cent more than the railroad fare. Why don't the railroads make this fact plain?

Bus companies have men who drop in on various persons, companies, stores, and other focal spots, leaving their cards labelled "Contact." Now, these contacts unquestionably produce results. To circumvent it, the railroads, of course, have their soliciting men who do their regular stuff, whatever that may be.

Speaking as the transportation editor of a leading newspaper, I have received less than half a dozen direct solicitations from railroads in the past five years, while bus men drop in, air

lines write letters, and steamship agents make regular calls, besides sending monthly sales letters.

Likewise, the press agents of these companies maintain a fairly active contact with the press. The railroad press agents, with a few outstanding exceptions, fail in this respect. With business at its present low ebb, at least 20 per cent of the general office staffs could be sent out to drum up business, and some of them would prove to be good salesmen. The men on the trains can't do it at all, hard as they are trying.

It was not until the bus and air lines began to shoot publicity into newspaper offices, and to back it up with real public relations work in their contacts, that the railroads woke up to the fact that times had changed.

Embarrassing Questions

SOME may question why the railroads should sell joint tickets with air or bus lines, in their new campaign. Why give away revenues? The railroads reason that airplanes are operating at a loss; that they will never appeal to overnight travelers; that railroads can afford to coöperate with them and, by owning stock in them, will win whichever way the passenger elects to travel.

The Pennsylvania has gone so far as even to sell tickets for a line in which it ostensibly owns no stock—the Ludington Air Line between New York and Washington, in direct competition with its own trains! The line is now averaging approximately 150 passengers a day—one good trainload *given away!*

As soon as an air line can cut loose from a railroad and operate wholly by air, with no rail hook-up, it does so. With mail subsidies; with American genius to provide cheaper fuel (which will surely eventuate); with Dornier flying-boats carrying 50 to 100 passengers on 8-hour overnight New York-Chicago journeys, the 20-hour railroad trains may soon have hard work to find loads.

Swinging east from Los Angeles come the transcontinental busses, plowing almost through the desert sands faster than parallel Santa Fe trains (although the through schedules to Chicago by rail are, of course, faster). But to meet this, railroads are showing progressiveness in selling cheaper day-coach tickets.

The steamship lines also are cutting in actively on rail pleasure travel. Europe is taking hundreds of thousands of potential transcontinental travelers from the eastern States. Now the transatlantic lines are planning a joint advertising campaign to promote Europe, something which has been urged upon the western roads, as a group, for years, but which they have consistently refused to adopt, with the result that they are now losing business.

Similarly, West Indies and Florida voyages in winter are cutting the traffic of the southern roads, while Panama Canal lines are carrying 20,000 passengers annually from coast to coast—the equivalent of perhaps 1,300 Pullman carloads or more than 100 trainloads lost to the railroads!

But there is talent in rail circles, too. Bring it out. The railroads are not dormant unless their men and women, officers and employees, are ready to admit they are licked.

Pick up any of the big metropolitan dailies, such as the New York *Sun,* and you'll find there more space devoted to advertisements of steamship lines than is given over to advertisements of railroads.

1 R

"Why, if It Ain't the Han'some Romeo!" Big Tim Snarled as He Recognized His Good Looking Young Rival

The Slave Driver

Big Tim Was a Rawhidin' Yardmaster, but When He Tried to Monopolize Annie Kirkwood, That Was Something Else Again

By HARDY REEVES

Author of "A Trick at Quarry Hill," "Runaways," "The Student Op," etc.

Illustrated by John R. Neill

GROVER WOODS shuffled through the cinders across the scale track and down the lead at West Side Yard with misgivings in his mind, mixed emotions in his heart, and a pain in the neck. Just a few yards ahead of him stood the dirty frame office, and beyond its open door stood Fate. The sun, behind the cloud bank in the east, gave promise of a fair day, but this held no cheer for Grover.

Grover Woods, yard clerk, was out to get a man. That man was "Big Tim" Yates, lord and master of this particular domain of the railroad. Once or twice Grover faltered in his stride. It was a tough job he was undertaking, and he knew it. Hence the misgivings. Supposing he failed. What would Annie Kirkwood say?

Annie was the blond cause for mixed emotions. A grim smile played over Grover's face as he thought about her. Thought about the night at the switchmen's ball when Annie, under the watching eyes of Big Tim, had first beamed on him.

Unconsciously a lean hand went to his neck, where soreness still stuck—soreness which had resulted from the resounding smack that Big Tim's open palm had dealt him when he, Grover, had approached Annie for a dance.

The lean jaws set. Memory of that slap, there before the merrymakers, still rankled. Big Tim had put his two hundred and ten on the hoof in that blow. It was enough to lift Grover's hundred and forty loose from the planks. Grover could still hear Big Tim's bellowing laugh and his slighting remarks about yard clerks in general while Grover rested on the seat of his pants.

Now he was going to make Timothy Yates eat out of his hand. He didn't know exactly how, but he was on his way. He had bargained with the day chief mudhop at West Side to trade with him for the job that Grover had held at the Hill. The bargain hadn't been hard to make. Yard clerks didn't last very long under the same yard office roof with Mr. Yates.

Grover paused in the open door. In the hip pocket of his shapeless pants he carried a company note from the general yardmaster's office which gave official sanction to the change in office help. Grover brought it forth and waited while the powerful form of the yardmaster, located behind a scarred desk, swung in the swivel chair to answer an insistent ring on one of the telephones at his elbow.

Standing before the desk, Grover saw a slight man of middle age in faded overalls. That was "Louie" Downs, foreman of the east lead engine switching crew. In his hand he held a switch list, getting ready to make his first play in the field.

"Let the transfer man in No. 6 track with his loads," the yardmaster bellowed into the phone. "Yeh. I said No. 6 Track."

Big Tim slammed the receiver to its hook just as another bell broke out. He grabbed a second instrument.

"Whu—whu—wait a minute," he sputtered. "What's 'a' matter in Track Twelve? . . .Oh, blue flag, hunh? . . . We—well tell him to . . . tell him I said . . . Say, wait a minnit. Who's doin' the talkin' here? Tell him to take that blue flag down long enough to—aw, git in the game, you son of a— Yes, I said it—an' don't go to botherin' me with—"

Big Tim slammed the receiver down. His red face glowed. He turned to the man in front of him.

"Well, what you want? What you standin' round for?"

"I wanna know what you wanna do about them cars in the hold track, that's what I wanna know," the smaller man replied.

"Hold track!" Big Tim snorted. "Didn't I tell you yesterday? Didn't I?"

"Yeh," the foreman answered. "You said you didn't wanna do nothin' with 'em yesterday."

"Yeh, I did," boomed Big Tim. "An' I ain't got no time to be tellin' you the same thing again to-day. You better make up that weak mind uh yours to get your engine an'—"

"An' you better make up that weak mind uh yours," the foreman cut in, "about a move on that car uh melons you got down there in that track. Needs icin'. No ice an' you get a swell smell, not to say nothin' about the one that 'll be raised up in the freight claim department."

"Well, why in the name uh Kingdom Come don't you go in there an' get that car out?" Big Tim shouted. "Ain't you got no sense at all? Come on! Git outta here an' git in the game! Git in the game!"

The huge fist smashed down on the desk. Louie got out, mumbling to himself.

Grover swallowed hard and walked

up to the yardmaster, who now had turned his attention to the transfer—the dope on the cluttered tracks that the night yardmaster had left. Grover cleared his throat nervously and threw the company envelope to the desk.

Big Tim looked up, turned to look at the note, hesitated, looked hard at Grover's placid face again. Then he came half out of his chair.

"Wh—why, if it ain't the han'some Romeo!" Big Tim snarled as he recognized the victim of his wrath of a week ago. "What the hell you want?"

"I ain't no Romeo," Grover snarled back. "An' I'm here to work. I'm your new mudhop, Mr. Yates."

Big Tim opened his mouth as if to say something else, but read the note without speaking. Then crumpled it into a ball.

"So, Romeo, you're here to work, are you?" Big Tim contemplated the yard clerk with an evil smirk. His features hardened. "Well, what you standin' round for? Waitin' for me to get out a brass band to welcome you to our midst?"

"I said I was here to work," Grover reiterated, leaning over the desk.

"Oh, you are, hunh?" the yardmaster leaned back. "Well, let's see how bright an' smart you are. S'pose you trot down to Track Twelve an' tell that runt of a Peewee to take his blue flag down an' let that west engine in there to get a car out. You'll find him. He's the boss car whacker. Tell him I said—"

"Yeh, wait just a minute, Mr. Yates," Grover cut in. "I'm the yard clerk. See? I do yard clerkin'. I ain't no errent boy."

Grover stepped backward as Big Tim got from his chair and came around the desk. The slave driver's face had gone to deep purple.

"Lissen, young fella," he boomed, "my name's Yates. I'm the chief priest here. When I say go down to No. 12 Track, I mean you go down there. Now you git outta here an' git in the game."

Grover ignored the order and turned to find his desk. He had just reached the open door when a series of things happened. He suddenly felt himself caught up in a powerful grasp. In a split second he was aware of a bull-like snort, of space on all sides and beneath him. Then he was sitting in the cinders outside the door, conscious of a hurt in the bosom of his pants.

He rubbed his eyes, shook the daze out of them, and looked up into Big Tim's nasty grin. His first inclination was to grab something and hurl it. Then sanity came back and he merely marked up the experience as one more thing on Big Tim's score to be settled.

"You goin' to Track Twelve like I said?" the slave driver wanted to know.

Grover gathered his jarred remains from the cinders. He went to Track Twelve. He inquired for the individual known as "Peewee"—a half pint in size—and was shown to a pair of heels which protruded from the under side of á box car loaded with merchandise.

Grover dropped to his knees and stuck his head under the truss rods where the half pint was fooling with a brake beam. "Hey, the chief priest says for you to take that blue flag off this track so's he can let a engine in here."

"Oh, he did, did he?"

The runt came out backward. He squatted on the edge of a tie and pushed his steel-rimmed spectacles up on his wrinkled forehead.

"So he sent you with them tidin's, did he? Well, son, you run along back whar you come from an' you tell Mr. Yates that when I gets done with this here car I'll take down that blue flag, an' not a minnit before. I don't know who the hell you might be, but if he sent you—"

"I took Mae's place," said Grover. "I'm the new mudhop here."

"Umm," grunted Peewee, darting a quick look up at Grover. "It's too bad. You look so nice an' young, too."

Wherewith Peewee crawled back beneath the merchandise car, while Grover turned his feet in the direction of the yard office.

Big Tim was out when Grover returned. The yard clerk found his desk, looked over a stack of bills which had to be marked up for an outbound conductor. He figured the tonnage, checked the list, and had just finished when Big Tim stalked in.

"Peewee take down that flag?"

"No, he didn't," Grover returned. "He said to tell you to go—"

Big Tim had feet in keeping with the rest of his hulk. One of those feet caught the legs of Grover's chair. The chair went spinning and Grover sat roughly on the floor. Big Tim towered above.

"He said what?"

"He said when he got through workin' in Track Twelve he'd take down his flag an' he wouldn't do it no sooner."

Grover rubbed his funny bone, which had cracked on the edge of the spittoon, and slowly got to his feet. Grover, be it known, had long since learned that it didn't do any good to go up against guys twice his size. He righted his chair and sat down with a scowl over at the slave driver, who was mumbling to himself.

"Purty note, this is," Yates was saying. "What's this here game comin' to? Can't get no discipline at all with mudhops an' car whacks talkin' back an' refusin' to coöperate."

Grover didn't have to be a mind reader to see that Big Tim was sore. The slave driver dug viciously into his paper package of scrap tobacco and filled his jaw with an oversized chew. Grover watched him from the corner of his eye. A tough bruiser.

A grim smile overspread the yard clerk's lean features. If only he could humiliate the big stiff in front of Miss Kirkwood like Tim Yates had humiliated him! He wanted to show Annie just what a bum Yates was.

II

THE meat shot from the West, 1st 94, pulled into the yard and set off twenty cars of iced beef and pork in No. 11 Track. The skipper left the bills on Grover's desk. Grover wrote the list, made his office record, then went up to Track Eleven to check the cut and card each car with a pasteboard ticket that marked the city destinations for the transfer crew.

Grover checked the seals as he went up doing his tacking. Then he came around the end of the cut, and started back down, looking over the seals on the other side. He was almost to the last car in the string alongside Track Twelve when Peewee, the car whack, came out to meet him.

"What 'd yore playmate say when you told him I wasn't gonna take my blue flag down?" Peewee asked while he took a fresh chew of Navy plug.

"Oh, not much," Grover responded. "Just kicked my chair out from under me an' generally raised hell."

"You an' him must be gonna get along good."

Grover Woods Suddenly Felt Himself Caught up in a Powerful Grasp

"We'll get along all right."

"Boy, he sure is death on mud-hops," informed Peewee. "Figgerin' to stay here?"

"Maybe," said Grover with a far-away look in his eyes. "Maybe."

"Well, any time you needs help, you just say the word," Peewee offered.

Grover had to clamp his jaws to keep from laughing out loud. Fat chance Peewee would have to stand up against Big Tim, thought Grover. He changed his mind late in the afternoon of the following day. He also innocently changed the aspect of his courtship with Annie.

It happened down on the lead at the intersection with Beaumont Avenue. All that day Grover had been walking on air. He had a date with Annie for the evening, so he stayed out of Big Tim's way to prevent any surface mars or scratches in the event of a personal tangle. He went about his duties with a song in his heart.

It was about four o'clock with a glad spring sun shining, and that certain something in the air that makes a young man's fancies do so and so. An old P. & E. engine had just shoved five hoppers, loaded with slack coal, over the grade crossing on the lead. The locomotive left them there and went down to the passing track to get through to the other end.

The engine on the west lead was

shoving a cut into Track One from the west. The shove somehow became a kick, and two flats, loaded with farm machinery, came sailing down through No. 1 Track without a rider. Nobody aboard to tie down a brake, and that part of the yard had a slight down slope going eastward.

The flats had clear sailing. They came down through No. 1 and gained momentum at every turn of the wheels. They probably were going some fifteen or twenty miles an hour when they split the switch on the east lead and crashed into the five hoppers of coal at the Beaumont Avenue crossing.

The impact was too much for the blocking on the farm machinery. A huge steam tractor unloaded right there. It did a nose dive from the flat and settled on its side right in the middle of the street. Another tractor tried to climb over the top of the first hopper, and the tripper mechanism on that car gave way. Seventy tons of slack pushed down through the opened bottom and spread out over that section of the railroad.

Grover was in No. 5 Track when he heard the racket. He came loping down the cinders to see what had happened. The engine that had kicked the cars came down through No. 1 Track to view the remains of a bad play.

Grover and two switchmen started an informal inquest just as Big Tim galloped up. The yardmaster went into convulsions immediately, leaped into the air and threw away his greasy cap.

"What the hell - damned - blank-blank! Betcha I git somebody fer this! Betcha I do!"

His blazing eyes, centered on Grover, wiped the grin from Grover's face.

"Git the devil outta here an' find Peewee," shouted the slave driver. "Git! You silly-lookin', grinnin' son of a—"

"Ain't you supposed to be the chief priest here?" Grover came back with studied insolence, momentarily forgetting Annie and the necessity for going through the day without physical blemish. "S'posin' you go run your own errents an' find Peewee yourself. This here ain't my funeral."

Grover turned away. Big Tim took steps to show the yard clerk whose funeral it was going to be. He caught up a stray lump of coal and hurled it. The coal took Grover between the shoulder blades. Grover staggered, stumbled, turned to glare.

"You git!" shouted the dancing yardmaster. "You git, or you git killed."

Again reason came to the mudhop's defense, and Grover got. He ran into Peewee before he had covered twenty yards. Peewee was heading in the direction of the wreck.

"Hey! What's goin' on?" he panted. "Sounded like a Pawnee massacre an' a freight wreck together."

"Maybe it's both," growled Grover. "They want you there an' they want the clean-up gang."

"I'll take a squint at it."

Peewee followed Grover back to the excited group and the totally blocked grade crossing. Peewee carried a small sledge-hammer, which gave him the appearance of listing to port.

The mudhop and the car whack came up just as Mr. Yates was in the middle of an inquest with the two switchmen, the engine crew and the conductor. They all were taking a bawling-out fearful to listen to. Peewee paused, gripped his hammer, pushed up his spectacles and looked over the mess.

Big Tim spotted him and whirled in wrath. "Where's the clean-up gang?"

"Clean-up gang!" There was contempt in Peewee's thin voice. "It's a wreckin' crew you gotta have. Where's the wrecker?"

"I'll get the wrecker," bellowed the slave driver. "You git a gang cleanin' up this coal."

"I ain't the section boss," Peewee countered, and proceeded to poke around the wreck, humming as he did so. It was a monotonous hum, and it didn't set well with the yardmaster. Big Tim jumped up and down.

"You heard me," he shouted. "You heard me. You go get somebody to clean up this coal!"

Peewee's gnarled hand tightened hard on the hammer as he broke into Big Tim's ranting.

"Say, big squirt, they ain't nobody in this world 'll miss one dinger more or less, not to say nothin' of you. I got a notion to wipe you out right now. They ain't nothin' to keep me from smashin' yore head in with this hammer. They ain't no coroner but what 'd say it was accidental, an' I know these hands of yours won't say nothin' to the contrary, an' they couldn't be a funeral that 'd be so much celebrated."

Peewee suddenly went into motion with the force of an Indiana tornado, leaping high into the air, the weight of his hammer notwithstanding.

The switch crew never moved. Big Tim did. Or, rather, attempted to move. He turned red and white, then got under way, only to stumble heavily over a piece of the wreckage. He sprawled heavily, face down.

Peewee lit astride the yardmaster's broad back. The half pint's hammer came high with deadly foreboding.

Grover, speechless, saw that the car whack was in earnest. He made a dive and lit on Peewee, forcing the hammer sideways in its descent.

There was a world of choice profanity in the air, a tugging, tussling mixture of arms and legs. And into this picture, there at the Beaumont Avenue crossing, walked the blond, delightful Annie Kirkwood. While on her way home from work she had been attracted by the voices, and had come around the flats just as Grover tangled up with the battle.

Annie didn't wait to ask questions. From her point of view somebody was about to be killed, and it looked plain enough to her that Big Tim Yates was being unfairly handled by two men, one armed with a sledge.

Annie waded in. She hit Grover a wallop first. Not only with her fist. Annie wasn't that way. She hit with heart and soul as she closed in and pulled him out of the tangle.

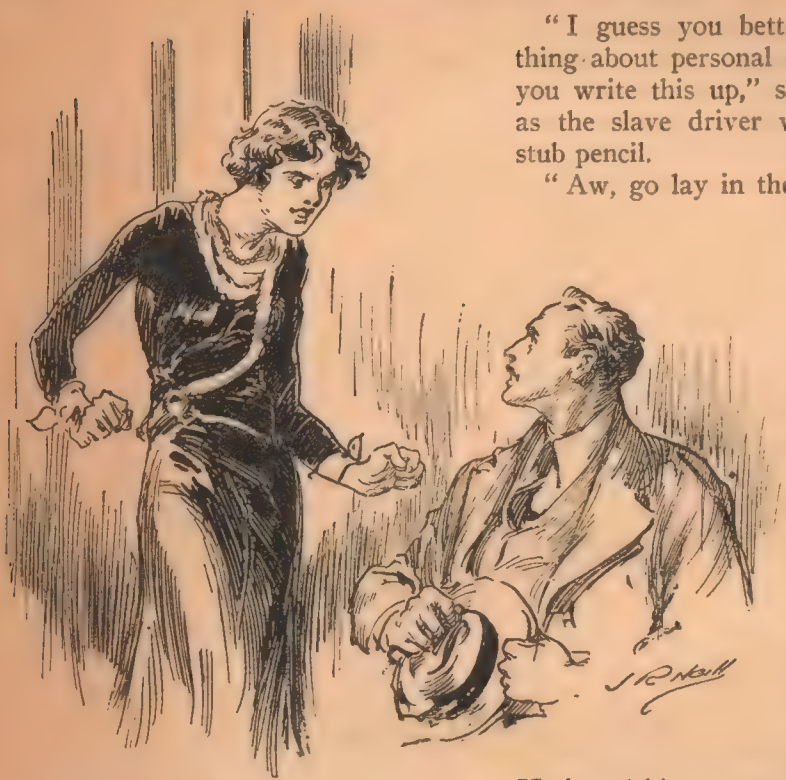
Grover sat in the cinders and took it, holding to the hammer he had wrenched from Peewee's grasp.

"And I thought you were a man!" You know what kind of emphasis a woman can put on that word *man* in a time like this. "The idea! Why, I never saw such brutal—"

Words failed. She rushed to the side of the badly disarranged yardmaster, who was slowly, painfully getting to his feet. Her capable hand went to the cinder-scratched face, to his torn chin. Yates limped as she led him away to the office where the first aid kit was located.

Peewee turned to Grover. "What's the big idea, anyhow? Right when we had 'im where we wanted him you gotta—"

"Lissen, Peewee," Grover cut in. "That dinger is my meat. See? They ain't nobody gonna kill him but me. An' it's gonna be painless."



Grover Had a Three-Minute Interview, and He Never Knew Before That a Woman Could Say So Much in Such a Short Span of Time

Grover took charge of the wreck. He galloped to the office, ignored Annie, who was dressing Big Tim's mug, called the wrecker, ordered out the section crew. Grover shot one look at the angel of his dreams and didn't like the cold stare he got back. He was too busy right now to try to fix it up with her. He had to get that crossing cleared, and lost no time about it.

The yard was normal again by six o'clock when the night crews came on. Grover dropped into his chair and glared across at the brooding slave driver. If signs were right, Mr. Timothy Yates was going to have to explain things at the down town office, and Fred M. Berry, general yardmaster, wasn't any soft-spoken character.

"I guess you better not say anything about personal encounters when you write this up," suggested Grover as the slave driver worked with his stub pencil.

"Aw, go lay in the lake!" growled the yardmaster.

Grover went to Annie's house at half past seven. He went in fear and trembling. He came away in a cold sweat. He had a three-minute interview, and he never knew before that a woman could say so much in such a short span of time. He heard his ancestors referred to, he heard references to many places he might go. He learned that he was no gentleman; that no gentleman would take unfair advantage of a wounded man in combat.

He had no way of knowing exactly what Big Tim had told her about the mêlée, but he guessed it to be plenty. From the way Annie talked Tim must have said that the tractor had fallen on him, and then the car whack and the mudder made their attack.

Grover paled and left Annie's house in no humorous mood. More than ever, now, he knew there would be a reckoning. It would come if he had to wait around West Side until the crack of doom. He'd show Tim Yates. He'd show Annie. He'd show the smoke-smudged world.

The investigation was so-and-so. The foreman and his helpers were sus-

pended for letting the flats get away without a rider. Big Tim had mentioned nothing about personal encounters, and aside from giving his testimony to the facts in the wreck, Grover was asked nothing more. Peewee sat sullen and silent, glaring at Grover, then at Big Tim. It was over within an hour.

III

For two full weeks Grover was totally ignored. Big Tim didn't even take time to curse him and order him to do errands. Then, on a Monday afternoon, Grover got in the way of Big Tim's vengeance on the switchman who had cackled at the wreck.

It happened thus: Grover had to go down to the scale track at the west end, and he thought something was wrong at the cross over switch from the west lead to the passing track. He saw Big Tim throw his hat away, and guessed there would be something worth seeing. He drifted over to hear the argument.

"I said 'kick them eight cars down through the passin' track,'" Big Tim was yelling. "We ain't got time to push 'em all the way down there. Got to make a quick play on this cut."

Big Tim was addressing the foreman and the two switchmen connected with the lead engine.

"I ain't gonna ride no coal cut down through the passin' track," the switchman protested. "You know well's I do it's ag'in' the rules."

"Rules!" Big Tim snorted. Here was a garden helper who actually believed in rules. "You're gonna ride that cut down there or I'm gonna break your neck."

Big Tim bawled out the words and at the same time gave the engine a sign to kick ahead fast. The pin man got the signal for the cut-off and the hoghead gave it to them. He pulled the fire out of the stack as he pushed ahead with the eight gondolas. The pin man signaled when he cut loose, and the engine dropped back. The coal began to roll.

Grover got the situation in a glance. The coal would travel just like the two flats had traveled on the afternoon two weeks before. The passing track, paralleling the main line, was on a down grade. There was a rule against kicking cars through it; had been a rule since two cars of mules tore away from the rider and rolled to the main tracks, a year before. There was a derail, to be sure, but because the yard crews used the passing track continually, no one ever bothered to set the derail in position.

The coal came batting by. The switchman made no attempt to get on.

"Come on! Git in the game!" Big Tim roared. He took a step back, seized the brake club from the switchman's hands, just as the last car in the cut passed them. The yardmaster raised the club as if to strike the switchman. Grover went into motion.

Grover went ahead on a gallop. The club was above Big Tim's head. Grover made a leap and grabbed it, took it along with him and left both switchman and slave driver to stare after him as he made for the tail end of the coal cut.

It was a mad, heart-bursting race. All that tonnage was gaining momentum. Grover stumbled once, then again, but kept on. His long arms reached out, he touched the grab-iron on the end. Missed. Another sprint and now he had it. He swung on, pulled himself up to the end stirrup. Then he skinned up and ran forward to get his first brake.

The chain held as Grover tightened. He set another. He slowed them down. The mudhop was close to the east end of the track when he got them stopped. He wiped the perspiration from his face just as No. 14, a varnished shot, hooted by on its way to the station.

Grover was weak when he dropped to the ground. Peewee, coming out of No. 1 Track from a journal inspection, inquired:

"What you tryin' to do? Switchin'?"

Grover related the story.

"Well, why'n't you let it go?" Peewee wanted to know. "If you'd of let it go, you'd of had a new playmate tomorrer."

Grover, in answer, waved to the lazy drift of smoke from 14's advance, now wafting over the yard. "I wasn't takin' no chance on human lives. I heard 14 blowin' for the tower. That's why I chased 'em."

If Big Tim appreciated Grover's quick action, he didn't demonstrate it. In fact, he said nothing as the yard clerk came back to the office. The slave driver merely scowled and Grover looked a hole right through him.

"You just wait," Grover said to himself. "You just wait. I'm gonna get you, and I'm gonna get you good. An' it won't be no year from now, either."

It wasn't. Fate and Annie had a little hand in the deal. Annie was an innocent participant.

Annie Kirkwood worked for the company. She was a switchboard operator down in the general offices. She worked from 7 A.M. to 3 P.M., six days a week. Her day off was Wednesday, because she worked on Sundays. Since the wreck at Beaumont Avenue crossing, Grover had seen nothing of the fair blonde, but he had thought a lot. He knew, or rather he had heard, that Annie was seeing Big Tim all the time.

"Tryin' to make me sore," said Grover. "She ain't got no use for that bruiser."

Big Tim disappeared from the yard on a quiet Wednesday afternoon without saying anything to a soul. Exactly a week later he complained to the engine foreman that he had to go to a dentist. The third Wednesday a boomer switchman reported he'd seen Big Tim at a ball game with Annie. Yates had felt ill on that particular day. Grover nursed his wrath.

It was all right for Big Tim to be absent. The yard was more peaceful, and Grover worked with the engine foreman in real coöperation. They got more work done. It wasn't all right, however, as Grover viewed it, for Big Tim to be out with Annie on those Wednesday afternoons. That's where the rub came in. Big Tim knew he was safe unless something went wrong. Grover knew he could do a good job of yardmastering unless something went wrong.

And so, on a particular Wednesday afternoon in August, with the heat rays dancing over the rails, hell broke loose. Big Tim had got a line-up from the division dispatcher's office. Nothing due, nothing to worry about. A hole for the transfer cut from the east side of town, another hole for a cut from the city engine.

The Y. M. slunk off right after one o'clock. He disappeared in the vicinity of the rip track. Grover hotfooted out and shadowed him down between the cars. He saw his yardmaster cross over, crawl through a hole in the company fence, and light out across a pasture.

Grover grinned. Peace descended on the garden. Peace and much heat.

IV

THE peace lasted for twenty minutes. The terminal dispatcher called on the telephone. He had to have the west lead engine pull out a cut of merchandise and take it over to town. The merchandise was in the passing track behind a long string of dead freight, so the east engine couldn't get to it without pulling the whole track.

Grover gave the man down town his okay, called the shanty at the west lead and lined up for the move. The engine up there grabbed out the hot ones, got over to the main line, and tore out for the city.

Grover then was confronted with getting the work down on the east end cleaned up and the urgent job on the west end handled. The west end couldn't wait. The transfer engine came in and plugged up a clear alley on No. 9 Track.

After a half hour Louie Downs's jack on the east lead was ready to go to finish the work at the other end. Grover was in the office and told Louie what the play was. He didn't tell Louie, however, that he'd have to double the cars out of Track Six into Track Ten to clear a way to get to the other end.

Louie looked at the dead freight in the passing track, gave his engine a "back up" sign, and went clear down to the cross-over to bring his locomotive up the main line. By doing this he could cross back into the yard at Mount Jackson. It was nice for Louie, but yard engines were not to use the main line except on special order. The yardmaster wasn't around, so Louie used his own judgment.

Grover had just come back to the office after having marked up the transfer cut when the telephone broke into the still August heat. Even before he took up the receiver Grover sensed something ominous about the insistent jangle.

"West Side," Grover answered.

"Get Yates on the wire, quick," said the voice on the other end—a tense, commanding voice.

"What's all the hurry, brother?" Grover queried. "An' who's this talkin'?"

"This is the operator at Mount Jackson," the voice snapped. "An' you better get Yates on here."

"I don't know where Yates is," protested Grover. "What's up?"

"You better go out an' try to find Yates," the operator insisted. "That danged engine of his has messed up the scenery here."

"What you mean, messed the scenery?" Grover was getting worried.

"Just what I said. That feller come up the main line an' snapped off his right-hand main rod just when we was highballin' him over the cross-over. He's got both main tracks tied up, an' aside from bein' on the ground, he's leanin' over on his side. Outside of that, everything's calm an' orderly."

Grover didn't wait for any more. He grabbed his hat and lit out on the run. He loped the full half mile and drew up to the wreck, panting for breath.

The hoghead, the fireman, Louie Downs, the foreman, and his two field men were all standing around trying, in a dumb sort of way, to figure out just why this old scrap heap of a goat should have to act in this manner at this particular place.

The hoghead couldn't answer any questions. He didn't know why and didn't care. He'd reported lots of ail-

ments on that goat that had never been doctored. It wasn't his fault.

Grover didn't concern himself with faults. He took a quick look at the situation, then got the crew around him in a huddle.

"Now I'll take care of this," he said, still panting slightly. "All I want is that you guys don't say anything to Big Tim Yates about it. Just keep quiet. I got a great idea. You guys with me?"

"Anything you say," the hoghead agreed.

"I won't say nothin'," Louie put in. The fireman promised, so did the helpers.

Grover raced up the steps to the tower. By this time the local package freight from the west was standing down on the eastward main behind the stripped yard goat, ready to start on overtime and terminal detention. Grover took it in as he went into the tower. The op was in a stew.

"Anything else behind that local?" Grover demanded.

"Yeh. I got 2nd 74 due down here in three minutes with seventy tanks of oil," the op replied. "No. 12's right behind the oil. That 74 an' the local was tryin' to beat 12 to the yard limit."

"They just about did it," Grover offered; "but we ain't doin' 12 no good right now." Two whistle barks sounded from up the rails. It was the tanker answering the local's flag. "Sounds like the parade's about ready to stop."

Grover grabbed the company phone and rang for the Morehead roundhouse. He got the foreman after a precious moment of delay.

"The works is tied up at Mount Jackson," Grover explained. "You got a engine crane over there?"

"We got a couple engine cranes," the foreman replied. "What kind you want?"

"Highball us one that 'll lift this 1681 clear off the company property," ordered Grover.

"'What's the matter with the 1681?" the foreman wanted to know.

Grover had to go into lengthy explanation before he finally got an okay from the foreman. By the time he finished, No. 12 was down behind the tanker. This was bad, No. 12 being an extra fare job, New York bound; when No. 12 got stabbed, everybody from the president down wrote letters.

The wrecker arrived and dug in while a bunch of freight conductors stood around and offered advice. That makes a wreck master feel good all the time. The crane, aided by a lot of mixed profanity, succeeded in getting the goat out of the way by 4.45 o'clock.

Within another hour all was back to normal at West Side, but everything was hot at the general offices. Grover knew it, because he had telephone instructions from the general yardmaster's office that he would be relieved the following morning in time to shine for an investigation at ten o'clock.

The chief clerk asked for Big Tim, too, but Grover had to tell the chief that Big Tim wasn't available.

"Will you tell him to be on hand?" the chief clerk asked.

"I might miss him," lied Grover. "You better get word to him in the mornin'."

"Okay," came back the reply.

The chief clerk called Big Tim a little after eight. Grover knew what was coming so he got out of the office. He didn't want any questions to be asked. A whole extra crew manned the east lead engine and even if any man there knew what was in the wind, no one batted an eye.

Grover stayed out of sight until he saw Mr. Yates leave the office a little before nine. He watched until he was sure the slave driver was headed for the street car line, then he lit out to follow.

The Crane, Aided by a Lot of Mixed Profanity, Succeeded in Getting the Goat Out of the Way by 4.45 O'Clock

V

THE brass collars were sitting in solemn court in the terminal super's office when Grover Woods arrived. Berry, the terminal's general yardmaster, sat with the super and the trainmaster on the judicial side of the table. In the outer office Grover had nodded to Louie and his crew, very much dressed up and very much on edge. Inside, where the girl took him as soon as he announced his name, Grover found Big Tim fidgeting in his chair and staring from one to the other of the executives.

"Sit down, Woods," the G. Y. M. ordered.

Grover did so, avoiding the slave driver's puzzled stare.

"Now, Mr. Yates," the G. Y. M. said, "you can start in by explaining

to us just why you allow yard engines to use the main line between the east end of the lead and the tower at Mount Jackson. You certainly know the rules about yard engines using that piece of track."

"Why, yes, sir," Big Tim fumbled. Grover marveled at the meekness of his voice. "Yes, sir; I know the rules."

"Well, will you tell us just why this particular engine had to use the main line?" Grover was sure he saw a twinkle in the general's eye.

"Just which engine is that?" Big Tim broke out, looking rather helplessly from one official to another.

"Why, your east lead engine," the G. Y. M. explained. "The 1681. You realize, of course, just how serious it is to delay passenger trains. Especially trains like No. 12."

"Sure, I know," Big Tim admitted, but his voice betrayed the fact that he didn't know—had no idea what the investigation was about.

"You realize, Mr. Yates, that No. 12 was laid out a couple hours up there," the G. Y. M. went on, his gaze steady on the dinger.

"Now, just when was that, Mr. Berry?" Big Tim floundered.

"Mr. Yates"—the general's voice was hard—"where were you about two ten yesterday afternoon?"

"Wh—why, uh," the yardmaster stuttered, "uh—I don't know. Musta been down by the rip track."

"Mr. Yates," the G. Y. M. went on, "if you were around the rip track at that hour you certainly would have known about your east engine breaking down on the Mount Jackson crossover."

"Why—uh—uh—"

"The fact is, Mr. Yates," the G. Y. M. cut in bitterly, "you weren't anywhere near the yard yesterday afternoon. The fact is, you just now are learning that your engine laid out two freight trains and the hottest passenger train we got. Woods, do you know where Yates was yesterday?"

"I haven't any idea," Grover answered steadily. "I saw him head down to the rip track early in the afternoon. That's all I know."

The three officials huddled. Grover's eye wandered over to the stricken slave driver, who didn't appear to have much heart for anything right then.

"Woods, will you please wait outside a few minutes?" the G. Y. M. said as the huddle broke up.

Grover nodded and went to the reception room. When he finally was called back to the court, the slave driver had gone.

"Woods," the G. Y. M. started right in, "we've just been going into this West Side situation. Only recently we learned some facts connected with the wreck at Beaumont Avenue crossing which had not been brought out officially in the investigation. We discovered that you alone were capable of thinking fast enough to get that wreck cleared and operations back to normal."

Grover gulped as the general paused.

"We appreciate the commendable way in which you assumed control of the situation yesterday afternoon. We have your personal record file here, and we see where you once worked for this company in Cleveland as assistant yardmaster at two different points. The record shows good performance. The only thing against you is that you are a boomer. We want steady men. But we are willing to give you an opportunity to prove if you can settle by appointing you acting yardmaster at West Side. We'll give you a month.

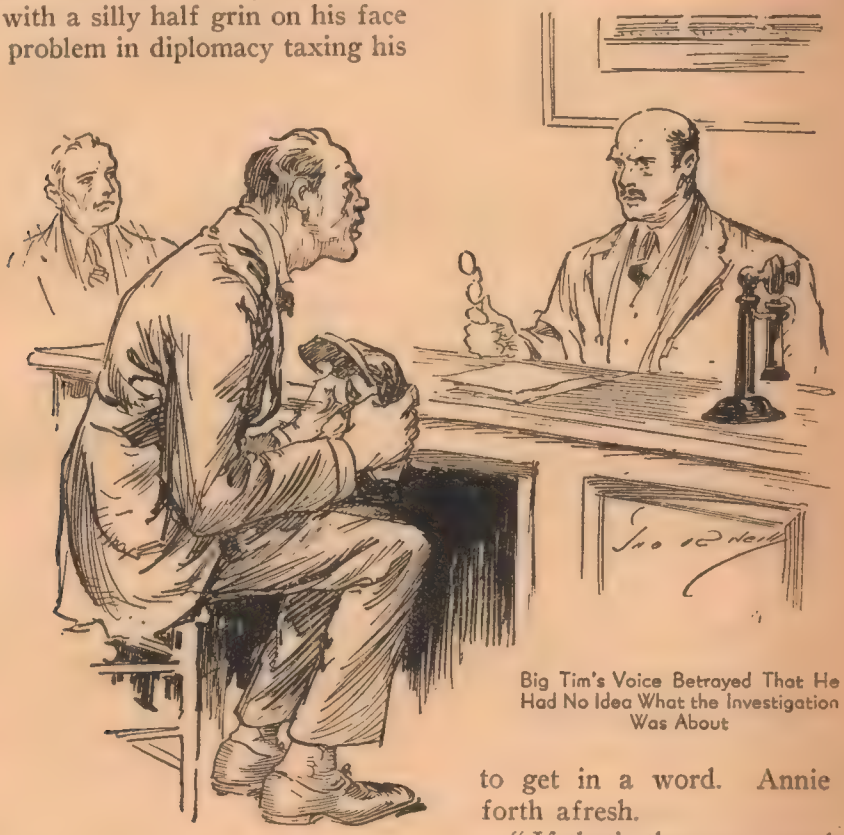
Then, if you can make up your mind to stay, we'll see about making the appointment permanent."

Grover fumbled his way out of the office with a silly half grin on his face and a problem in diplomacy taxing his brain power. This was all pretty nice to be made a dinger and see your enemy vanquished without bloodshed, but Annie Kirkwood was the next thing to be considered. Annie would play the next move.

She did. She played it that evening, and not much to Grover's satisfaction. Grover knew before she'd uttered ten words that Big Tim had been to her and had told her plenty.

"Sneak!" Grover wilted at the word and measured the distance to the gate. "Sneak! And yet you got nerve enough to come around here and expect a lady to—"

Annie filled up with tears. Grover swallowed hard and succeeded in feeling like a dog. He opened his mouth to get in a word. Annie burst forth afresh.



Big Tim's Voice Betrayed That He Had No Idea What the Investigation Was About

"If that's the way you play the game—getting a man's job that way—then I don't expect how you can look for any consideration from me. I did think—"

There wasn't any justice in the world, so far as Grover was concerned. What was the glory of his new post without Annie to be proud of him?

A sound sleep and a new day were something else in his life, and Grover hit the cinders the next morning, uncertain of his course. His appointment was bulletined on the board in the crew room. A new mudhop was on the job. All was serene in the yards, but turmoil in his heart.

He got news of Big Tim later in the day. The yardmaster had been suspended for cause and reduced in the ranks. He would loaf two weeks without compensation, and then he would go back switching or he would go hunt another job. He had enough senority to bump Louie off the day lead engine, and the guess around the garden was that he would do so.

The period of fifteen days following saw little of moment until on a Monday morning Big Tim came into the dirty office, looked over the transfer and leered at Grover across the desk. Louie had been bumped.

Grover didn't like the look in Big Tim's eyes. In them he read a warning, but in Big Tim's voice there was an attempt at pleasantry. Things didn't look so good.

By Wednesday the tensity was telling. It was too much for Grover. He'd been trying to reason out why he was staying anyhow. The blond goal he had set for himself was now beyond hope of reaching. He sat at his desk and took a piece of paper. On it he inscribed a letter of resignation. If Big Tim were Annie's choice, Grover was not going to stand in the way. He wrote hurriedly, signed his name, then came straight out of his chair.

A yell from the yard brought him to the door. He took a squint in the direction of the Beaumont Crossing, mechanically stuffed his letter into his pocket and went down to see why a gondola loaded with scrap iron had been shot down the lead to corner a refrigerator that wasn't quite clear of No. 1 Track. The impact had been enough to knock the reefer off center.

"What the—"

Grover didn't say any more. Big Tim Yates came from between two cars with blood in his eye, right on the tail of one of his helpers. The helper, by making a quick dodge, missed the club that Big Tim hurled.

The dodge bowled Grover over. Big Tim hurled himself on top. The switchman and Grover kicked loose, while at the same time he got a whiff of the ex-dinger's scented breath.

"Come outta that," Grover yelled at Big Tim who, recovering his hickory club, started in on the switchman. "I'm the yardmaster here. What's all this—"

Sock! Yardmaster Grover reeled as Big Tim struck. Yardmaster Grover saw a new constellation and a quart of red. All the pent-up feelings he had been nursing against the ex-dinger now burst forth in one grand rage. He threw caution to the winds and waded in.

He skinned his knuckles in the mad pummeling he sent to Big Tim's ribs. But Big Tim was not to be denied. His hard fist cut Grover's cheek, his knee took Grover in the stomach.

Grover went down seeing more stars, blondes and a lot of darkness. His last conscious moment dwelt strangely on Annie and he struggled hard to reach for her hand. He seemed to be going down so far, the hand seemed to be so close and yet he couldn't grab it. He was still trying when the lights were snuffed out for good.

VI

GROVER came back to civilization flat on his back on a hospital cot. His fingers had closed about something fine and silky. It was a head of hair. At the same moment the patient realized he was looking at a mighty tearful Annie Kirkwood.

He tried to speak. Her fingers came to his lips.

"Oh," she fairly breathed. "Yo—you didn't — you did — you did come back," she finally stammered. "I—I was so afraid. I wanted to—"

"That's all right, Annie," Grover said weakly, a strange warmness coming over him. "I—I didn't mean to start any fightin' any more an'—"

"I wish you could have killed that brute!" she declared. "I came up just as he kicked you while you were down. Down. Do you hear me? He was kicking you. I heard him cursing and I—"

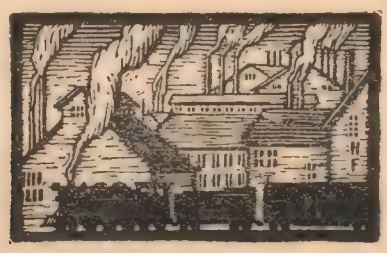
"That's all right. I'm sorry I got mixed up. I was gonna just go 'way an'—"

"You're not going away," Annie said softly. "I saw this—this fall from your hip pocket." She held up a crumpled paper, his letter of resignation. "When I saw where you were resigning to let Big Tim get his job back, I—I knew somehow it was for me, and—well."

"Well?"

"Well—you're going back to West Side, big fella, when the sawbones gets you fixed, and Big Tim won't be there to bother you no more. Two switchmen held him while the engineer got a cop and they took him away raving drunk, so I guess—" She left the sentence unfinished. "And will you just kinda find it in you to forgive me for being such a ninny?"

He forgave right then and there with a half hug on his good side.



DIAMOND CARS WERE THE FIRST PULLMANS

TRAINS that provide club and drawing-room cars, bath, barber, stenographer and maid service may say the last word in comfort for the traveler. But don't imagine that our forbears, when the railroads were new, always traveled in cramped quarters or lacked luxury en route. They had sleeping cars, even before Webster Wagner, of the New York Central Sleeping Car Company, or George M. Pullman were known, and before any railroad in the country boasted an overnight run.

These first sleepers were called "diamond cars," the name referring to their method of construction. The sides of the frames were so built that the windows were diamond-shaped. Two such cars were in use on the Erie Railroad in 1843, sixteen years before the advent of the Pullman car. These were built by John Stephenson after models made by Thomas Brown.

The story of the early diamond cars shows that then, as now, cars and trains bore fancy names. One of the Erie's pair was named for the road; the other was called the Ontario, and this was attached to the "Thunder-and-Lightning Milk Train."

Instead of bedclothes and pillows there were cushions covered with black haircloth. These were loose from the frames of the seat and could be so arranged as to make a bed. Each car was eleven feet wide and contained six seats on each side arranged back to back.

It was thought the lounging equipment might be adapted to all-night service when extension of the railroads should create such a demand. But the diamond cars did not live to see that day. They were found too heavy for practical use on the railroads of their time.—*Walter Raleigh.*

On Time!

A Grim Tragedy of Hate Creeps into the Engine Cab of No. 3 on the Cañon Division

By CHARLES W. TYLER

Author of "The Horned Toad Detour," "God of High Iron," etc.

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

CREEGAN, sagging over the arm rest, scowled through the protecting glass of the weather wing down the path of the headlight. His lips were tight, his jaw set, his eyes as cold and bleak as an eagle's.

His muscular bulk gave a bit to the lurch and sway of the engine cab. Now and then he squinted up at the white face of the steam gauge, and thence his quick glance went to the toiling fireman on the deck.

The speed was breath taking. The big passenger jack had a sickening little teeter, accompanied by an occasional sharp lurch which made the task of firing one that required adeptness of balance, especially since the train was swinging into the hills.

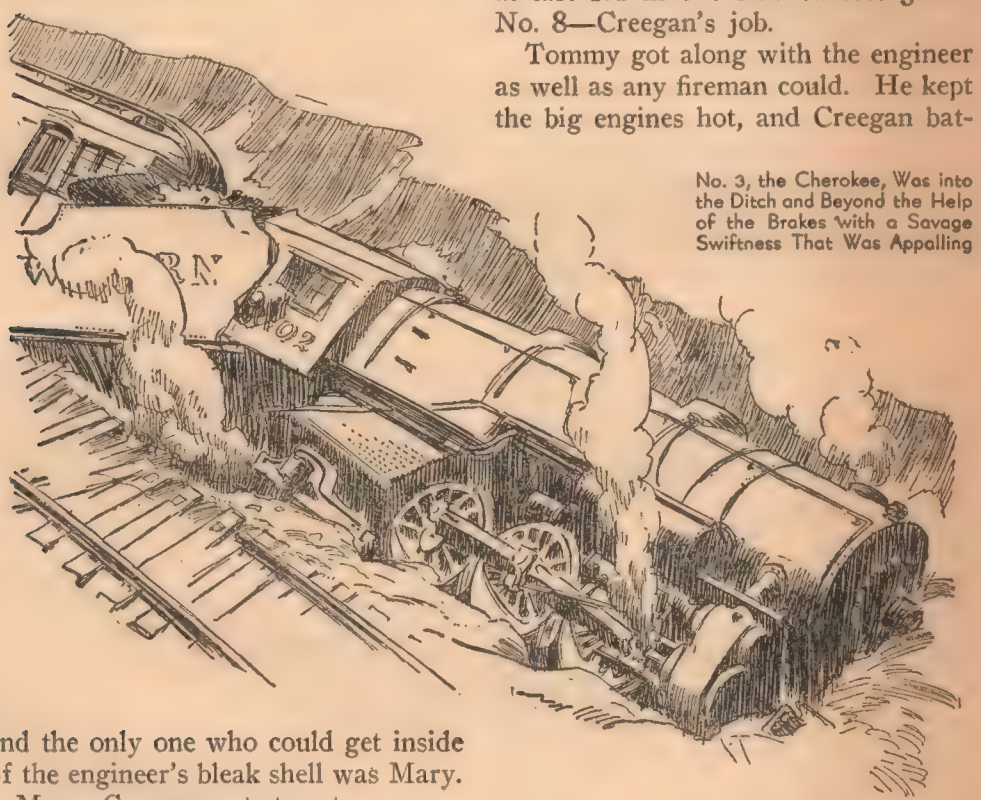
The tangents gradually became sharper, the careening thrusts of the engine more pronounced, as No. 3 went into the curves wide open. Minutes were precious, for the "Cherokee" was one of the new fast trains. The brass collars had touted it to the skies, and running late was out of consideration, so long as it was humanly possible to bat her through on the advertised.

Creegan handled one side of the job, because Creegan had nerve, and it took nerve, plenty of it, to maintain the schedule the management had laid down. Creegan was a runner, an engineer with a reputation for bringing them in—on time. Men said that the brass hats had put him on a pedestal, a sort of tin god, as an example to

others. Such was Creegan, of the Cañon Division.

He was a big, snarling, sour-visaged man, given to cursing, bullying and jeering. His sole redeeming feature, as set forth by those who knew her, was his daughter, Mary.

Creegan was a widower. Never a man to smile on life even when things were brightest, he had been soured by Mrs. Creegan's death. His frequent sullen moods increased in frequency,



No. 3, the Cherokee, Was into the Ditch and Beyond the Help of the Brakes with a Savage Swiftness That Was Appalling

and the only one who could get inside of the engineer's bleak shell was Mary.

Mary Creegan, at twenty, was a full-blown woman rather than a girl. She had the freshness of girlhood, with the dignity of maturity. Although Mary was sweet and attractive, with just enough temper and fire to make her wholly desirable, she had never had many sweethearts. There had been plenty of admirers, but few brave enough to face her father.

With Creegan boasting that he was master in his home, and his daughter would be allowed a suitor when he so decreed, and of his choice, Caliente, eastern terminus of the Cañon Division, watched with keen anticipation the advent of a new factor in the case.

"Tommy" Nolan, during the fruit rush, had been set up. He worked on the spare board at Caliente Junction, but spring found him set back and hunting a regular run as fireman. He at last bid in one side of No. 3 and No. 8—Creegan's job.

Tommy got along with the engineer as well as any fireman could. He kept the big engines hot, and Creegan bated them through. It was not until Tommy met Mary that matters came abruptly to a head.

Tommy had walked home with the girl from down town two or three times. Creegan had seen him, but said nothing at the time. However, one night just as Tommy was climbing onto the locomotive at the roundhouse

a heavy hand fell on his shoulder, and the engineman's voice boomed at him:

"Just a minute, young feller."

Tommy turned. He had a hunch what was coming, for he had been kidded about going home with Mary, and advised to look out for "the old man." He was resolved not to let Creegan throw a scare into him.

"Well?" he challenged, speculatively.

There was a second's pause.

"You keep away from my daughter, tallerpot!" Creegan snarled. "You hear me?"

Tommy Nolan's lids narrowed. He came of fighting stock, did Tommy, and it was not his nature to let a man like Creegan bark at him like this. "What am I, a halfbreed?" he demanded. "Any particular reason why I shouldn't call on Mary?"

"She ain't for any damned fireman!" Creegan flared savagely. "I don't want you hangin' around, that's all! Reason enough, ain't it?"

"Listen, Creegan," Tommy said slowly, "up there in the cab you're in charge, but that lets you out. I'm free, white and twenty-one — and I'm just as good as you or any other man. If Mary tells me I'm not to see her—all right. That's final. But as far as you're concerned, you're just another pain in the neck."

Creegan stiffened, while his fists clenched. His face went white, and his eyes blazed. "You heard what I said!" he thundered. "I ain't goin' to tell you again!"

"Aw, go to hell!" snapped Tommy, reaching for the grab-irons.

That scene in the semigloom under the cab of the big Pacific-type passenger hauler marked the beginning of another of those grim bits of tragedy that grow from hatred, for no two human beings could have despised each other more cordially.

II

To-night the Western Division had turned No. 3 over twenty minutes late. Creegan was making up time. He was rapping the stack off the 3702 and going into the curves wide open.

Because he was in an ugly mood, following a stormy interview with Mary, Creegan was, perhaps, allowing his passions to get the better of his judgment. Tommy Nolan, with his back propped against the corner of the cab, thrust his scoop impatiently beneath the coal on the foot plate and straightened up. The cab gave a sharp, sidewise lunge and he caught at the door shield to save himself.

"What the hell's the matter with you—crazy?" he yelled at the hunched figure on the right.

"You gettin' yeller?" Creegan snarled, leering over his shoulder. "Keep her hot an' *I'll* run 'er! I haven't reached the stage yet where I got to take advice from a tallerpot!"

Who is to say whether the thing that happened now might not have been in the cards even if No. 3 had been maintaining a more orderly pace? The flaw was there, and a few miles an hour might have made no difference in the last analysis.

An investigation of the wreck of the Cherokee laid the blame on a spread rail. The brass hats absolved Creegan of blame, naturally enough. Speed, it was pointed out, was not a contributing factor. A freight, trundling along at twenty miles an hour, would have been ditched as quickly, they declared. And yet an extra had passed over the same track a half an hour before the coming of No. 3.

The fact remains that at close to

sixty miles an hour, Creegan's all-Pullman, extra-fare train left the rails.

There was a sickening lurch, a crash of mighty wheels flaying ties, the rending of steel, the screech of steam—the bang and jolt of emergency air as Creegan washed her out, and No. 3 plunged into the ditch!

Lightning quick, with that first warning dip of the engine, Creegan had instinctively swept the handle of the brake equipment to the last notch, the big hole—wiping the gauge clean. Emergency air had the train in its tight-locked grip almost before the trucks of the tender went onto the ground.

The impact of the air checked the forward thrust of the rushing cars, but that was all. No. 3, the Cherokee, was into the ditch and beyond the help of the brakes, with a savage swiftness that was appalling.

Tommy Nolan instinctively leaped toward the right-hand gangway, a startled oath on his lips, at the first warning crash.

"*Jump!*"

Creegan bawled the injunction, and managed to spill himself out across the arm rest. The fact that the hurtling cars of the Cherokee toppled to the left saved the lives of the engine crew. The fireman suffered a broken leg, while Creegan was mauled and battered, but neither received serious injuries.

The baggage man was killed, and seventy or more passengers were badly hurt. The sloping sides of a sandy cut at once prevented the big steel cars from going completely over, and served as a shock-absorber for the careening Pullmans. A kindly Providence intervened to prevent what might have been a grim disaster.

Creegan laid off two weeks, then asked for an additional fortnight. He was sullen and morose. Tommy hobbled around to see the engineer once or twice, glad of an excuse to see Mary.

Neither during the investigation nor at any time afterward did Tommy Nolan voice the thought which had been in his mind the night of the wreck—that Creegan had been guilty of excessive speed. Tommy was afraid he might have been prejudiced, and was too game a sport to wish to cast reflection on as good a runner as the engineer. What differences there were between them were of a personal nature; they would be settled outside of a railroad board of investigation.

Despite his usual villainous disposition, Creegan began to evidence a vague worry. Struggle as he might to hide it, there were moments when both Mary and Tommy caught him staring off into the distance with terror in his eyes.

III

CREEGAN went back to his run a week before Tommy was in shape to take up the strenuous task of firing. On three round trips over the division, Creegan brought his train in late. Though he failed to make the advertised by from twenty to forty minutes, his handling of the engine was such that it was almost impossible to keep the big jack hot.

"No steam!" was Creegan's excuse.

"The damned old fool turned me in for cold water!" the irate fireman complained to Tommy. "And two firemen couldn't have kept the needle up against the pin, the way he kept her down in the corner and rapped the blasted stack off the jack on the grades. But when he had 'em over the hump, he never let 'er out. He's nuts! I'm done firing for that crab."

Tommy's lids narrowed, and he became very thoughtful. There was something wrong with Creegan. He was still pondering it when he marked up again.

Creegan acknowledged the fireman's return to duty with a surly grunt. As Tommy turned on the blower and set about building up the fire, he watched Creegan carefully. Slowly he came to the conclusion that this was not the hardy, audacious man who had been at the throttle the night that No. 3 went onto the ground.

Creegan was different somehow. His gestures were quick and nervous instead of sure and confident. There was something almost furtive about him; he snapped and snarled peevishly, without provocation. He was not Creegan, master and bully; he was rather like an animal at bay, with its back to the wall.

Tommy decided at last that Creegan's outward show of temper was only a mask. It was not like the burly engineer to bring a train in late. Something was amiss.

The Western Division came wheeling No. 3 in on time. The dusty passenger locomotive was uncoupled and slipped away across a maze of switches into the blackness. Slowly the 3715 came weaving onto the cross-over and coupled on.

A few minutes before it was time to highball, McKinnon, the conductor, walked forward. He scrutinized Creegan critically. The engineer was standing beside the drivers, a long-neck oiler in one hand and a flaring torch in the other.

"Well, you got Nolan to-night," said McKinnon. "You ought to hold your schedule."

Creegan glowered from under his bushy brows and nodded shortly. "I'll do it if the fire-boy makes steam." He growled the answer.

"Feeling all right, are you?" asked the conductor, watching Creegan under the visor of his cap.

"Certainly, I'm feeling all right!" snarled the engineman. "What the hell do you suppose?"

McKinnon returned his watch to his pocket. "All right," he said crisply. "Time's up. Let's go."

The conductor's lantern flashed and an answering highball came from back along the train. Creegan dropped the air-reverse forward from dead center and pulled out the throttle. The drivers spun in a quick race. The stack roared, with sparks streaming upward. Savagely the engineer batted the train out of the yards at Caliente.

Ordinarily Tommy worked with a fairly light fire, building it up in the level country for the grades to the westward. But to-night he had started with a heavy firing, otherwise the grates would have been snatched bare before they were out of town, with a resultant loss of steam pressure.

Once the train was out in the level mesa country, Creegan ran fairly close to schedule. Dropping into Crazy Creek Cañon, he was cautious, losing five minutes. Through the long sag, he maintained a conservative speed, but did not begin to make any time until the Cherokee was beginning its climb over Wild Cat Summit. Here he mauled the big engine unmercifully, regaining two minutes.

Tommy Nolan, however, had his fire well in hand. He had prepared for this, knowing that Creegan would try to knock the pressure down. Coming down from the mesa, he kept the fire bright and hot with the blower, and in spite of the engineman's savage protest.

"You run her," Tommy had cried, "and I'll keep the jack hot—my way."

Along the gently winding stretches of track where Creegan had once held sixty-six and sixty-seven, the train speed was a scant fifty. Dropping down the Sun Mountain grade, the engineman pinched the Cherokee far below normal time. And as No. 3 approached the sandy cut that had been the scene of the wreck, Creegan half closed the throttle and made an air reduction.

"Certainly, I'm Feeling All Right!" Snarled the Engineman. "What Do You Suppose?"

Tommy straightened from putting in a fire, a puzzled frown on his face. He swung to the gangway to peer ahead at an automatic signal. It showed clear—a double green. Again he looked across the cab toward the man on the right. Creegan was crouched forward, staring down the rails. One hand gripped the throttle as though in preparation to close it quickly should the necessity for such action arise.

The fireman called across the cab: "Green eye! All blue on the block!"

Creegan turned his head, and the thing that was written in his eyes was fear. Tommy recognized it instantly. The big engineman had lost his nerve. He was living through the terror of that first sickening lurch. He could not get away from the memory of the night that No. 3 had been wrecked.

Tommy moved across the cab and growled: "What's the matter with you? Open her up! We're thirty minutes off the advertised now. Snap out of it, Creegan! By to-morrow night there'll be a trainmaster, or Knolton, the traveling hogger, riding this job. Maybe both of them. You got to make time on this hot shot or you're going down the ladder."

"You go to the devil!" Creegan retorted. "I'm runnin' this train. I'll make the time."

But there was no convincing emphasis in the engineer's reply. He was doggedly trying to put on a front.

IV

THERE could be no blaming the fireman for tardiness to-night, for Tommy had kept the pop open half the way over Sun Mountain grade. It was Creegan, where the fault lay — Creegan, the man who had lowered every record on the Cañon Division, and had set speed marks for them all to shoot it. Creegan had lost his nerve!

When No. 3 rounded the curve and lunged toward the station at San Marcos, there was a red board at the peak of the mast above the depot. Creegan swore. Tommy shook his head as he swung up to the seat-box. The Cherokee was going to get stabbed badly. They'd be forty minutes late into Amargosa.

On the platform at San Marcos, a number of railroad officials awaited the coming of No. 3. They were glum-faced and impatient. A switch engine was coupled to a private car in a siding; and as the big passenger hauler on the Cherokee rolled past, Tommy realized the significance of the red board. They were to pick up a load of brass collars.

A few moments after the train had come to a standstill, the conductor and Mackinson, train master, hurried forward.

"We're picking up the general manager's car," McKinnon called up to Creegan.

"Where you been all night?" snapped Mackinson.

"Cold water," said Creegan in sulky defiance. "The damned firemen are all the same."

Tommy Nolan, looking down from the gangway, opened his mouth to remonstrate, then suddenly closed it. A grim glitter appeared in his eyes. He glanced at the conductor and shook his head.

Mackinson examined his watch as he glared up at Creegan.

"We expect you to put us into Amargosa—on time!" he cried fretfully. "And if you can't keep the engine hot, Nolan," he told the fireman, "you'd better bid in a job on a switcher."

The private car was coupled on and the air cut in. Followed the five short whistle blasts that called in the flag, and in a few moments No. 3 was once more thundering on.

A grim, futile fury gripped Creegan. He cursed and raged. The idiots had tacked on extra equipment, adding to an existing handicap of thirty minutes off the advertised into San Marcos and almost forty upon leaving.

The gauge was against the pin, and there was a full glass of water. What little grade existed between San Marcos and Amargosa was in favor of the Cherokee. And yet Creegan did not let the big, sleek engine out.

Tommy put in a fire, the air doors closed with a bang and the man on the deck suddenly moved over beside Creegan.

"Hey!" he yelled at the engineer.

"What the hell's the matter with you, you big yellow stiff? You ain't making any time! You know it. And if this job goes in late, I'm not protecting you. I've kept the jack hot, but you quit. You lost your nerve the night she went into the ditch. Snap out of it! Do you want Mary hearing the gang at Caliente say you're through—that you're done pulling these hot shots? Harh? Do you?"

"Git away from me!" shrilled Creegan, swinging a back-handed blow at the fireman. "Git back to shovelin' coal, damn your soul! I'll smash your face!"

"You got brass enough to try it, too!" jeered Tommy. "But you haven't got the nerve to put this job back on the advertised. You don't dare to go onto a curve over forty-five. What the hell, are you yellow clean through?"

For answer Creegan swung about on the seat-box and lashed out at the fireman with his right. He was hampered by close quarters. The blow was without force, and Tommy took it on the shoulder. He made no attempt to retaliate.

If he could arouse the engineer to a sufficient pitch of rage, Creegan might work out his anger by making up time. Something had to be done, for the brass collars on the rear of No. 3 were not going to see the famous Cherokee drag into Amargosa thirty or forty minutes late without raising several varieties of Hades.

"Well, you get down and fire the job!" Tommy flung out, trying to protect himself from the infuriated engineer. "I'll take her in, and make up the time."

It was a tense moment.

"You git back to your scoop, curse you!" Creegan shouted hoarsely. "I'll break your neck! You're all done firin' for me! I'll turn you in quick."

"I'll knock your block off!" panted Tommy. "You won't turn anybody in. You're all washed up yourself."

Creegan leaped from the seat-box to the deck, smashing at the other's face in a murderous rage. And the fight was on.

V

It has happened before; it will again—the grim tragedy of hate that creeps into an engine cab. Passion, engendered by men's petty bickerings, by their jealousies and grudges, once more held sway, here on the steel deck of the lurching 3715.

And yet to-night it was different, somehow, for Tommy Nolan could not forget that Creegan was Mary's father. He loved that girl too much to want to see her hurt. Mary was proud of the big, burly engineer; proud of the fact that he handled one of the Cañon Division's crack shots.

It was not in his heart to despise Creegan entirely, for that very reason. There were worse men than the big engineman, and Tommy would know no satisfaction in seeing him step down from the lordly trains to runs of lesser importance. Creegan's nerve was gone now, but it might come back. He would have to get used to speed all over again.

Tommy knew he might forfeit the love of Mary as a result of this fight, yet there was no way out of it. It was her father or himself. Things might break for both of them—if his plan worked out. If it didn't, that would be just another bit of life.

The fireman was not big, but he was tough and wiry, as hard as nails. He backed across the apron to the foot-

plate of the coal gates, with Creegan crowding him, fiercely aggressive.

The engineer swung again, a pile-driving right that was labeled curtains if it landed. Tommy ducked. Creegan went down from his own effort. The deck was slippery and the movement of the engine also helped throw him off balance.

Tommy set himself, his feet planted in the coal that had cascaded beneath the gates. He waited for Creegan to gain his feet; then he jabbed out with his left. The engineer pulled away, his foot coming down on the pedal of the air doors and they crashed open, casting a yellow flood of light on the scene.

The train raced across a short chasm, the steel-work strumming beneath the wheels; then thundered through a cut. The Cherokee was beating out the miles, while the two men in her cab fought a grim, vicious battle for mastery.

The rapid drum of the exhaust, the clank of the side rods, the shriek of the flanges on the curves, the clatter of brake rigging, the hum of the "gun," the whip of wind and the bite of cinders—all merged into the setting.

Creegan staggered forward, trying to clinch with the fireman. The doors, released, banged shut, quickly leaving the cab in gloom. Tommy once more pushed the engineer back, using his left again, and swung with his right.

Creegan was going away, so the blow lacked effect, but the fireman quickly followed it with another wicked right as the burly runner again tried to close in.

This time his fist found its mark. The engineer's knees sagged; then pitched forward before Tommy could catch him, striking his head against a corner of the tender.

Hatless, panting, and with sweat streaming into his eyes, Tommy Nolan lifted Creegan to the seat-box on the left. From a canteen he sloshed water in his face, then stooped to put in a fire.

The next moment he was on the right, jerking the throttle wide. He hooked up the air-reverse a little, and leaned out to pick up a signal. Two glimmering, friendly green dots greeted him. Tommy gave a grunt of satisfaction.

Creegan, on the left, stirred and groaned. After a while he opened his eyes and struggled to sit up. He only succeeded in partially sliding from the seat. Tommy moved to check him, pushing him against the arm rest.

"Git away," mumbled the engineer thickly.

"Listen, Creegan!" yelled Tommy, close to the other man's ear. "I'm telling you something. Stay where you are! If you leave that box I'll brain you with the coal pick!"

"I'll git you for this!" snarled the hoghead, his senses clearing. "You're not gittin' away with it."

"But not until we're into Amargosa," Tommy reminded him. And added: "On time!"

"You're crazy!" gasped Creegan. "You'll wreck the train!"

"You're yellow!" rasped the man on the lurching deck. "You lost your spunk. What's Mary going to think if they take the job away from you?"

"Damn you!" Creegan ground out, half sobbing. "I'll kill you!"

"If you get down off that seat," Tommy repeated, shouting above the thunder of their going, "I'll beat your roof in!"

"You're mad!" Creegan's eyes were bulging, bloodshot.

"Crazy as hell!" agreed Tommy.

The Cherokee Was Beating out the Miles, While the Two Men in Her Cab Fought a Grim, Vicious Battle for Mastery

He recrossed the cab, jerked savagely at the throttle.

"I'll snap them brass hats out of their pants!" he gritted vengefully. He swung again to the deck, shut off the valve that controlled the fire doors; then thrust them open by hand, and baled in several scoops of coal, working left-handed, that he might keep an eye on Creegan.

VI

THE speed of the train had become a mad, breathless pace. An iron thunderbolt was loose in the desert night, for No. 3 was stepping through the dew. The movement of the cab had become a series of panicky and savage little lurches. Now it teetered evenly for a moment, and now it adopted a fierce side-to-side pitch.

The exhaust had become a snarling, rippling thunder. The swaying boiler front and the slithering trucks went into the tangents at sixty-five miles an hour. A streaking, reeling train of Pullmans followed, leaning to the curve with a reckless, heeling thrust;

then coming out of it on the straightaway with a breath-taking jerk.

Once Creegan made as though to charge across at Tommy, but the latter warned him away with a mock blow from the coal pick. The engineer then slumped forward and clutched his head in his hands, fighting out his own battle deep in his soul.

At Mustang Pass, No. 3 was eighteen minutes off the advertised. The brass collars in the private car at the rear were clutching their chairs every time the Cherokee smashed crazily at a curve.

"The fool is out of his head!" complained Mackinson.

"You asked for it," the conductor, who had just come back from the observation car, told the train master. "He's making up time for you."

"He sure is," said Mackinson.

Until the last flag is whistled in, the officials in the brass hats' bungalow on the tail end of No. 3 will remember their ride down Sleeping Mountain and through Death Cañon. There was, it seemed, no limit to the soul-racking speed. Flanges shrieked like fiends possessed. The air was blue with the haze from smoking brake shoes.

The man on the right had apparently given the 3715 the works and thrown away the throttle and E-T equipment. There was a crash of wheels, at last, on frogs and switches, a quick blur of signal lamps—and McCarty's was a mile behind.

The operator danced to the door and gaped after the already dimming markers. He then returned to his key to OS No. 3. The train was thirteen minutes late.

The crooked sag at Niggerhead was a thing of horror. No. 3 corkscrewed through it without one touch of air, without one pound of service reduction. She went through working steam instead, all the way—a white feather and red stack!

More than one sleepy traveler back in the Pullmans was vaguely trying to put his foot on the brake, as he pushed against the end of the berth.

Others were almost tossed into the aisle, while they complained to the good woman who shared their sleeping quarters, that she was taking up the whole bed—that and Barney Oldfield, running the darned train like a sock-eyed fool. It was a beggar's life, this traveling.

In the cab, a strange, grim tenseness. A gulf yawned between the right side of the cab and the left. Creegan, it seemed, had resigned himself to accepting the rule of Tommy Nolan.

As the train speed grew to a nightmare of hurtling fire-shod steel, the engineman found himself beset with a mad terror that threatened to destroy his very heart. It was not a physical battle with the fireman that demanded his attention, but rather a mental fight within his own being.

Tommy alternated between the deck and the seat-box on the right side of the 3715. Never for a moment did he relax vigilance as concerned Creegan, and yet he knew a few minutes after the fight that the engineer would not make another attempt to return to the throttle.

It was plain that Creegan was going through the agony of the damned. He cowered in front of the seat-box in a huddled heap.

And yet, after a time, he eased himself back to the cushion. Every sudden lurch took its toll. He cringed away from the window, while his eyes remained glued on the floor. He could not trust himself to look out, lest the

terrific speed demolish the barrier he was trying to build about himself.

VII

Say of no man that he is a coward because he is filled with fear. The greatest heroes have been abject cowards who, at last, rose above their own terror to perform the duties demanded of them. Creegan was like a drowning man, who, after seeing death leering at him, discovers that his own salvation lies within himself—if he can but control the fear that has seized him.

Creegan needed something to make him forget the speed that threatened to completely break him. He must get his mind away from that lunging locomotive and the fleeting steel that flowed so swiftly beneath the charging pilot. Action! Physical effort would do it—something to lift him out of this slough of fright.

Suddenly he swung about and dropped to the deck. Tommy caught the movement and grabbed up his coal pick. Creegan shook his head and yelled:

"Take her in, Nolan!" He reached for the scoop. "I'll do the firin'."

Tommy watched the engineer sharply for a few seconds, half expecting treachery. Then it came to him that Creegan preferred to endure his baptism back on the deck of the big passenger jack, stoking black diamonds into the roaring maw of the blinding firepit.

The pressure had dropped a little, and the needle showed a tendency to creep lower on the white dial face as No. 3 felt the drag of the Superstition grade. With the artistic deftness that, once acquired by long, grueling hours on the deck of a locomotive, one never forgets, Creegan picked up the thread of things where Tommy Nolan had left them, so far as attention to the fire went.

Tommy dropped the reverse forward and tried to rap the stack off. The pressure went lower.

Creegan doubled to his task in a sudden determination to show this young fool that *he* could keep the big jack hot. He had never been turned in for cold water in his life, and no damned fireman was going to show him up now.

He filled the back corners; then began putting the "black onto the white." Sweat streamed from him. His face was grimed and bloody, but in his eyes was a strange new light. Creegan was forgetting everything but the immediate task that confronted him. Once he reached for the hook, and snarled at Tommy, "Give me the gun!"

At Del Rio, Three was two minutes off the advertised. The long straightaway from there to Amargosa invited a test of the powers of steam and steel, and the plunging Cherokee accepted the challenge.

Certain brass collars admitted, once they had got their breath, that it was more like the flight of a great bird than the effort of a mighty earth-shackled train — that last pulse-quickening swoop. There was only the purr of the exhaust and the metallic clatter of rail-length tabulations by clicking wheels.

Two minutes before No. 3 pounded across the switches of the East yard at Amargosa, the operator came from the telegraph office and erased a report on the Cherokee, and in its place chalked two magic words. *On Time.*

The shrill wail of a locomotive whistle slit the night, and the piercing silver eye of a headlight winked into

view around a curve. No. 3 was finishing her night's run.

VIII

Tommy Nolan closed the throttle and stepped down. He moved across to the left side of the cab. His hand went out and touched Creegan on the arm.

"Take her in," said Tommy. "She's your train."

For a moment Creegan stared at the fireman, his partner of the cab. Suddenly there were tears in his eyes, a lump in his throat.

He had fought and won his battle. He had not been afraid during those last flashing miles. His nerve had come back, as he stoked the hungry fire-box. Once more he could, he knew, handle the hot shots as he had in days of old.

Slowly his hand went out. Two hot palms met in a tight grip. Eyes met, there in the half-light of the cab—eyes that suddenly revealed comradeship, understanding.

"You're all right, Nolan," said Creegan hoarsely, as he moved on to reach out for the brass handle of the air brake equipment. "I won't forget what you did."

Tommy grinned. It was a big compliment, coming from Creegan. He swung to the seat-box on the left, his own particular throne in his little railroad world, until the gods should decree that he go permanently to the right side of the cab. Deep inside him was a heartening thrill and the knowledge that his night's work had been well done.

No. 3, the Cherokee, ground at last to a stop. Lanterns moved along the train. A car tink eased himself in between the tender and first car. A moment later he emerged and flicked his lantern. "Take 'er away."

The 3715 eased ahead, the pilot following the curving rails of a crossover. Once clear of the main iron, the big engine came to a pause, while from out of the night came creeping the black tender of the jack that would wheel No. 3 westward again.

The conductor came forward, accompanied by Trainmaster Mackinson. He crossed the main line rail and stood under the cab.

"What the hell you think you had back there?" cried McKinnon.

Creegan glared from his high perch. "On time, ain't she? That's what you wanted, wasn't it, Mackinson?"

The latter nodded, a bit ruefully, it seemed. "That's right," he admitted. "But the going was pretty rough."

"You ought to have been on the head end," called Tommy.

Returning on No. 8, Creegan held to the advertised all the way, while Tommy Nolan kept the big jack hot. And when the run was over, Creegan said, with a bit of a twinkle in his eyes:

"You're comin' out to the house tonight, ain't you, Nolan?" He paused, and added: "Mary'll be wantin' to see you, I guess."

"Tell her I'll be there," Tommy responded. "On time."

"World's Slowest Train"

It Used to Average about Four Miles an Hour on the 300-Mile Run between Edmonton and McMurray in the Canadian Far North

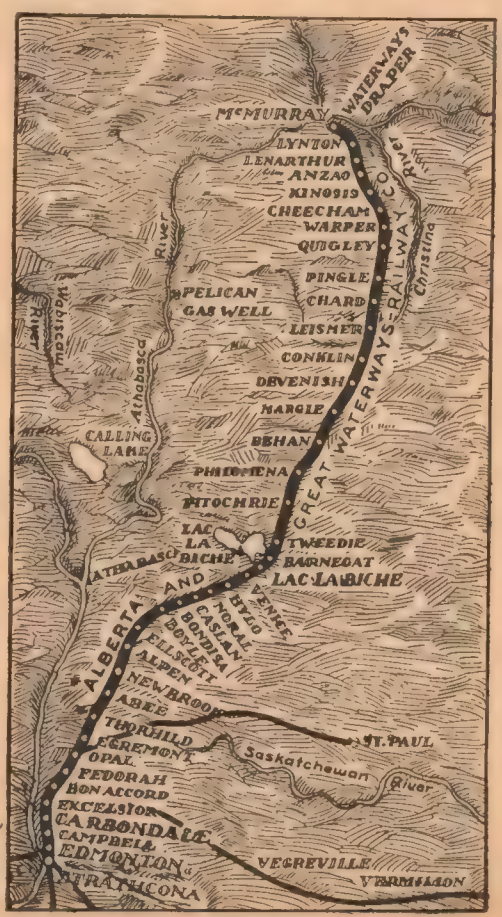
By WILBUR GRANBERG

CLIMB down out of your cabs, mates, and listen to the tale of what used to be the world's slowest train. You've heard yarns of record-breaking expresses and mails, but this is the saga of a train that won the dud signal flare.

It ran on the Alberta & Great Waterways Railway until that line became part of the Canadian National System, and was nicknamed the "Canadian Gold Rush Limited." Limited? Well, to an average speed of about four miles an hour.

It used to run once a week the 300 miles between Edmonton, Alberta, and McMurray in the Far North. The trip took from three days to a week, depending on the train's condition and the crew's moods. Time on the long journey was whiled away with solitaire, poker and plenty of sleep.

Every now and then the train would halt to let passengers build fires along the right-of-way to steep tea; the train crew stopped to eat, of course, and nearly every one aboard made a break for the beer parlor at each little station.



Route of the "Gold Rush Limited"

Often one was able to alight from the train and walk along picking wild berries to eat, catching up with the train in a few quick steps! At various points along the route a lone trapper or prospector would stop the train in the hope of getting a letter. With almost every stop Indians would swarm on to stare and laugh. The sales of candy bars and tobacco to these red men were heavy.

Waterways is the gateway to the Northland via the Athabasca and

Slave rivers. Going "up," the Gold Rush Limited was loaded with "grubstake" and hardy, moccasin-clad pioneers bound for the Northwest Territory. These included the ever-present prospector in whose breast "hope springs eternal," and the trader, who had spent half his life bartering with the Indians. Speed made no difference to such men—they were "just goin' north."

But when "goin' outside," as it is called, then there was a different story. The train was cursed its full length. Every member of the crew received a share of new names that had been pent up for one solitary, lonely year!

Often when within 100 miles of Edmonton, where automobiles and roads began to put in a doubtful appearance, a dilapidated car was hired or bought by a group and the trip was finished in speed. Money is no object to a man who has been in God's Frozen Country for a year or more, alone, and he will spend almost any sum to bring his holiday in the "outside" a few hours nearer.

Lac La Biche, a French-Indian settlement, amounts to about the halfway house. Here the train used to lie overnight; why, nobody seems to know. Unless it was to avoid running over any deer or bear in the dark that might have been sleeping on the track!

There was a makeshift roundhouse at Lac La Biche that served quite well until there was something wrong with the locomotive. During one trip I made on that train, trouble developed in the driver guides in the engine. Those were replaced with a chunk of wood cut from a tree beside the track. Every twelve miles or so a new block was necessary and then another tree had to be cut.

COLLECTS HIS BACK PAY AFTER 26 YEARS

SYLVESTER JOHNSON, a colored trackman, stepped into the B. &. O. office of the division engineer at Baltimore, Md., the other day and said he might still have some back pay coming to him. In 1904 Sylvester had walked off his job, which was as a trackman on the east end of the Baltimore Division, and had never collected his pay in full.

"Times are hard now," thought Sylvester. "Guess I'll go to the good old B. & O. and see if I can collect; they always did treat me right and I know they will now."

Investigation proved that what he said was correct, and the trackman was paid $6.35 which he had failed to ask for years ago. If Sylvester had put that $6.35 in bank in 1904 at 4 per cent interest, compounded, he would now have—figure it out!

"ALL THE GUYS I CAN LICK"

CHARLES E. DENNEY, president of the Erie, has a lively sense of humor. Denney drew a big laugh in Atlantic City at a convention of the Purchases and Stores Division of the American Railway Association, by telling of an Irishman who was writing the names of "all the guys I can lick."

The man who topped the list happened to hear about it, and put in his appearance with these words: "I understand you are writing the names of all the guys you can lick."

"I am," was the reply.

"I hear you have me leading off."

"I have."

"Why, you little shrimp," shouted the visitor, "you can't lick me!"

"All right," said the Irishman, "I'll scratch your name off."

Bucking Snow in Montana in 1918 on the Alder Branch of the Northern Pacific. Seventy Years Ago This Was the Notorious Virginia City District of Gold and Vigilantes. Photo from Collection of W. H. Edwards, Deer Lodge, Mont.

36 Below Zero

"Unless You Have Lived West of the Missouri River and North of Oklahoma, You Know Nothing Whatever about Blizzards"

By CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER

Charles Frederick Carter, Former Brakeman, Who Relates Some of His Actual Experiences in a Western Blizzard

"NOTICE that ring around the moon last night? If we don't have a blizzard within twenty-four hours I'll eat my hat."

"Seen a shoat carryin' aroun' a mouthful of straw an' wailin' this mornin'. That's a sure sign."

"Ollie," the engineer, and "the Old Man," otherwise known as the skipper, were exchanging weather forecasts in the telegraph office at Percy, where No. 19 had paused to unload a barrel of sugar and spot a car at the stock chute,

on the "Deadloss" branch of the "Bumtown & Dismalburg" Railroad.

The name is fictitious, of course, but it was a real railroad on the Western fringe of the corn belt in Nebraska. I know, because I was there. The time was December, in the justly celebrated winter of 1889-90.

Unless you have lived west of the Missouri River and north of Oklahoma, you know nothing whatever about blizzards. Let me tell you about the real thing—the kind that made bucking snow the favorite outdoor sport of railroad men in the not-so-good old days.

When we pulled out of Percy and across the little valley the sun was still shining brightly, the calm was oppressive. As we started up the hill on the last lap of our journey a black cloud sprang up and spread quickly. Within five minutes it was so dark that Charley, the fireman, had to light the gauge lamp.

With darkness came a blinding snow which covered the coal in the tender so deep that Charley ladled more snow than fuel into the fire box. Steam began going down, while the air in the cab was filled with a mixture of steam and whirling snow in which were blended the aromas of wet plumbago, black oil and coal gas.

For a time it looked as if we should never make the grade with our three loads and three empties; but the little old Tweed tipped over the hill with her last expiring gasp.

We were headed southwest, with the wind striking the train quarteringly with such violence that Ollie had to work steam to roll down hill. So we managed to finish the run. By a miracle we got the 242 into the engine house, and by a still greater miracle we all contrived to get to our homes, which was more than some people did.

Several farmers, deceived by the balmy morning, had started out for the timber or for town. Their bodies and those of their horses were found, in some cases weeks later, buried in the drifts. A young schoolma'am, when she saw the black cloud coming, foolishly dismissed her pupils and

From Joseph Lavelle Photo Collection

Virginia & Truckee Train with Four Engines Arriving in Carson City, Nevada, after a Long and Weary Battle against Snow, a Third of a Century Ago

started them for their homes. *Five out of eleven of the pupils and their teacher perished!*

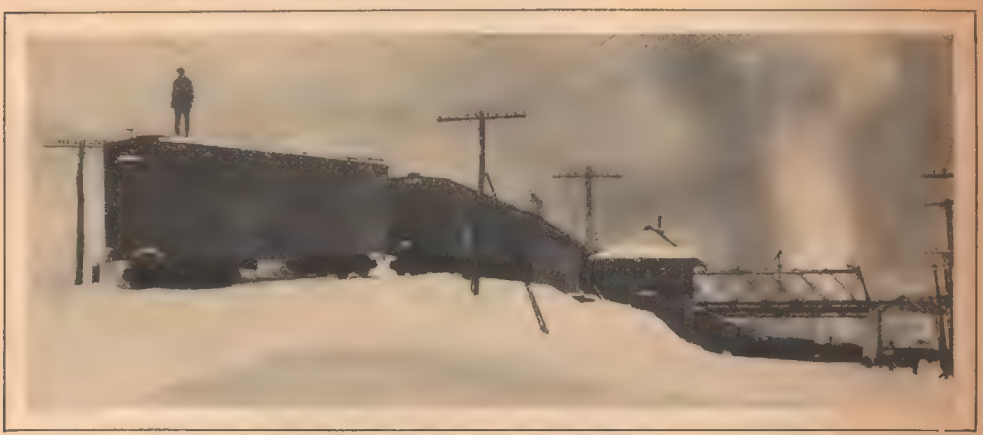
36 Degrees below Zero

For three days the storm raged. On the fourth the wind had died away to a mere zephyr of thirty miles an hour, while the mercury had climbed until it had only thirty-six degrees more to go to get up to zero.

Under these auspicious circumstances the dispatcher summoned all hands to buck snow. The 242 was equipped with a snowplow reaching nearly to the top of the smokestack, so it fell to her lot to lead the charge. The 261, which pulled the passenger train on the Deadloss branch, was adorned with nothing more than a pilot plow, so she was to follow up and drag out.

All locomotives in the Middle West in winter wore either a full-grown snowplow or a pilot plow—except on the Burlington, where strips of wood were nailed between the slats of the pilot as a theoretical device to shoo from the track lighter and more frivolous snows.

The section gang, augmented by other gangs picked up along the road, was loaded into our caboose towed by the 261. The old cannon stove was red-hot, while doors and windows were closed air-tight. Into this space were jammed about fifty men, all with conscientious scruples against bathing or changing underwear, so the aroma was quite able-bodied.



Riding the Hump Isn't Exactly the Safest Sport in the World, Especially in Winter Time. Above is a Typical Scene on the New York Central a Few Weeks Ago

But, anyway, we got off to a good start. For the first two miles along a slight embankment the hurricane had swept the track clear. Then came the first cut. It was on a side hill and drifted level full, of course, the drift sloping smoothly up from nothing to a maximum depth of sixteen feet. It was packed so hard that in walking over it a man's boot heels would not leave a mark.

Letting out the customary hoot to advise the 261 to watch her step, Ollie twisted the 242's tail, starting her for that drift as fast as she could turn her five-foot wheels, which wasn't so very fast after all.

Things looked bad for that drift for a few fleeting seconds. Then the lower edge of the plow slid up that slant-

Keeping the Southern Pacific Tracks Clear. Above Is Pictured the First Type of Snow Plow Used by the Central Pacific (Now S. P.) in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California. The Photo Was Made at Cisco in 1867. Below Is an S. P. Jack of the 2200 Class with a Simple Form of Wedge Plow

ing snow, which was about the consistency of stone, for a few feet, after which the 242 stopped to rest with her front truck off the rails.

When the 261 came up all hands unloaded to offer condolences—not to the 242 in her misfortune, but to each other on their hard luck in having to leave their happy homes in such weather. Every little while somebody would stop swearing long enough to grab a handful of snow, with which he rubbed vigorously the nose or cheek or ear of a neighbor as first aid for frostbite.

All hands quickly realized that the best way to forestall pneumonia was to keep their mouths shut. Conversation shrank to an irreducible minimum—just enough to direct the shovelers in clearing away snow so the 242 could be rerailed. After she had backed out of the way the track was cleared by hand up to a point where the snow was three feet deep.

The 242 reversed for half a mile, then made a second run for that drift. This time she succeeded in burying

herself clear back to the tender, and there she was. The 261 came up, the shovelers dug the 242 free, whereupon her consort coupled on and dragged the 242 clear. Several times this routine was repeated before we were out of that drift.

From Photo Collection of Chas. Lane, Los Angeles

Old-Time Engine No. 2063 on the Milwaukee Road Pushing through a Snow Barricade at Ringling, Montana

Three miles of passable going brought us to our second worth-while drift. We stopped at a safe distance to reconnoiter — you can bet we did. This time the shovelers dug out an introduction for the 242's plow.

Then it was *biff, bang,* with all the power the engine could muster. It was like butting into a mountain. It has happened that an engine would strike a drift with force enough to shear the tank right off the frame.

After the slam it was shovel and drag out, over and over, on to the next drift, then begin at the beginning and do it all over again, hour after hour without pause from 7 o'clock in the morning until 1 o'clock the next morning before the 46 miles of the Deadloss branch was opened to the junction with the main line where the first rations — coffee and sandwiches at the eating house—were taken on.

Casualties: six frosted fingers, three noses, two cheeks, three feet, and five ears ditto, forty-four tempers seriously damaged and the 242's left main rod fractured, leaving her to limp along on one side as best she could.

In this condition we were ordered back ten miles down the branch to pick up a carload of cattle and take them to the packing house at Bumtown to prevent a total loss to the shipper, who had been caught in the blizzard with the live stock on his hands.

That old mill couldn't stop anywhere but on a dead center. It was my pleasant duty as brakeman to get down into snow thigh-deep with a pinch bar at each stop and help her over the center.

In his zeal to keep going, Ollie would usually give her too much steam, which meant that her drivers would spin impotently around in the snow until they stopped again—on center, of course. Then I would pinch her along again, floundering through the snow, carrying the pinch bar, which seemed to be two hundred pounds excess weight.

When the pace got too fast I would heave the pinch bar into the gangway and climb aboard with my tongue hanging out. If I had met the man who invented railroads, then, I should certainly have given him a piece of my mind—after getting my breath, of course. But that was long ago. I can now forgive him freely.

It took the crippled 242 three hours flat to make the thirty-six miles to Bumtown with that carload of cattle, and another half hour and the pinch

bar to get her to the engine terminal—after twenty-one and a half hours on duty, with nothing in the line of food but a desiccated sandwich and a cup of coffee that had barely strength enough to run out of the pot.

Everybody agreed that the winter of 1889-90 was unprecedented in snowfall and in blockades. The Central Pacific, the Oregon & California Line of the Southern Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Canadian Pacific, the Denver & Rio Grande, in fact, all Western lines had plenty of trouble.

Along the Central Pacific—now the Ogden Line of the S. P.—rigorous winter began October 15. In a period of seventy days there were sixty days by wind. Snow slides carrying rocks and earth were common. At many places *the snow was from sixty to seventy feet in depth!* The minimum depth on the level was three feet.

On January 9 and 10, 1890, snow fell continuously for forty-eight hours, at times at the rate of five inches an hour!

Then, on January 12, there came a sudden warm spell, during which five inches of rain fell on an average depth of twelve feet of snow. This was followed by a sudden freeze, converting the whole country into a great ice field.

Under such conditions snowplows were not to be thought of. Nothing but picks and shovels would suffice.

From Joseph Lavelle Photo Collection

Snowed Under in Nevada. A Study in Still Life. The Locomotive Is a 4-4-0 Balloon-Stack Type on the Old Virginia & Truckee Line. Scenes Like This Were Common about Fifty Years Ago

of actual snowfall, accompanied by tempests which filled cuts as fast as they were opened.

Snow Seventy Feet Deep!

PERHAPS it may help you form an idea of the violence of these tempests to know that two engineers and three firemen were killed on engines derailed To make the situation more interesting, a heavy snowfall came on top of the ice, accompanied by high winds, which formed *drifts from thirty to fifty feet in depth!*

A force of 2,500 extra men at high wages was assembled in an attempt to open the line. One-half a carload of provisions for this young army had to

High-Powered Rotary Plows of This Type Will Even "Eat up Trees" When Such Obstacles Are Mixed in with the Snow They Encounter. This One Was Built for the New York Central in 1926 by the American Locomotive Company

be carried in daily on the backs of men on snowshoes. Fuel for locomotives had to be carried in the same way. Of course, this sort of thing did not cost anything—that is, not anything worth mentioning.

There were places in the Sierras where *snowsheds were buried under 150 to 200 feet of snow!* Gangs of carpenters had to be sent to brace the sheds to prevent them from collapsing, while other forces busily shoveled off the snow.

Rotary plows were then newly invented and rather primitive. The Central Pacific had but one rotary, such as it was; but it worked wonders. At Cascade it threw snow a distance of 150 feet from the track until it had worked into the drift to a depth of forty feet, when it could no longer lift the snow out.

On another occasion the rotary had only 300 feet to go to complete the task of opening the road temporarily when it broke down while working in a sixteen-foot drift.

Even in its infancy the rotary did such splendid work that the Central Pacific people thought that if they only had a second rotary they might be able to keep the road open, at least some of the time. So they borrowed a rotary from the Union Pacific, although the latter needed it desperately.

"In six hours," Central Pacific officials proudly declared, "that rotary did as much as five hundred men could have done in a week!"

In its poverty of rotaries the Central Pacific did what it could with push plows. Along in February *it was using as many as nineteen of its most powerful locomotives behind a push plow;* and even this impressive array stalled at Emigrant Gap!

On one occasion five locomotives and a plow were ditched by a broken rail. On another occasion the plow locomotive and two others plunged down a fifty-foot embankment, killing one man and injuring three others.

The San Francisco-Portland Line of the S. P. was closed by snow from

January 20 to March 24, *the longest snow blockade known!*

Continuous Battle for 90 Days

THE winter of 1889-90 was bad enough; but, if you can believe old-timers, the winter of 1896-7 was worse—at least in some localities.

The Dakota Division of the Chicago & Northwestern had a really nice time from the end of October, 1896, until April, 1897. Proceedings opened October 28 with a heavy snow, and thereafter the battle was continuous. For ninety days from January 1 the struggle went on day and night, Sundays and holidays. Of the 771 miles of the Dakota Division, 109 were filled with drifts from ten feet in depth up. Three rotary plows were kept going continuously with double crews, one crew sleeping or eating while the other kept the snow flying. The cuts would fill up so fast that in order to get trains through at all they had to be coupled up behind the plows.

The settlers in that part of the world were so scantily provided with food and fuel that they were wholly dependent upon the railroad to keep them from starving or freezing. The railroad did its job.

All highways in that part of the world were completely blocked; but farmers discovered that the railroad track kept more or less open made a passable substitute for a highway.

The result was railroad men had to keep their eyes peeled to prevent smashing up teams and their drivers, for there was no such thing as passing a lumber wagon or bobsled in a deep cut barely wide enough for a locomotive to wriggle through. Often trains would have to back up to allow teams to get out of their way in cuts.

The same Providence which cares for drunkards and fools, looked after these farmers so well that no lives were lost, but the railroad company was peeved and took effective steps to prevent such incidents in succeeding winters.

Life on the Dakota Division in those days was a constant round of pleasure. After being out on the line bucking snow continuously for months on end, Superintendent Sanborn came in with a snowplow one April day, and as soon as the engine could be turned, went right out again with a pile driver to mend bridges broken by the floods resulting from the sudden melting of the enormous snowfalls.

On March 1, 1910, a snow slide caught two Great Northern trains, the Westbound Spokane Express and the Overland Mail, on a narrow ledge and hurled them 200 feet to the bottom of a cañon! Ten acres of mountainside, towering above the tracks, became detached and carried with it snow, trees, earth and rocks. *More than 100 persons were killed!*

Fighting the White Terror

SNOW slides are of two varieties: the wet and dry, and of all sizes from a few hundred cubic yards to a quarter of a million yards or more. Dry slides, the White Terror of the Selkirks, occur only when the snow is dry. Brakeman Archie McCloud, who went back to flag near Ross Peak in February, 1907, won a three-hundred-yard dash against a wet slide; but *no mortal ever escaped who chanced to be in the path of a dry slide!*

Realizing from the unmistakable evidences of disastrous slides the nature of the struggle before it, the Canadian Pacific sent men to pass the winter in the Selkirks before the road was opened, to study the snow.

Service on the Long Island Railroad Just "Lay Down and Died" during the Blizzard of March 12, 1888. Photo Shows Train Headed by Engine No. 82 Stalled in a Drift Near Rockaway Junction on the Main Line

The information thus obtained was of little use in 1887, the first spring after the road was opened for traffic, because there was not time for the company to make the necessary preparation.

In that memorable spring the slides came down and buried much of the road through the Selkirks, blocking the line for three weeks. Help was scarce on the eastern end of the road, so a gang of three hundred men started in from Revelstoke to hew their way eastward.

It was a fearful task. Trees, some of them eighteen inches in diameter, embedded in ice and snow, had first to be dug out and then sawed into

Here's Another L. I. R. R. Train Held in Winter's Icy Grip near Rockaway Junction in March, 1888. Both Photographs Come From the Collection of Joseph Lavelle, 4615 66th Street, Winfield, Long Island, N. Y.

lengths that could be handled. They were then loaded on cars and hauled out of the way, for the snow was so deep that débris could not be disposed of on the spot.

Once the line was opened the company set to work with great energy to prepare for the next winter. D. D. Mann, a small contractor, and William Mackenzie, owner of a little sawmill at Donald, just east of the mountains, were awarded the contract to build snowsheds over the track at points that seemed in greatest danger from slides.

About seven miles of sheds were built at a cost of three million dollars — for a snowshed must be built more solidly than a bridge. *The profits from this snowshed contract provided Mackenzie and Mann with a working capital and a taste for railroading that eventually made them president and vice president respectively of the Canadian Northern,* which gradually expanded into a system extending from ocean to ocean, now constituting the Canadian National Railway.

As it did not seem practicable to roof in the entire forty-six miles of road from Beavermouth to Albert Cañon, the company stopped when the seven miles of sheds had been completed and turned its attention to other precautions.

Watchmen's houses were built at intervals of a couple of miles throughout the snow slide belt, and men were stationed in them to patrol the track, day and night, to watch for slides and for fires in the sheds. All the watchmen's houses were connected by telephone with each other and with the telegraph offices.

As a watchman was never farther than a mile from a telephone, and as trains were not permitted to move except upon notification from each watchman that his beat was clear, the protection against danger from running into a slide or into another train was thorough.

Then the company cached liberal supplies of food and fuel at every sta-

There Are Many Thrills in Railroading, but Digging Box Cars Out of Snowdrifts Isn't One of Them. We Could Mention Several Other Jobs We'd Rather Do at This Precise Moment

From Joseph Lavelle Photo Collection

Old Diamond-Stack Engines Wrecked in Snow on the D., L. & W. Can Any Reader Supply Details?

tion and watchman s house in the snow slide zone, so that if a train should have the misfortune to be blockaded anywhere in the mountains it would never be more than three or four miles from supplies.

Last, but by no means least, a picked body of men was stationed at Rogers Pass, with a full equipment of plows and all the implements and material required to fight snow slides.

A wing plow was sent over the road immediately ahead of every train to clear away the ordinary snowfall. These machines are huge plows mounted on a heavily framed structure like a box car, with folding wings on each side that together cut a swath sixteen feet wide.

The wing plow is pushed generally by a single locomotive. At a speed of twenty miles an hour it will throw the snow sixty to seventy feet from the track. A wing plow requires a crew of eleven men, the conductor keeping a lookout in a cupola at the front end and signaling his men by means of gongs, to set out the wings or take them in, and to raise and lower the flanges that cut the snow and ice away from the rails.

For cleaning up slides, rotary plows were always held in readiness. The heavy knives on the wheel of the rotary will "eat up trees," to quote a railroad expression, when such things are encountered mixed up with the snow, but they will not make much impression on bowlders; so, four or five men with iron rods thirty feet long worked ahead of the rotaries, sounding the snow for rocks. Shovelers accompanied the rotaries to clear away bowlders and do other rough work.

At noon on January 31, 1899, the hostler at Rogers Pass started from his home to the engine house. It was perfectly calm, as it usually is in the Selkirks. Suddenly the hostler heard a terrible roar, and at the same time found himself blinded and suffocated by a violent blizzard. The wind seemed to come from above and below, as well as from all points of the compass at once, filling his mouth, nose, ears, eyes and clothes with snow.

Entire Village Swept Away!

WHEN he could see again the hostler looked for the engine house. It was gone! So were the coal shed and the station! *The little village of Rog-*

ers Pass had been swept off the face of the earth. In its place was nothing but a smooth, hard plane of snow a hundred and fifty feet ahead of the hostler, who had just barely escaped one of the terrible dry slides that come down from Hermit Mountain, two miles away.

The rails in the path of the slide, which was two hundred yards wide, had been shaved from the ties, as was ascertained later, and the roadbed had been covered to a depth of two feet with snow packed nearly as hard as ice. Several outfit cars were carried three hundred feet up the opposite mountainside and smashed into kindling wood; and a heavy consolidation locomotive, standing in the engine house, was thrown over.

Several railroad men, who had been outside the course of the slide, hurried up to assist the hostler in a search for the missing. As the agent and his family were nowhere to be seen, the rescue party began by looking for the station. The place where it had stood was covered ten feet deep with snow. As soon as the débris of the building could be located, digging was begun.

In an hour a girl and a man were taken out, both badly hurt. Soon afterward the body of a man who had just died was found. Two days' hard work revealed the bodies of six other victims, including the agent, his wife and three children.

Then the company ordered the station moved a mile nearer the summit. After that there were no more slides at the former site of Rogers Pass, though the most disastrous slide in the history of the road occurred near there on the morning of March 5, 1910, four days after the Great Northern tragedy already mentioned.

A snowplow train, including a rotary and about a hundred men, was clearing away a slide when another slide came down, killing ninety-two men, including Roadmaster Fraser, the conductor, engineer and fireman of the snow train.

It seemed as if the mountains themselves were disintegrating that morning, for a few hours after the tragedy another slide destroyed a near-by snowshed and buried the track under sixty feet of snow and débris for a distance of 1,200 feet.

For thirty years the Canadian Pacific contended with snow slides for possession of the line across the Selkirks. Then, in 1915, the Connaught Tunnel, a double track bore far below the summit of the mountains, was completed and opened for traffic.

This tunnel, five miles in length, was the longest at that time on the continent. It reduced twenty-two miles of railroad having maximum grades of 2.2 per cent to 6.6 miles, cut out four miles of snowsheds, reduced the length of the line four and one-half miles and greatly reduced curvature. But the important thing was that it abolished for all time the menace of the snow slide on the worst sixteen miles of line between Montreal and Vancouver.

The only other effective method of avoiding futile and expensive snowbucking was invented by the Northern Pacific, first of the northern transcontinental lines. In its early days the N. P. simply stopped all traffic on its Dakota Division when winter began, and let the blizzards do their worst. Then in the following spring they would scrape up a lot of locomotives, a snowplow or two, men enough to work them, supply trains with provisions and fuel, and set forth to open the road.

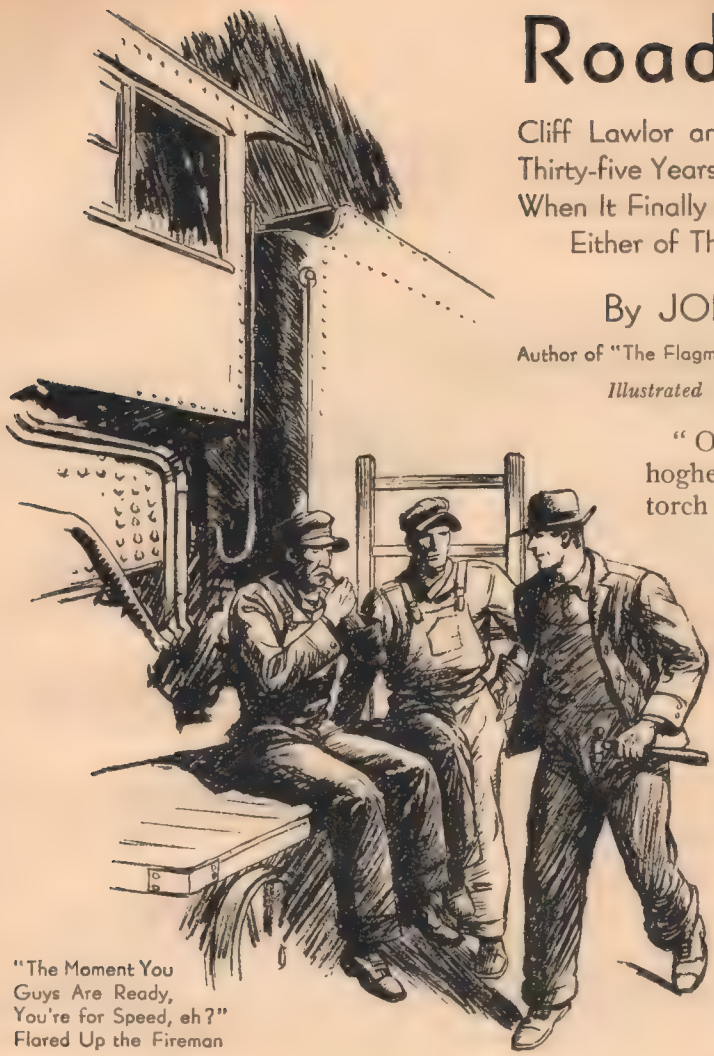
Road's End

Cliff Lawlor and Bill Morrow Waited Thirty-five Years for Something Which, When It Finally Came, Was Not What Either of Them Had Expected

By JOHN JOHNS

Author of "The Flagman," "The Night Peddler," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Durant



"The Moment You Guys Are Ready, You're for Speed, eh?" Flared Up the Fireman

NUMBER FIVE, the Chicago Express, drew up to a stop at Blue Junction. The hoghead, with long-necked oil can and blazing torch, descended from the cab and went over the engine.

The fireman knocked off the "gun," peeked at the fire and followed the engineer to the ground. Finding an empty baggage truck, the fireman sprawled upon it to enjoy a smoke and relaxation.

"Ol' Bill" Morrow, the hoghead, snuffed out the torch and joined his tallow-pot on the baggage truck. Filling his aged corncob, Bill puffed to his heart's content for several moments, then said, with a pipe between his teeth:

"They're a long time switching in that sleeper to-night. Those observation cars are a nuisance. Every time you have to make a switch you must handle them."

"Class, de luxe travel," the fireman replied sarcastically. "Three or four passengers must ride where they can have an unobstructed view of billboards and section gang shanties, incidentally filling their eyes with smoke and cinders."

Bill smiled and nodded.

"Sure as hell we're going to be late out of here to-night," continued the fireman. "I'd like to know why this express stuff can't be put on some other train. The yard gang will have the sleeper back and the express and

mail won't be finished. To-night we had a chance of beating No. 19 out of here and letting her have our fog for a change. But—"

A series of whistles reached their ears . . . a train calling for signals . . . going West.

The fireman stared. "That can't be No. 19!" Reaching for his watch, he added: "Yes, sir! Eleven two. No. 19 is right on the advertised. Cliff Lawlor and the Fast Mail right on the tick! Can you beat that? Cliff was twenty-five minutes late out of Rockville with her. I thought sure we'd get out here ahead of him for once. Trailing his fog into Buffalo every night has me good and sore. The old codger is tickled to beat us out, night after night."

Bill was silent. His thoughts appeared to be centered on his pipe.

"You know I fired that job a few times when I was on the extra list," the tallowpot went on, knitting his brow. "Oh, it's some years back, but I remember how Cliff laced hell out of the engine, to beat you out of here. You should have seen the expression on Cliff's face when we shot into town on the 'Irish' . . . jumping you while you were doing your station work. Cliff was so happy that he would be able to let you have his fog, you would have imagined some one had given him a thousand dollars."

"It's the schedule," Bill commented. "He is supposed to pass us here."

"I know. But when the mail is late we could skip out ahead of him. But the funny part is that Cliff always raps the engine so he'll be on time here, just to beat you out. Listen, Bill, if it's not too personal, will you tell me what you ever did to Cliff Lawlor to get him down on you so?"

Bill appeared deeper than ever in his pipe. His companion placed a hand on the hoghead's arm.

"I asked you a question, Bill. Why is Cliff down on you so?"

Bill removed his pipe.

"I don't know how to express it so you'd understand—not me so much as Cliff. Something happened years ago. I was blamed for it. He was my best friend. I lost his friendship and . . . What is the use of going into the past? Forget it, lad. I don't mind him—so why should you?"

"It isn't that," was the reply. "I—"

Just then the Fast Mail, No. 19, crashed through town. The roar of the exhaust, scream of the whistle, crash of the wheels over the switch points deafened like thunder. Cliff was leaning out the window, his gaze on the track ahead. The train was swallowed up in its own smoke and steam.

Ol' Bill had not raised his eyes from the ground. The fireman felt ashamed at asking for the story.

"I'm sorry, Bill," he pleaded. "I know we got a right to keep our lives to ourselves and not broadcast. It's my curiosity, Bill—"

"Hey, what do you say there, skipper. How about ending the chatter and trying the air?" broke in a car inspector.

"The moment you guys are ready, you're for speed, eh?" flared up the fireman. "No matter how long you tinker with your hammers, the moment you make your last rap—"

But the car inspector had walked away, whereupon the fireman followed Bill into the engine cab.

Blowing two short blasts on the whistle, Bill spun around the reverse wheel, took slack, reversed the motion of the reverse lever to forward motion.

Big drivers dug into the sanded rails as No. 5 started out of town.

II

Miles ahead in the engine cab of No. 19, Cliff Lawlor, grizzled, weather-beaten old runner, let the whistle cord slip from his gnarled hand and reached into an overall jumper for his watch. Then he turned from the cab window and leaned over the deck to catch the gleam from the open firebox to read the time. Eleven twenty-one.

"A minute to the good," Cliff remarked to his fireman. "I thought No. 5 would give us the works to-night, we were so late. But not if old Cliff Lawlor can help it. You're a good fire boy, Joe. You keep the needle right on the point."

Joe nodded with pleasure. "I'll bet Bill thought sure as hell he'd get out ahead of us to-night. But I guess he's never figured how you roll 'em."

"Listen to me," exclaimed Cliff, poking his finger at the fireman. "Bill Morrow is never going to have the laugh of beating me out of Blue Junction if I can help it and God doesn't interfere. Remember that."

III

Trailing in No. 19's fog, No. 5—crack passenger train of the road—chopped off the miles at seventy per. Ol' Bill was hanging out the window, his hand on the throttle. That was the hoghead's position, and it rarely changed from one end of the road to the other while the train was in motion.

Bill Morrow was a veteran runner, too, with forty years in the engine cab. The years at the throttle, wind and rain, snow and heat had whipped his face. The walrus mustache often was two icicles in winter.

"Green!" shouted his fireman.

"Green!" repeated Bill, reaching up and blowing for the grade crossings in Whitetown. His eyes roamed over the countryside, fleeting glimpses of trees, winding roads.

It was a balmy June night, fragrant with the perfume of heavy foliage. Fireflies flickered in the brush beside the track. Fireflies . . . Now, what place did those queer things have in his life? Why, every June they reminded him of an evening long, long ago.

Strange, how the years flit by! So much has transpired, and there is so much to remember. When one is sixty there are three score years of life to delve into—

"We haven't caught one of his yellows yet," the fireman shouted.

Bill shook his head. No. They would not catch No. 19 again until they reached Buffalo. Bill reached for the whistle cord and blew for a road crossing.

Poor Cliff! Strange old fellow! The hoghead resumed his musing. For thirty-five years Cliff had never spoken a word to him. Never a day passed that they did not meet one another on the streets in Rockville, in their work, but they passed one another as if the other did not exist.

Old-timers knew the cause of the affair and never commented upon it in the presence of either party. But the old-timers were nearly all gone. Young heads, picking up threads of the story from here and there, were trying to solve the mystery. The young heads, who took life so much more lightly!

Yet one could not blame people for being curious as to why two men who had known each other for fifty years, worked together, seen each other almost every day, had been estranged for thirty-five years. What terrible

thing had happened? What had Bill done to Cliff to bring such hatred upon him?

Bill reached up and pulled the whistle cord. The train boomed its way through a sleeping town.

June. Yes, it was June, the hoghead went on, slipping again into reveries. Thirty-five years ago beautiful Olive Crane was undisputed belle of Rockville and Bill and Cliff were rivals for her hand in marriage.

Both had been firing for five years. There was only four days difference in their seniority, Cliff being older. At that time both had just been assigned to regular passenger runs. And with regular runs and close upon promotion to engineer, they were in a position to ask Olive. For a year they had been courting her, sharing her favor.

How easy it was to live the old days over, once the mind broke through the years! Bill was the first to propose to Olive. It was on the porch of her old house on Elm Street. The picket fence, the gate that creaked. Well, what were the exact words? Oh, yes. "I'm sorry, William. I'm fond of you and I respect you a lot, but there's some one else I really love."

Of course it was Cliff. Somehow Bill had managed to mumble wishes for their happiness, then dashed away, ashamed lest Olive should see tears in his eyes. Youth and its first sharp pain. He recalled so well that, stumbling homeward along Elm Street, he had seen through tear-filled eyes the fireflies.

The following evening Cliff, with a bouquet of roses, on his way to propose to Olive, passed the Merchants' Hotel. A boomer shack sitting on the piazza, his chair tilted, his feet on the railing and possessing a strange sense of humor, observed Cliff and the flowers. So, reflected the boomer, firemen carried roses when calling on their sweethearts! He hailed Cliff.

"It's been a week since I last saw you, 'bo. Where you been hiding? I miss you playing pool. What do you say to a game now?"

"I can't. Not now," explained Cliff in confusion, endeavoring to conceal the bouquet behind his back. "I have to go some place."

The boomer's eyes twinkled with mischief. He knew Cliff had a weakness for chewing tobacco and was seldom without a cud. He brought forth a plug, bit off a chew and offered the tobacco to Cliff. Thanking him, Cliff also bit off a chew.

Satisfied with his devilment, the boomer remarked that as long as Cliff had some place to go he would no longer detain him. The men saluted and Cliff strode off.

The boomer returned to his chair in front of the hotel, chuckling over the way he had tricked Cliff. That was the proper fashion for a fireman to go courting—chewing tobacco!

Before reaching Olive's house, Cliff had intended to throw away the chew, but the excitement of the moment caused him to forget. Cliff stammered out his proposal with the tobacco juice dribbling out of his mouth. Olive turned pale. No! No! She could never marry Cliff.

In amazement Cliff staggered down the steps and leaned against the picket fence. His throat seemed queer. The chew of tobacco! He spat it out. His next impulse was to return and explain to Olive, but his rage at the trick blinded Cliff to everything save a desire to lay hands on the boomer.

Cliff ran to the Merchants' Hotel. The boomer had left town on No. 17. Gone—taken another jump in his

wandering life, never to set foot again in Rockville!

In a blind rage Cliff had blamed his rival. He told every one that Bill Morrow had put the boomer up to tricking him, because Olive had turned him down. No amount of argument would change Cliff's opinion. The quarrel that ensued was the talk of the division for years.

"The home stretch," shouted the fireman, putting the last fire in the engine and climbing up on the seat box.

Bill grasped the whistle cord and blew for West End. Then, settling down again, the veteran hoghead resumed his reveries.

The next day Olive had disappeared. For years no word was heard of her. Then, five years afterward, a conductor who had made a visit West announced that he had seen Olive in Chicago working as a waitress. Cliff laid off and two weeks later returned to Rockville with Olive on his arm and married to her. Cliff and Olive were still man and wife, devoted to each other.

"I Can't. Not Now," Explained Cliff in Confusion, Endeavoring to Conceal the Roses Behind His Back

Ol' Bill smiled. He had married, too. In the morning, when he would get back to Rockville with No. 8, Agnes, his wife, would be down to meet him. And to think, the night Olive had rejected his proposal, Bill had thought he would never love again. Strange thing the human heart! And that chew of tobacco . . .

"Yellow and green!" shouted the fireman.

"Yellow and green!" repeated Bill, snapping out of his reveries.

No. 5 was now entering the yard limits at Buffalo.

After Bill had run the big 2091 on the pit track he found he was still cloaked in the mood that had descended upon him since leaving Blue Junction. He lit his pipe and shuffled along beside his fireman on the way to the bunkhouse and engine dispatcher's office.

Bill made out his work slip on the engine for the trip, but turned in the slip without any remarks, denoting that the engine was in perfect working order.

"The 2091 as good in condition as a race horse at the line, eh?" commented the clerk, reading the work slip.

At the moment the roundhouse foreman burst into the office. "Hell-o, Bill. Say, where did you get that loose tire?"

Bill stared at him in surprise. The foreman reached for the work slip, glanced at it, but found no account of a loose tire. Then, turning to Bill, he said:

"Why, you don't say a thing about it? How did it get past you?"

"I don't know," Bill responded. "I looked her over."

"Well, the tire is loose. Where did it develop?" the foreman wanted to know.

"It was all right with me. Maybe it just happened when she run down to the chute for her coal," suggested Bill, edging away.

"All right. It's mighty funny, though," mumbled the foreman as though talking to himself.

Bill nodded and left the office. The foreman looked, scratched his head. "Can you beat it? Who'd have thought that of Ol' Bill? Something is bothering him to-night."

IV

At two fifteen that morning Bill backed the 2022 against No. 8, the Metropolitan Flyer, due out of Buffalo at two thirty.

"Pretty hard on old Cliff, all right," sighed Bill's fireman. The hoghead asked what was wrong.

"Cliff just received a message that his wife was very sick," explained the tallowpot. "To make matters worse, his train, No. 12, is half an hour late. She is due out of here at one fifty-five. A half hour off the advertised will about put her on our schedule. Unless luck is with him, we'll beat him out of here. He'll have to follow us all the way to Blue Junction before he'll be able to get around us. With the four stops we make between here and the junction we'll knock him out another thirty minutes. Cliff would lay off, but he's figuring on maybe getting out ahead of us."

Ol' Bill climbed into the cab without a word, sat down on his seat box and struck a match to his pipe. Thoughts filled his head. Olive sick. No. 12 thirty minutes late! It was a train of express and perishables. The dispatcher would not put No. 8 in for it, because No. 12 would make up the time on the next division. There must be a way.

At the moment—it was two twenty-five—No. 12 rolled in from the West. At two twenty-nine Cliff backed onto the train with the 2050 . . .

It was time to act. Ol' Bill roused himself. Seizing a hammer and his torch, he bolted out of the cab. Again he went around his engine.

At two thirty Bill received a highball to get out of town. The irons were lined up for No. 8 with "Irish" all

the way. He ignored the signals, hammering away at his driving wheel tire.

The conductor rushed up to ask what was the trouble. Bill stopped work and glared.

"Can't you see? I got a loose tire here," the hoghead lied, resuming his hammering.

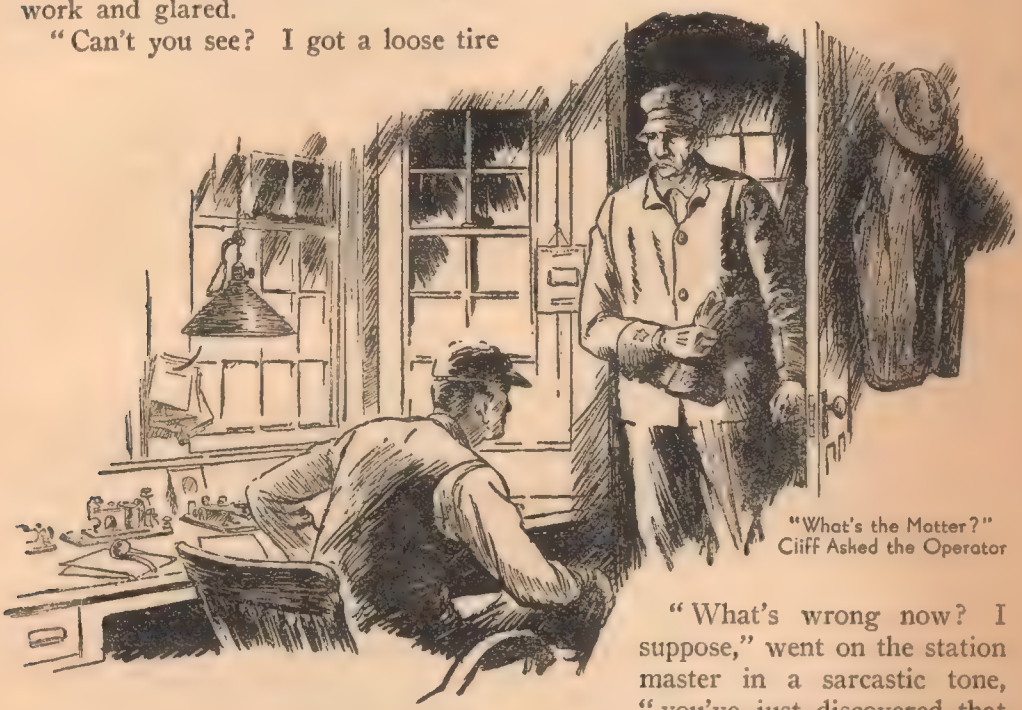
"Well, what do you want? Another engine?" the conductor demanded. But Bill pretended not to hear.

"Come, come! You're tying up the works," shouted the conductor. "If you want another engine, say the word."

Bill slowly turned and took another squint at the signal set for him. Wouldn't they ever take it away from him and give it to No. 12? On the next track Bill could hear Cliff trying his air.

Again the conductor, whose patience was waning, put the question up to Bill. Did he or did he not want another locomotive? Bill stopped hammering and faced the skipper.

"I'll tell you," he began, but the station master broke in upon them. He wanted to know why the train was not out of town.



"What's the Matter?" Cliff Asked the Operator

"What's wrong now? I suppose," went on the station master in a sarcastic tone, "you've just discovered that you have left half your engine in the house."

Bill repeated his story of the loose tire. The station master darted to a phone, where he called the tower. He had the signal taken away from No. 8 and given to No. 12.

Cliff got the signal and blew off to go. Bill took in a deep drag from his pipe. He watched the rear end of No. 12 disappear in the gloom of the yard. He was satisfied. Then, climbing into his cab, he indicated readiness to get out of town.

The station master, hearing Bill blow the signal to go, ran to the engine. In the gangway stood the hoghead nonchalantly smoking his pipe.

"It's all right, lad, I'm ready to go," Bill explained. "I was mistaken

about that tire. When you give me the 'irons' I'm all set to go."

The station master started to pass a remark about the queer notions that engineers sometimes manifest, but instead phoned to the tower to give No. 8 the signal. The train departed fifteen minutes late.

V

Up in the cab of No. 12, tearing through the night, Cliff sat at his window. His hand, on the throttle, seemed to be feeling the engine for a hidden ounce of power which would send the train skyrocketing at still faster speed.

The whistle moaned and moaned. Mile after mile was being clicked off in fifty seconds. Still Cliff was impatient. His eyes roamed over the cab. The fireman, Joe, had built a heel in the fire, and even with that it was all he could do to keep the corners of the firebox packed with coal the way Cliff had the engine hooked up.

Again Cliff's eyes rested on the throttle. With two hands he gave it another tug. Joe glared at him. Cliff motioned for the sweating fireman to come to him.

"Joe, I'm sorry for the way I'm lacing her to-night. I got to do it. Some day I'll make up for it to you. My Ollie is sick, my Ollie is sick."

The tallowpot mopped his sweating brow. "That's all right, Cliff. I'll keep the plume on. You go right after her."

Cliff, in reply, dropped down another notch. The big 2050 tore through the night. *A mile in forty-three seconds!*

Then at Fayettestown station No. 12 was stopped. Cliff climbed down from the engine and rushed into the telegraph office.

"What's the matter?" he asked the operator.

"The dispatcher is holding you here," was the reply, "until he's heard from a freight that passed some time ago. It should have been in at Warnsburg twenty minutes ago. The dispatcher says if he doesn't hear from the freight in the next five minutes he's going to single-track you."

The telegrapher leaned back in his chair and lit a cigarette. Cliff was bewildered. Didn't they know . . . couldn't they understand Ollie was ill!? He glanced at the wall clock. Three o'clock.

"What the devil was the matter with Ol' Bill on No. 8? The wires certainly were hot around two thirty," the operator chuckled. "Bill certainly had all Buffalo tied up."

The operator related how Bill Morrow had the signal, but at the last minute found something wrong with his engine. Then, directly after the departure of No. 12, Bill had decided nothing was wrong with his jack. No. 8 had been knocked out fifteen minutes.

Cliff was pacing the floor of the telegraph office, his eyes on the wall clock. Hearing the words of the telegrapher, he stopped. "Nothing wrong with his engine?"

"Not a thing," replied the operator. "They were going to raise hell with him at first, but then, upon learning your missus was sick, they figured that Bill, in his own queer way, wanted you to get out of Buffalo ahead of him so you would have a clear shot to wheel'm and get back that thirty minutes. Ol' Bill! A great fellow, if you ask me."

Cliff looked out a window. The big 2050 stood panting and throbbing, apparently impatient to be off. From its lofty perch gleamed the red eye of the semaphore—the barrier that, minute after minute, separated him from Ollie.

The telegraph key was cracking again. The operator listened. "No. 8 is by the Creek. She'll be coming up behind you in a minute or two."

Cliff continued to gaze out the window, deep in thought. So that was why he had jumped Bill in Buffalo? The one time in Bill's life when he could have cracked back and had No. 12 follow his fog. Instead, he had stood a heap of abuse in order to give No. 12 the shot.

A man *can't* be good like that and be guilty of the offense which had happened thirty-five years before. What grounds had he to prove that Bill had ever been guilty of the action which had caused him and Ollie years of loneliness and misunderstanding? Years of suffering to Ollie. Why, *Bill was innocent.* How could he, Cliff, have been so blind?

"All right, Cliff. The freight has shown up at Warnsburg." The operator's voice interrupted Cliff's thoughts.

The hoghead walked to the telegraph desk and on a message blank he wrote a note. Then, folding the paper, he handed it to the operator, saying:

"When No. 8 stops here, please give this to Bill."

Outside the office, Cliff met his conductor, who had come ahead to ascertain the cause of the delay. Cliff told him. Then, climbing into his engine, Cliff whipped No. 12 out of town. Eight precious minutes lost.

VI

Up in the engine cab of No. 8 Bill caught the "yellow" distant board coming into Fayettestown. The track made a sweeping curve there; his fireman would catch the home board from his side.

"A rear end just pulling out of town," the tallowpot shouted. "Must be No. 12. Got a sticking here, all right."

The operator was out to meet the train when No. 8 stopped at the station and handed the message to the fireman standing on the gangway. Ol' Bill took the piece of paper. Leaning over the deck, by the light of the cracked fire door he read the contents of the message. It read:

Bill— Thanks a lot. CLIFF.

Bill reread the message. Those words! After thirty-five long years!

"All right. The connie is highballing us out of town," shouted the fireman, who had been looking back from his window.

Bill folded the message, placed it in his overall jumper. Two short blasts of the whistle and No. 8 was on its way. Cliff's words were dancing before him. Why had it taken thirty-five years?

Four miles out of Fayettestown No. 8 got a yellow. The hoghead shut off and started to use his air when a flagman appeared ahead, swinging a stop signal. Bill stopped. The flagman swung up into the cab and said in an excited voice:

"No. 12 is ahead of you in the ravine. I don't know what's the trouble, but we made a terrible stop. Stopped all in a heap." Then, after pausing for breath, the flagman went on: "We've piled into something. It was that kind of stop."

Bill nodded and turned to his window. Proceeding slowly, he came up behind the rear of No. 12 and stopped.

Poking his torch into the firebox, Bill got a light, climbed from the cab and started for the head end of No. 12.

The sight that presented itself was one of horror. No. 12 had run into

a landslide in the cut. The big 2050 was on her side, buried under tons of rock and earth. The fireman had jumped, but Cliff had stuck to the throttle.

When Bill reached the demolished engine cab the train crew were removing Cliff from the cab. Bill helped them. The dead engineer had his hand on the air.

Ol' Bill stared at the lifeless form for a long time. Then he walked down the track. He wanted to be alone.

Finding a pile of ties, the veteran hoghead sat down. He stuck his pipe into his mouth, struck a match to it and started to draw. Then he remembered that he had neglected to fill it with tobacco. Mechanically he filled the pipe and replaced it in his mouth. But he struck no match. Holding his head with his hands, he stared off into space.

Ol' Bill's conductor, after a long search, finally located him there, sitting on the ties, holding his head. The conductor had a handful of orders.

"Bill! Bill!" He placed a hand on his companion's shoulder. "We have orders to back up to Fayettestown."

In the fashion of one weary and defeated, Ol' Bill rose to his feet. The two veterans walked to their train, the conductor's lantern throwing wild beams of light as the men dragged their feet and stumbled wearily over the ties.

Beside the engine they stopped.

"Bill, you're doing fine," the conductor said. "The dispatcher just told me Mrs. Lawlor . . . Cliff's Ollie... died at three o'clock."

At the news of Ollie's death, Ol' Bill nodded dumbly and turned to his engine steps. Swinging into the cab, he placed the engine torch on the shelf and sat down. To his fireman across the cab, Bill said:

"We're going to back up to Fayettestown. Watch out from your side for a signal."

The fireman craned his neck out the window. Bill reached down into his overall jumper and brought forth the wrinkled piece of message paper. Leaning across the cab deck to catch the light of the cracked firebox door, he again read the words.

"All right. They're giving us a signal to back up!" shouted the fireman. Bill carefully folded the note and replaced it in his pocket. Reaching for the whistle cord, he blew three short blasts.

No. 8 started backing up to Fayettestown.

Double-Cross at Eden

"Bones" Daggart, Conductor, Made a Grim Resolve When He Went Out to Get the Fruit Tonnage

Illustrated by Charles Durant

"Bones's" Life Was a Constant Repetition of Explaining Why He Was Unable to Get over the Road in Any Decent Shape

By GILBERT A. LATHROP

Author of "Hell on Wheels," "Bucking Snow on the Narrow Gauge," "High-Wheeling the Panoramic," etc.

HEMMICK Y. "BONES" DAGGART and Marcus T. "Speedy" Morse were freight conductors on the Etruscan Central Railroad, running trains between Eden and Sage. Bones Daggart and Speedy Morse were rivals. Their rivalry was not centered about the hand of a young lady, because both gentlemen were married. In their case they courted industry. Speedy Morse had long been in favor while Bones trailed along a badly beaten second best. In fact, industry did little more than tolerate Bones Daggart.

Bones was a lanky, slow-moving, lantern-jawed specimen of the *genus homo* who constantly looked like he might burst into subdued sobs. Speedy was exactly what his moniker implied. He was quick-witted, snappy on his feet, short, neat and ruthless. Bones Daggart was willing to vouch for the fact that Speedy was ruthless.

Bones's life was a constant repetition of explaining why he was unable to get over the road in any decent shape, while Speedy, holding the opposite run from him, was always on or a little ahead of time.

Bones knew Speedy's secret, but there was a streak of honor beneath his mournful visage which kept his lips dumb.

Speedy was a "sluffer." He would deliberately violate his orders and fail to pick up cars which were supposed to be picked up, because he knew that the honorable Bones Daggart followed with his train and would do it for him.

The Etruscan Central Railroad paralleled the Midwest Consolidated Railroad. Both lines made constant

bids for business by shortening schedules, giving excursion rates, etc.

II

Homer Q. Flint, newly appointed division superintendent of the Etruscan Central bulletined a meeting of all employees to be held on September 1 in the old Daylight Savings Owls club rooms.

The best part of the Etruscan Central operating force turned out in full to hear what Mr. Homer Q. Flint had to offer, and to form personal opinions of the hand which was to control the destiny of the E. C. R. R. for the next few years.

Bones Daggart was there, looking more melancholy than ever, if possible. Speedy Morse was there, neat in a blue serge vest, from the upper right pocket of which protruded several sharpened pencils, and a small leather notebook.

The room was filled to overflowing. Mr. Flint got to his feet, cleared his throat and barked out his speech.

"All right, you employees of the Etruscan Central! I have called you for the purpose of explaining my objects as your superintendent. Every man on his toes. Trains moved over the road rapidly. Politeness and courtesy the watchword among all branches of the service.

"In addition to all of which I am going to establish a Boosters Club!" Mr. Flint paused impressively so his last remark would soak in.

"A Boosters Club," he repeated, "of which every man working for the E. C. R. R. will be a member. The object of this club is to get business for our company. The more business the more work for you employees. Go out and ask for business! If you know of anybody shipping a carload of freight get him to route it over our lines. Show him where our service is superior! Convince him of what we have to offer!

"I am going to establish a list of honor. One shipment of freight secured by any employee will entitle him to be placed on this list of honor. To the employee securing the greatest amount of business will be given a gold watch, his name will head the list, and, of course, he will fall under the kindly observation of every official of these lines!"

Again Mr. Flint paused.

"And now," he resumed, "I am going to let some of you men express an opinion of what you think of this Boosters Club. Mr. Morse, one of our conductors, will tell us how it strikes him."

Speedy got to his feet with a swagger. It was a signal honor, being called first. His face smiled confidently, and he rubbed his hands together.

"I'm for it," he boomed. "It's th' greatest idea I've ever heard of. Get business for the E. C. Railroad and it will be a regular boomerang for us employees by giving us more work. I'm going to win that gold watch!" Speedy sat down.

Bones Daggart gazed owlishly toward him.

"Now I am going to call on Mr. Daggart, another of our conductors. Mr. Daggart!"

Bones swallowed. He had no speech prepared. He had never spoken in public before. He couldn't think of a single thing to say. He got to his feet, his face redder than a beet.

"I—aw—aw—I feel like aw—aw—Speedy—er—Mr. Morse has just told yuh. It's a good idea, an' I—I—it's all right." Bones slumped into his chair feeling that he had appeared in a very poor light.

More speeches were made, none of them as poor as the attempt of Bones Daggart. But deep in the breast of Bones was born a resolution. He would set himself to win that watch and the place of honor on the list in spite of Speedy Morse, and the whole world.

And Bones realized that he was taking on a mighty heavy assignment.

III

Bones Daggart woke up the morning following the first meeting of the Etruscan Central Boosters Club with the same feeling Napoleon must have felt before the battle of Waterloo. He was facing the decisive battle of his life. He was out to grab the gold watch and the place of honor, against the wiles of Speedy Morse.

Breakfast was over and Bones's wife, a hatchet-faced lady of uncertain temper, handed him fifty dollars with admonitions to put it in the bank in their savings account. Bones absently stuck the money and the bank book in his pocket and headed down town.

His list of conquests was already outlined in his mind. There was the storekeeper down in Valley who patronized the Midwest Consolidated Railroad. This storekeeper would be a good one to approach with a sales talk. Perhaps he might be won over to shipping over the E. C. lines.

Next on the list was the shipper who meant heading the list of honor and winning the gold watch in one swipe. It was the Fruit and Produce Association at Eden. The association shipped from three to five thousand carloads of fruit and produce each year. The association routed its entire output via the Midwest Consolidated. Bones's mouth watered as he thought what it would mean to land all of that business for his company.

The manager of the association was Mr. Earl Ruler, an up and coming business man who liked his little nip and who loved to gamble.

The caller met Bones on the street and called him to go west at 10 A.M. Bones looked at his watch. It was 9.15.

Forgotten was the fifty dollars which was to be deposited in the bank. Bones headed toward the railroad yards. Speedy, so Bones ascertained, had been run west about two hours earlier.

At Valley, Bones left his brakeman switching out some loads which Speedy had failed to pick up and went after his first victim. The Valley Mercantile Emporium supplied quite a wide farming valley with everything, from oil for the separator to safety pins for the infants.

When Bones entered, Mr. Tubbs, proprietor of the establishment, met him with a willingness to sell him anything from a ham to a cheap automobile.

"Just a cigar, Mr. Tubbs," said Bones, leading up to his proposition with tact.

"Have one yourself," invited Bones, when Mr. Tubbs shoved out a box of smokes.

Tubbs smiled and took one. Bones paid him.

"You are quite a large shipper of freight, aren't you?" asked Bones casually.

"Shipments amounted to about two hundred cars last year," said Mr. Tubbs affably.

"Our railroad is going out after business. We are going to handle all shipments in half the time we used to. So I was wondering if you wouldn't give us a trial," intimated Bones.

Mr. Tubbs chuckled. "You're the second man who's been over here this morning on the same kind of business.

Speedy Morse was the first. I sold him a box of cigars and a sack of sugar. He asked me for my business and I decided to give your line a chance at it. I like to see employees take an interest in their railroad. It shows they are up on their toes."

Bones gulped. He grinned a sickly grin and mumbled something. Then he went back to his job with his sales enthusiasm dampened.

So Speedy, as usual, had beaten Bones to it. That's the way it had always been, and the way it would always be. Bones turned weak when it came to him that Speedy, even then, might be interviewing Earl Ruler, manager of the Fruit and Produce Association of Eden.

The closer to Eden his train got, the more morose did Bones Daggart become. Speedy was his Nemesis. Had Bones been one to harbor a grudge, he would have started right then to plan a murder with one Speedy Morse the victim.

At Eden, Bones saw Speedy's caboose over on the caboose track. As Bones passed it, through a window he saw Speedy and his brakeman and the engine crew engaged in a sociable little game of "jacks and sixes." Gambling was Speedy's failing.

Bones headed toward the Fruit and Produce Association. No hope was in his breast of landing the business from Mr. Ruler. Bones was certain that Speedy had beaten him to it. But Bones had mapped his course of action and was going to follow it out.

Mr. Ruler was sitting at his desk, puffing away at a cigar when Bones entered.

"I suppose Speedy Morse has been over here to see you already?" said Bones sadly.

Mr. Ruler looked questioning.

"Speedy Morse?" he asked with a slight frown. Then brightening: "Oh, yes, I know who you mean. Conductor on the E. C., isn't he?"

Bones nodded.

"No, he hasn't been in to see me," said Mr. Ruler.

Bones brightened visibly. The look of hopelessness left his face. He almost grinned. Bones didn't know that Speedy was so sure of himself that he considered Bones Daggart no competition whatever.

"By golly, I'm—I'm glad of that," gulped Bones. He felt in his pocket for a cigar, discovered he had none and looked embarrassed. Mr. Ruler extended one of his own toward Bones. Bones took it and mumbled thanks. With it lighted he felt more able to continue with his business.

"Mr. Ruler," began Bones, clearing his throat, "your company is a very heavy shipper of freight, isn't it?"

"From three to five thousand cars every year," said Mr. Ruler.

Bones gulped. Visions of watches and his name on the head of the list of honor swept over him.

"The Etruscan Central Railroad is making a bid for business. As their representative, I'd like a chance at some of yours," declared Bones.

Mr. Ruler threw back his head. He guffawed sarcastically. When he was able to talk coherently again, he faced Bones.

"That antiquated, daylight saving railroad of yours is making a bid for business, huh?" demanded Mr. Ruler.

"Yes, sir," said Bones soberly.

"Not to discourage you, but the Fruit and Produce Association handles perishable stuffs entirely. It must reach market fresh and ready to be eaten, not rotten and a month old."

"That's just it, Mr. Ruler. We have

a new superintendent who is going to shorten every schedule, cut down on the tonnage and get trains over the road faster than the Midwest Consolidated," said Bones earnestly.

"You seem to have a lot of confidence in your company," remarked Mr. Ruler.

"I have," declared Bones with shining eyes. "The Etruscan Central is one of the best railroads in the country. We'd like a chance to show you what we can do. Give us one car of your produce and let us take it to market. If we beat the time of the M. C. let us have all of your business," pleaded Bones.

A grin of purpose came over the lips of Mr. Ruler.

"Ever do any gambling?" asked Mr. Ruler.

Bones started to shake his head as a memory of his wife and the last time he had gambled rushed over him. He changed his mind.

"Not a practice, Mr. Ruler, but once in a while I do," he acknowledged.

Mr. Ruler was openly smiling now. He fished a well stocked wallet from his hip, opened it and Bones saw many bills inside.

"If It's Spoiled Before It's Loaded, What Will It Be When It Gets to Market?"

"This company does not care who handles its freight just so long as it reaches the market quickly," said Mr. Ruler. "So, if you're a gambler, I'm going to let you either get a flock of business and win fifty dollars, or lose a flock of business and lose fifty dollars. I'll bet you that sum that your railroad can't take a car of my produce and get it to market before it spoils! If it does get a car to market before it spoils, you get all of our business just so long as you handle it properly! How about it?"

It was as though Mr. Ruler had looked into Bones's pocket and seen the fifty dollars his wife had given him to deposit. Bones hesitated. A vision of the wrath of Mrs. Bones came over

him if she should learn that that fifty dollars was not put in the bank. Still it was a certainty that he would win the bet, and instead of fifty he would be able to deposit a hundred. Added to that was the watch and the place of honor on the roll.

Bones made his decision. Pulling out the crumpled wad of bills his wife had given him, he tossed them across to Mr. Ruler.

"I'm going to call your bet. And when will we get that single car of produce to handle?" he asked.

"I'll have it out day after to-morrow," said Mr. Ruler, taking up Bones's money. He counted out fifty dollars of his own, placed it with Bones's, then wrote out an agreement whereby if the E. C. handled a car of his produce to market without said produce spoiling, Bones Daggart won the bet, and the E. C. won the right to handle all of the business originating from the Fruit and Produce Association.

Bones left the office walking on a cloud.

Even the sarcastic look thrown toward him by Speedy Morse went by unheeded. Bones stood to beat Speedy Morse for the first time in his career.

IV

On his arrival in Sage, Bones noted a large square of paper tacked up on the wall in the dispatcher's office. At the extreme top was written:

Roll of Honor—Boosters Club

Speedy Morse's name headed the list with a probable two hundred cars of freight per year as his first day's gathering. The list went on to state that Speedy had landed the business of the Valley Mercantile Establishment at Valley.

Bones grinned to himself. In another two days now his name would head the list, and there would be a mark for Speedy to shoot at.

At home, Bones's wife met him with:

"Did you put that money in the bank?"

"Yes, yes," stuttered Bones.

"Give me the bank book," demanded Mrs. Bones.

"I—I left it down at the caboose," lamely explained Bones.

She snorted, then talked earnestly to him on the error of his ways for ten minutes.

Bones stood it heroically. He was used to such outbursts. When he got back from Eden next trip he would be able to tell her that instead of fifty, the sum of one hundred dollars was safely in the bank. That would square him for a few days.

The next day Bones followed Speedy Morse west again. Before leaving Sage, Bones went in and told the dispatcher about how the Fruit and Produce was going to give the E. C. a chance at their business if the E. C. could handle one car of perishables to market without spoiling. The dispatcher promised to get him over the road coming in next trip. He wanted to chalk Bones's name up on the roll of honor, but Bones told him to wait until the total business of the Fruit and Produce Association was assured.

Bones put his train away at Eden and went over toward the Fruit and Produce Association to see how the car was coming. Speedy's caboose was already spotted on the caboose track, and Speedy was nowhere in sight.

Bones came up to the platform of the Fruit and Produce on the opposite side of a string of yellow reefers. He saw a single E. C. reefer in the middle of the cut.

Bones clambered up on the couplings

By "Bones" Promising to Take All Responsibility, the Engineer Agreed to Flag Back to Eden so the Exchange Could Be Made

between the E. C. reefer and one of the M. C. reefers. As he balanced there he heard sounds of boisterous laughter. The laughter sounded familiar to him. He peeped around the edge of the car, then caught his breath. Speedy was patting Mr. Ruler on the shoulder and both men were getting a keen relish out of something.

Bones heard Speedy say to Mr. Ruler:

"So Bones Daggart bet you fifty dollars the Etruscan Central could get a car of your produce to market without it spoiling, did he?"

Mr. Ruler nodded. Both men laughed some more.

"We got that soft fruit already sorted out, Mr. Ruler," called one of the platform men. "Where's it go?"

"In this E. C. car," Mr. Ruler told the platform man. Then to Speedy: "If it's spoiled before it's loaded, what will it be when it gets to market?" Both men guffawed this time.

Bones felt his hair prickle along his scalp. Of all the double crosses he had ever had pulled on him, this was the worst! His fifty dollars was as good as gone, his place on the roll of honor with it, and Speedy had put over another fast one on him.

"That idea of yours was good, Speedy," said Mr. Ruler.

Bones saw the two men head for the office of the Fruit and Produce As-

sociation. He dropped down from the coupling and headed toward his caboose.

Bones knew that he could denounce Mr. Ruler and Speedy Morse, and save the face of the E. C. Railroad, but Bones had never been a man to tattle. There must be some way of beating Mr. Ruler at his own game. Bones knew that fresh fruit would be loaded into all of the Midwest Consolidated cars. Perhaps if he could exchange way bills and cars—

Bones's step suddenly became elastic. The idea was sound. Crews always made up their own trains at Eden. What would be easier than to exchange way bills, take a good car and leave the spoiled one at Eden?

V

Bones ascertained that his crew would not be called until late the following evening. Which was better yet. It would give him the opportunity he needed to exchange way bills and outwit Mr. Ruler.

He passed Speedy the following morning.

"They tell me you're about to land enough business to get that watch and the place of honor on the roll, Bones," said Speedy with an evil gleam.

"Gonna try," admitted Bones.

"All kinds of luck," called Speedy, moving away with a nasty chuckle.

That afternoon Bones wandered over to the association. He wanted to make sure that the car he was going to exchange for the E. C. one was loaded with good, sound fruit. The E. C. car had just been finished. Bones caught the odor of stale fruit as the doors were slammed shut on it. Next to the E. C. car was a Midwest Consolidated car loaded with fresh, firm fruit. Bones watched until the door was closed on this one. Then he took down the number and headed for Mr. Ruler's office.

"Won't be long now until you either win or lose that bet we made, Daggart," greeted Mr. Ruler.

"I'm hopin' to win it," said Bones.

"If you do, you'll win a flock of business for the E. C. Railroad."

Bones could hardly believe that such hypocrisy could exist, but Mr. Ruler looked as innocent and composed as any man Bones had ever seen.

Bones's crew was called for seven that evening. He received a message stating that he was going to be given every opportunity to make a fast run from Eden to Sage. Bones grinned. The railroad officials were backing him to the limit.

He went over to the Midwest Consolidated freight depot, and managed to leave the billing on the E. C. car, which he exchanged for the billing on the M. C. car that was loaded with fresh fruit.

Returning to the E. C. depot Bones took his switch list from its pigeon hole. His hands trembled and he felt guilty. Only the righteousness of his cause held him steadfast to his purpose. He changed the number of the car of fruit on the switch list. His rear brakeman came in about then and Bones tore the bottom copy of the switch list off and handed it to him.

A few minutes later Bones heard their engine clattering over on the tracks of the Fruit and Produce Association. He tingled with guilt. But he felt that underhanded methods must be dealt with by underhanded methods.

At eight o'clock Bones's train whistled out. Bones had been too busy to check his train before leaving Eden, but he had a very dependable rear brakeman. He would check it at

Cedar, a water tank fifteen miles down the line.

At Cedar, Bones took his copy of the switch list and dropped from the caboose. Every car checked until he reached the head end of the train. Then Bones gulped and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

Instead of the Midwest Consolidated car of good fruit he had the Etruscan Central car of spoiled fruit! The car seemed to grin at Bones as his lantern reflected from its yellow side.

In a frenzy Bones raced to the caboose. His rear brakeman was doing a job of short-flagging about twenty feet behind the caboose.

"Let me see your switch list!" demanded Bones, out of breath.

The brakeman extended a crumpled copy. Bones straightened it out. Then he realized what he had done. He had failed to change the number of the car on the carbon copy!

Bones knew that his was the only train going east that night. His orders were lined up to carry him through. He had no meets with other trains. There was no operator at Cedar.

Bones made his decision at once. He would return to Eden with that car of spoiled fruit and get the good one!

By Bones promising to take all responsibility, the engineer agreed to flag to Eden without orders so the exchange could be made. Bones showed the crew his way bill on the M. C. car, and the copy of the switch list he had changed. He told the crew it was a mistake of the office force.

VI

One hour later, Bones was pulling out of Cedar. This time he had the right car in his train. The car of spoiled fruit again rested on the tracks of the Fruit and Produce Association.

The balance of the trip to Sage was uneventful. Bones turned his bills over to a connection which was to take his train east. He registered in and went home to offer more excuses for not having the bank book to show that he had deposited the now much discussed fifty dollars.

Altogether it was a worried conductor who opened his eyes to the light of day next morning. It did not make him feel better when his wife told him that he was wanted down at the offices at once by the superintendent.

Bones did not go through the dispatcher's office on his way into that of Mr. Flint. Mr. Flint greeted him in a peculiar manner. It was as though the official wanted to act angry, but was having a hard time to do it.

"Sit down, Mr. Daggart," said Mr. Flint coldly.

Bones telescoped into a chair.

"Now I want you to tell me exactly why you delayed your train one hour at Cedar last night and returned to Eden without orders, and for no good reason that I can see!"

Bones did some rapid thinking. He decided to throw himself on the mercy of Mr. Flint, but he would not mention Speedy's part in the affair. Speedy was a conductor, and Bones was loyal.

Bones told the whole truth. As he progressed into his story the frown left Mr. Flint's face. When he ended Mr. Flint was grinning all over. The superintendent jumped to his feet.

"Come out here with me, Mr. Daggart," boomed Mr. Flint, cordially leading the way toward the dispatcher's office, where hung the roll of honor.

On the extreme top line was the name of Hemmick Y. Daggart. After his name was the statement that Bones had been instrumental in getting between three and five thousand cars of

additional business for the E. C. Railroad per year.

Bones read it and gulped. Mr. Flint handed Bones a message.

The message was from Mr. Earl Ruler, manager of the Fruit and Produce Association at Eden. It was addressed to Mr. Flint.

"Congratulations on having a conductor like Bones Daggart in your service. Tell him he wins his bet for himself, and the entire business of the Fruit and Produce Association for his railroad!"

Bones left the office walking on air, and met Marcus T. Morse.

"Hello, Speedy," he grinned.

"The old war horse himself! Did you make a good run with that car of fruit?" boomed Speedy, unaware of Bones's triumph.

"Yeah. An' thanks for the good luck wishes. You'll find a mark on the roll of honor to shoot at, Speedy!"

WHYTE'S LOCOMOTIVE CLASSIFICATION SYSTEM

See Page 594

Switching Locomotives

0-4-0 — 4-Wheel Switch
0-6-0 — 6-Wheel Switch
0-8-0 — 8-Wheel Switch
0-10-0 — 10-Wheel Switch

Articulated Locomotives

0-6-6-0
2-6-6-2
0-8-8-0
2-8-8-0
2-8-8-2
2-10-10-2

Tank Locomotives

0-4-0 T
0-4-2 T
0-4-4 T — Forney 4-Coupled
2-4-2 T
2-4-4 T
0-6-0 T
0-6-2 T
0-6-4 T — Forney 6-Coupled
2-6-2 T
2-6-4 T
4-6-4 T — Baltic
0-8-0 T

Locomotives with 2-Wheel Leading Trucks

2-4-0 — 4-Coupled
2-4-2 — Columbia
2-6-0 — Mogul
2-6-2 — Prairie
2-8-0 — Consolidation
2-8-2 — Mikado
2-8-4 — Berkshire
2-10-0 — Decapod
2-10-2 — Santa Fe
2-10-4 — Texas

Locomotives with 4-Wheel Leading Trucks

4-4-0 — 8-Wheel
4-4-2 — Atlantic
4-6-0 — 10-Wheel
4-6-2 — Pacific
4-6-4 — Hudson
4-8-0 — 12-Wheel
4-8-2 — Mountain
4-8-4
4-10-0 — Mastodon
4-10-2
4-12-2

William Nuckles Doak, Whose Unswerving Championship of the Rights of Organized Labor Has Won Him a Well-Deserved Position in President Hoover's Cabinet

Up from the Cabbage Patch

After Bill Doak Left the Farm, He Switched N. & W. Box Cars in a Town so Hard That His Yardmaster Packed a Six-Shooter as Well as a Blackjack—and Now He Has Climbed up into the President's Cabinet

By WILLIAM PICKETT HELM

TEN THIRTY of an April day at Washington eleven years ago. Flowers blooming, trees greening, birds twittering. Old Sol beaming on the broad avenues. Politicians in morning coats and toppers. Ladies on their arms, with silks and furs wafting fragrance of imported perfume to vie with the lilacs opening outside.

A big room in a big public building. Chatter, laughter, gayety. Business and social graces. The swearing in of the new Railroad Labor Board.

N. & W. "Garden" at Bluefield, W. Va., Year 1931. It Looks about the Same To-day as It Did When Bill Doak Began Working There as a Mudhop Away Back in 1903

Now comes Chairman Clark of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He is to do the swearing in. He takes his stand. Nine men face him. His lips begin to move. Nine right hands are raised. Nine mouths frame the words "I do."

He smiles; the ceremony is over. A ripple of applause breaks the stillness. Then the hum of gay voices starts again.

A serious-faced, bespectacled man in his middle thirties edges through the animated group beside the chairman of the new board. This man carries his dark overcoat on his arm, and in his hand is his felt hat. He wears no morning coat, but a sack suit, pressed, maybe, a couple of days before. Under one arm is tucked a sheaf of papers.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Chairman."

The gentleman addressed steps aside to give ear. A few words are spoken. The sheaf of papers is placed in his hand.

"The petitions," the newcomer explains, "of the railroad brotherhoods for an increase in wages."

That was all. The Labor Board wasn't fifteen minutes old before the social air of its inauguration had been shattered by the introduction of important official business. The man who did the shattering was one "Bill" Doak, known at Washington as the fellow who represented the railroad trainmen and intended to see to it that they got fair play and speed in the treatment of their demand for a living wage.

Bill Doak! Grandson of Scotland; a chap with a pleasing air or the way of a thirty-minute egg as occasion required. Nice fellow, Doak; one of those young up-and-coming fighters who fought more with his head than his fists—so Washington had sized him up.

That was eleven years ago. Bill Doak's still in Washington. He's been there ever since. But the ticks of the clock since those up-and-coming days have carried him far.

William N. Doak, Secretary of Labor, it is now. Organized Labor's rep-

resentative in the Presidential Cabinet; the spokesman for American Labor—in Labor's time of travail.

When Hoover named him to the Labor post the politicians asked, "Who's Doak?" They'd asked the same question about "Uncle Andy" Mellon in 1921. They soon found out who Mellon was, and they'll soon be finding out about Bill Doak. There's a lot of depth to plumb in him for all his quiet, unruffled amiability.

Bill Doak was born forty-eight years ago in Rural Retreat, Virginia. They called it a town, but they were careless in those days. Rural Retreat really was a cabbage field with a big sign stuck up to mark the spot where the trains should stop. Until Bill Doak left the place at eighteen, nothing but cabbage heads had ever come out of it.

When the politicians found that that was where he came from, the mystery deepened. "Where in blazes," they asked, "is Rural Retreat?"

The original Doaks had settled that problem nearly two hundred years before. They came over from Scotland, seeking the privilege of worshiping in their Presbyterian faith as they saw fit, and, bearing their Bibles and muskets, they trekked down the smiling Shenandoah Valley in the 1730's, to Augusta County, Virginia. There they stopped and settled. It is said that some of the Doaks hold title to some of that land to this very day.

Having found the freedom they sought, the Doaks stayed there, multiplying mightily, tilling the fields, dealing fairly with all, eventually planting the rolling acres of Wythe with those unending cabbages that are among Bill Doak's earliest memories. Such was the stock that produced our Secretary of Labor, and such was its rugged background.

Young Bill Doak worked and played in the big cabbage patch and went to the country school of the numerous Copenhavers and Peerys and Logans and other Doaks. His skylarking was limited to a narrow region, bounded by Bristol and Roanoke; handier still were the rural centers of Pulaski, Radford, Wytheville, Marion, Max Meadows.

This Photograph, Taken at Bluefield in 1907, Shows the Type of Locomotive Used While Doak Was Holding Down a Job as Yard Conductor for the Norfolk & Western

At eighteen, his education done, Bill looked west. Not too far west, however; he crossed the yellow New and fetched up at Bluefield and started in switching cars in the yards.

Bluefield, at the turn of the century, was a wild and woolly town. First and last, it was a railroad town on the Norfolk & Western. Its main street, skirting the tracks, was dominated by the Bluefield Inn, railroad owned, and trailed off to a first-and-last-chance saloon at each end. He-men from the near-by feud lands gladdened the many saloon keepers regularly, and often made the Bluefield welkin ring with lead. It was stony soil for a minister's son, but a darned good place for a switchman's boy, like Bill Doak, to learn his daddy's trade, where railroading was in the raw.

"And pretty raw it was, all right," Doak said in his big private office the other day. "I remember my initiation at Bluefield. I had been working only a few days when the yard bully paid me a visit. It was part of his religion or something to beat up every new man.

"So we went to it, and for a time there was as pretty a fist fight as you'd want to see. Who won? Well, I have an idea that I held my own fairly well. Anyhow it wasn't long until I got word that the yardmaster wanted to see me at once.

"'I hear you've been fighting,' he said. 'How about it?'

"'Yes, sir,' I told him.

"'Fist fight?' he asked.

"'Yes, sir,' I answered.

"He put both hands into his hip pockets. When he drew them out there was a .44 six-shooter in his right hand and a leather blackjack in his left. He threw them on the table before him.

"'If you're goin' in for fighting around here, son,' he advised me, 'get yourself some artillery. Now get out!'"

"Did you follow his advice?" I asked the new Secretary of Labor.

"That doesn't have to go in the story, does it?" Doak countered with twinkling eye. "Just say that I didn't have much more trouble after that."

At twenty-one, he got his union card. At twenty-two, he was a yard conductor. Then one of the trainmen said:

"Let's make Bill Doak chairman of the local. He's only a kid, I know, but he's steady. And he's got nerve."

So they made him chairman of the local. He remained chairman four years. Then they stepped him up; at twenty-six he became general chairman for the Norfolk & Western. That was in 1908. There he stayed till the war clouds began to close in on the United States, and in 1916 they stepped him up again and made him vice president of the Brotherhood.

Bill Doak was coming along. Not too fast, however, to woo and wed the gracious, blond-haired woman who presides with vivacious charm over his home. She was Miss Emma Cricher, of Ironton, Ohio, and her close friends say that, after years and years of married life, she still thinks the sun rises and sets with Bill Doak. Which, in a way, makes it mutual.

There was work, plenty of it, for the trainmen's young vice president at Washington. Doak bent to the task. Soon his chief, President Lee, was leaning on this quiet young man as on a veteran. Traits of character developed under the pressure; among them loyalty to his chief and fellows. It was a burning loyalty, yet his Scotch ancestors had left their sure imprint, for it was loyalty mixed with canni-

Here's Another Picture of Motive Power on the Norfolk & Western Railway at Bluefield in the Days When the Present Secretary of Labor Was Switching Box Cars There

ness. His was the thrifty faculty of sparing his fists by using his brains.

For his canniness there was need; redheads were many among the trainmen during their days of trial.

"You fellows go back to work! You've got a way to settle your grievances. Leave it to me; I'll help you!"

That, in substance, is what he told the Potomac Yard strikers at Washington in 1920. They had wearied of endless red tape in considering their demands for a living wage. They were ugly, angry, in fighting mood.

"Come on, fellows!" shouted one of the strikers. "Let's go back and leave it to Doak."

Back to work they went within the hour. Bill Doak had told 'em he'd work for 'em. They'd leave it to him.

The Labor Board was then but a few days old. Six months earlier Doak had won a victory over the howlhards who wanted to write compulsory arbitration of wage disputes into the Transportation Law. In that fight, Doak had called in Sam Gompers. Together they went up to Capitol Hill and into the room where the Cummins committee sat.

"Take that feature out of the bill," Gompers commanded. "The workers won't obey it—not even if the Supreme Court upholds it." And Doak, smiling and nodding his approval, sat aside as the veteran leader stormed. It was Gompers's voice—but Doak was speaking.

Then came the Labor Board, and it was hammer, hammer, hammer for action. The workers had been patient in their plea for needed wages, and McAdoo had promised Doak to help all he could. Now the time had come for action, and there wasn't any action. The board dallied and hemmed and hawed.

Doak spoke again; this time with Woodrow Wilson's voice.

The wartime President, aging and

"Home-keeping Hearts Are Happiest." An Informal Glimpse of Secretary Doak and His Wife at Home in Arlington County, Va., Where Mrs. Doak Raises Flowers and Chickens, and Talks over the Problems of Railroad Labor with Her Distinguished Husband

infirm, wrote a sizzling letter to a balky boardman. "Act!" commanded the President. Behind the compelling letter lay the hand of Doak, Wilson's friend.

Action they got, finally. Then, too, came the demand for abolition of the board. What would take its place? Doak answered. It was Doak who "assisted" in drawing up the Watson-Parker bill, which became the law, and still is the law. Assisted — that's the word they used in print. In reality it was Doak's bill.

For ten years Doak and his pretty, popular wife lived in Washington hotels. They were heavy years, too active to stop for home building. When things eased up a bit, the Doaks built their home in Virginia, just across the Potomac. There Mrs. Doak raises flowers, especially roses, and chickens; and there she coaxes Polly Doak, the parrot, to converse, and receives the worship of Waltham, the snow-white collie.

Coolidge was President now. Doak made him a friend, and met his Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover. In 1924, Doak held the trainmen against a threatened LaFollette endorsement. Hoover stood by and got a heap of satisfaction from the way Doak handled the fight. Then came many invitations to the Hoover home on S Street, and the Hoovers and the Doaks soon were sitting around the table or the open fire, talking about railroad and labor matters and the government. Doak fed Hoover facts,

Officials of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Photographed at the White House on January 13th, After a Conference with President Hoover. (Left to Right) A. Johnston, Grand Chief Engineer; W. J. Burke, Financial Director, and George W. Laughlin, Assistant Grand Chief and National Legislative Representative

and Hoover, with growing admiration, asked him four years later to head the labor bureau in the Hoover campaign committee.

Doak took the assignment. He wasn't green in politics. In 1924, as that rare specimen, a white Virginia Republican, Doak had run for the Senate against Carter Glass. Bascom Slemp is said to have had something to do with that. Slemp came from Southwest Virginia, and he and Doak were friends. Anyhow, Glass snowed Doak under, just as any Democrat would have snowed under any Republican in Virginia in that year.

While Doak was Hoover's campaign aide, the opposing Democrats made the mistake of putting out a statement that Hoover had declared for the open shop in testimony before a Senate committee in 1920. The next morning Doak was on those Democrats like a high explosive shell. He crushed the thing ruthlessly, citing page and line of the printed hearings, which seemed to have been overlooked by the statement's sponsors, showing Hoover had said no such thing.

Hoover grinned. "I'm glad I didn't put out an erroneous statement," he told a friend. "Not under Doak's eagle eye."

The clan of Doak and the tribe of Hoover were fast friends now. When, in 1930, Davis stepped down to become Senator from Pennsylvania, there never was any real question as to his successor. The man had been picked two years.

WILLIAM N. DOAK U. S. SECRETARY OF LABOR AND FORMER BROTHERHOOD OFFICIAL

Has a Message for You, Entitled:

"THE ROAD BACK TO PROSPERITY"

Which He Wrote Especially for the April Issue of

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

A Tropical Main Line

By LIEUT. CHARLES E. CHAPEL, U.S.M.C.

A Trinidad Freight Train in the Yards at Port of Spain, Ready to Highball

Asphalt Brought a Railroad to Trinidad, and Now Asphalt Threatens to Turn Those Rails to Streaks of Rust

MR. ENGINEER, what would you do if you suddenly found yourself highballing an American kettle down the left side of a double track through a jungle where monkeys swung by their tails from palm trees and where great green boa constrictors scurried across the tracks? You might wipe the slate, join the eagles or, rightly, conclude that you were a boomer on the Trinidad Government Railway on the tropical island of Trinidad.

The T. G. R.'s one hundred and forty-four miles of track penetrates one of the most important little islands on the face of the globe, and yet its accounts show an annual deficit. As a country Trinidad is prosperous; individually its inhabitants are poverty stricken. The Trinidad Government Railway is a model of efficiency; but for eight months of the year its "wagons" rattle over the rails with nothing in them but rock ballast. If you seek a land of strange contrasts you will find it here, hugging the northern coast of the Republic of Venezuela.

The engineers and conductors of the T. G. R. were all boomers once; to-day they are the most conservative of home guards. From every corner of the world they came, in 1874, when construction began on a sixteen-mile line, extending from Port of Spain, the principal city and seaport, to the village of Arima. Scotchmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, Englishmen, Canadians, Australians and even a few Americans found their way to the Crown Colony of Trinidad and Toboga, and in two

years these men from the far corners of the earth had penetrated the jungle for the first short stretch, and sent their cone-funneled old hogs whistling through country where previously the only sounds had been the chattering of monkeys or the falling of coconuts. And at last the T. G. R. became something more than a collection of blue prints in a brass hat's office.

Rear View of a Trinidad Train, in Which Third Class Passengers Travel for One Cent a Mile

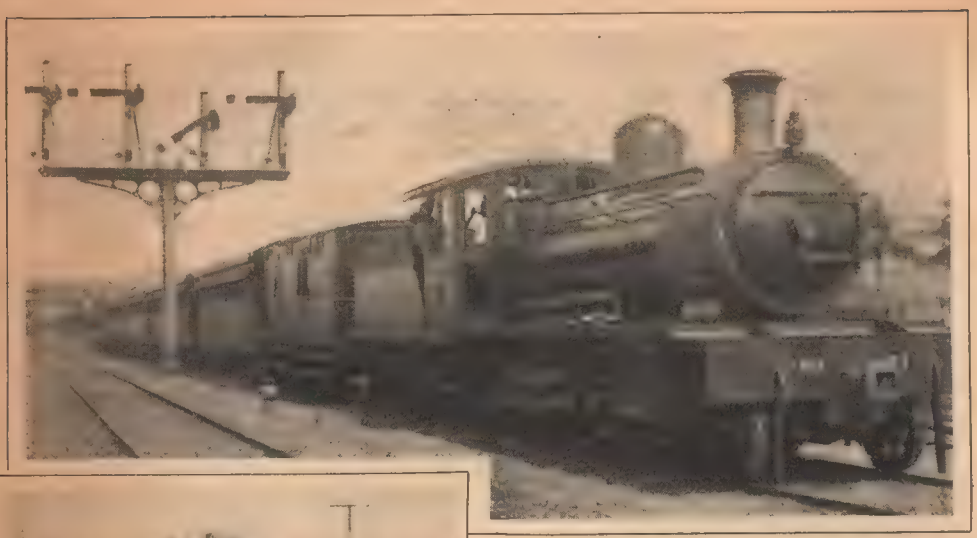
On paper the personnel and the equipment of the T. G. R. is all British. But not a few of those rails who claimed British origin to get a job, secretly salute the Stars and Stripes, and a close inspection of the locomotives shows that, although they carry the names plates of the American Locomotive Company, of Montreal, Canada, they were actually made in the United States.

The British policy of "Trade within the Empire" demands that all purchases, even of small parts for repairs, be made from British companies. In practice, economy of operation often demands American equipment, so, in order to comply with the policy, a Canadian company was organized with offices in New York which handle American manufactures.

The names given to rolling stock in Trinidad sound strange to American ears, but to a person of English descent they present nothing unusual. We find that this stock consists, among other things, of 35 locomotives, 25 bogie coaches, 3 bogie brake-vans, 36 4-wheeled coaches, 12 4-wheeled brake-vans, 1 medical coach, 1 paymaster's coach, 4 saloon cars, 2 break-down vans, 2 sleeping coaches, and 10 horse boxes. At this point we should caution the American rail that he should not get excited about the "4 saloon cars"; that merely means dining cars, although you can get a drink on them if you want to.

Leaving the passenger "vehicles" for a moment, we find that, in Trinidad, freight cars become "goods vehicles," and include 14 molasses tanks, 12 oil tanks, 129 "wagons," 8 cattle trucks, 10 timber trucks, 4 meat and ice vans, and about 700 trucks used for various purposes.

The significance of the oil tanks is



Here Is a Trinidad Special with a Boy Scout Delegation on Its Way to Meet Lord and Lady Baden-Powell. The Engine Is an Armstrong-Whitworth 4-6-0 Type Built in 1929

Ballast on the T. G. R., as Shown Above, Is Not Exactly the Kind That a Chesapeake & Ohio Section Boss Would Be Proud of

that here in Trinidad are to be found the world's most extensive deposits of asphalt, and oil fields that in potential resources rank with the five largest in the world. The significance of the molasses tanks is that Trinidad is also a great sugar-producing country, exporting thousands of tons of that product every year to the United States and to Canada.

One of the interesting facts about the Trinidad Railway is that a commodity which once largely created the demand for rail construction has, in recent years, threatened to put the railway out of business.

In 1920 the railway carried 2,000,000 passengers, while in 1930 less than a million traveled by rail. The answer to the question of decreased passenger transportation is to be found in the fact that the availability of the immense fields of asphalt made road construction a simple and cheap process. Trinidad possesses to-day as fine highways as are to be found in any part of the world, with the result that people prefer to travel by bus and ship freight by truck where they once patronized the railway. In order to meet the competition of cheap motor transportation, the railway reduced its rates and is now steadily regaining its lost patronage.

The general appearance of "Pitch Lake," as the 100 acres of asphalt fields are called, is that of a large American

A Heavy Load of Machinery for the Oil Fields. The Figure in White Is Charles Sadler, General Manager of the Trinidad Government Railway

pond that is drying up from lack of water. Its edge is fairly hard; as we approach the center it becomes softer and softer, until it reaches the consistency of molasses. Here and there liquid asphalt bubbles from the surface like the hot springs of Yellowstone Park.

From the asphalt refinery buildings, a narrow-gauge railway runs out into the lake, swings around a semicircle, and returns to its starting point. The track must be constantly shifted, not only because it gradually sinks into the soft pitch, but in order to take advantage of new diggings.

A gang of twenty or thirty Negro and East Indian laborers normally work over an area about sixty or seventy feet in length by thirty or forty in width, and dig several feet below the surface; yet on the following day the holes have been refilled by nature. After years of exploitation Pitch Lake is scarcely lower than it was in the beginning, while new asphalt is contantly spouting to the surface. This is indeed a remarkable phenomenon, which, to the railway company, has become a nightmare, since, as we have already stated, what was once a profitable source of freight business now threatens to destroy its early friends by giving impetus to bus and truck competition.

Many Trinidad Residents, Such as These Two Flappers, Are Descendants of Serfs Imported from India

The Governor's Mansion at Port of Spain Is a Tropical Paradise

The T. G. R.'s main line extends from Port of Spain, the capital, to the second city of importance, San Fernando, with an extension running on to the town of Siparia. The next most important line is from Port of Spain to Sangre Grande, via Arima. Less important are the Jerningham Junction & Rio Claro Line, the Marabella & Princes Town Line, and the Cipero Tramway, which connects Princes Town with the main line. In addition to the railway the company also operates steamship service along the coast of the island, and to the near-by island of Toboga which is politically united with Trinidad to form a Royal Colony.

Three trains leave Port of Spain daily over the main line, one at 7.26 A.M., one at 11.50 A.M., and the other at 4.35 P.M. From Siparia, at the other end of the line, trains leave at 6.10 A.M., 10.54 A.M., and 3.18 P.M. The average time for this run of 51 miles is 2 hours and 47 minutes, an average speed of about 18 miles per hour. This is not exactly what an American hogger would call highballing, but in tropical Trinidad there is no hurry about getting anywhere, as there is little or nothing to do after you get there.

Over the Port of Spain-Arima-Sangre Grande line fifteen trains a day leave Port of Spain, only three of which reach Sangre Grande, at end of the line; the others go as far as Arima or Tacarigua, and return. The management of the railway believes in frequent train departures; even the junction lines have three trains a day each way, while the tramway has eight. This is based on the psychology of the natives who are always anxious to leave wherever they are, but are in no hurry to arrive at any particular destination.

One of the problems of the T. G. R. is that 80 per cent of the freight traffic comes in during four months of the year, with little or no traffic during the remaining eight months. During February, March, April and May, the crops of cocoa and sugar cane are harvested and marketed. Every car is then loaded to capacity; even passenger service is sometimes curtailed to make room for the enormous amount of freight which must be moved in order to comply with the contracts previously made between the planters and American or European buyers.

The nature of the freight—or "goods"—is far different from that carried on American lines. Here a "goods depot" is redolent with the smell of molasses, rum, cocoa, and coffee, while the less odorous consignments include sugar, rice, copra, cocoanuts, and rock ballast for the empties.

The cars themselves are different from those in the States. Here we find a conductor, called a "guard," who is careful to see that we enter the right coach. There are third-class cars with bare wooden seats, second-class cars with thinly-padded seats, and first-class coaches with seats upholstered in the must luxurious way.

The Railway Station at Port of Spain Is about the Coolest Spot in Trinidad on Blistering Hot Summer Days

All of the first and second-class cars and a few of the third-class ones are arranged on the inside like an American Pullman, except that there is only one row of seats, with an aisle down one side. However, each seat is broad enough to accommodate three persons, and, as there is seldom any urgent demand for seats, passengers usually avail themselves of the opportunity to take a nap during the journey. In most of the third-class cars there are merely hardwood benches running the length of the car on each side.

First- and second-class coaches have tables and a bar at one end where lunches and drinks may be purchased. If the traveler has forgotten to bring his rum or whisky, he may buy a bottle from the bar, but he is more apt to bring his own lunch and drinks, which he consumes, seated at the table near the bar.

In the early days of the T. G. R., every family churned its own butter. The railway dining car service was perplexed at first to find a supply of butter, but an irate passenger suggested that the uneven rock used for ballast made the trip bumpy enough to churn cream into butter on a one-way trip. To-day, however, the ballast rock is carefully graded, and a regular creamery supplies all the dairy products.

The timber used for ties in Trinidad would command high prices as lumber for furniture in the United States. Mora, balata, black poui, and guatacare are all native hardwoods which, even in that land of alternate heat and moisture, last for eight or ten years.

Practically all of the locomotives on the T. G. R. are oil burners, but this is not to be taken as a sign of progress. In Trinidad there are extensive oil fields and refineries capable of producing any petroleum product; as a result, it is cheaper to burn the locally produced oil than to import coal from

England or the United States. When the cost of oil was $14.40 per ton and coal was $14.27 per ton, the locomotive superintendent estimated that the relative consumption of fuel oil and coal per mile for equal train loads was in the proportion of 27 pounds of oil to 32 pounds of coal, giving oil the advantage of being more economical than coal, with the additional value of having a lower handling cost.

Sugar is king in Trinidad, and anything which affects the sugar interests affects the whole colony. At present, overproduction of sugar throughout the world has forced the price down to where it costs more to produce it than it will bring at the dock.

Formerly in hard times the railway annually faced a considerable number of claims for canefields supposedly destroyed by fire from sparks thrown out by coal-burning locomotives. Since the advent of oil-burners and a régime of trimming the brush from the roadbed, there has been no opportunity for such a complaint, and the T. G. R. consequently saves many hundreds of thousands in damages.

In the past the movement of trains was controlled partly by the electric tablet system and partly by the staff-and-pass system. Port of Spain station and yards, main line junctions, and various private estate crossings were protected by "home" and "distant" signals, interlocked with the switches and operated from a central cabin. The facing points were fitted with locking bars and plungers, and the signal wires detected at the switching. Terminal stations other than Port of Spain and intermediate stations had no fixed signals, and trains approaching were signaled into the platform by a porter who acted as pointsman and held the switch lever over while the train passed.

With the advent of Charles Sadler as general manager, however, the entire signal equipment was modernized.

Recently the locomotive superintendent instituted the policy of washing out the boilers at night. Whenever possible, rain water was used in preference to that obtained from the city mains, and a careful check was kept on the results. An increased expense for water was encountered, but there were at the same time decreased coal consumption per mile run, and decreased boiler tube failure. Where fourteen cases of boiler tube failure had occurred in the first six months of the year, only four happened in the last six months of the same year.

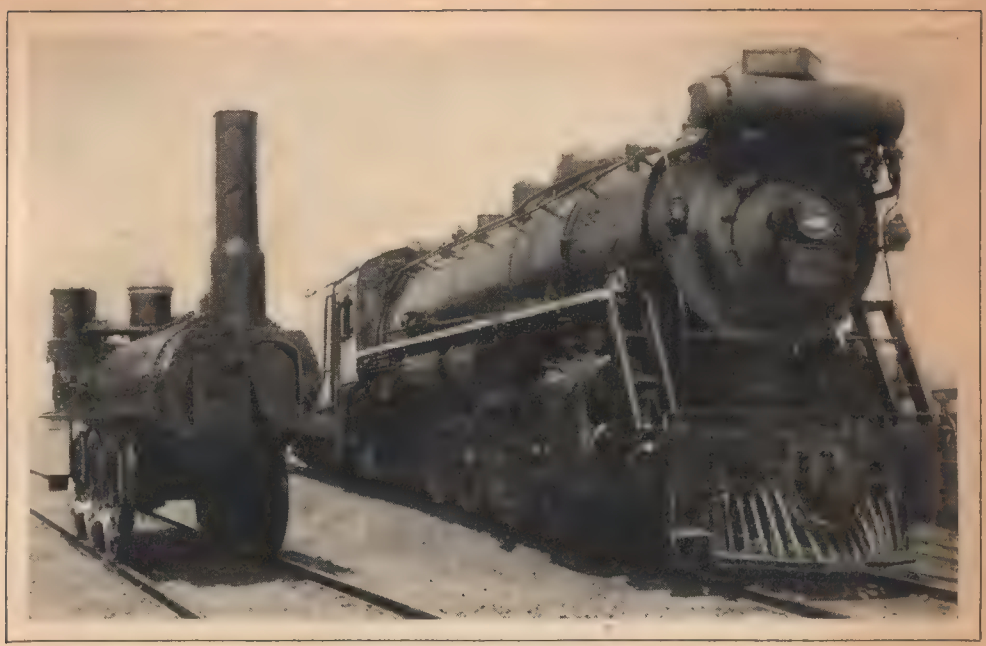
The bulk of the population of Trinidad is either West Indian Negro or East Indian, but on all passenger runs the eagle-eye, hogger, shack, and smoke agent are Britishers. On freight runs only the hogger and big-ox are white men, while the other jobs are left to the blacks. An American rail would certainly enjoy hearing the dusky gandy dancers talking to each other in cockney English dialect, and he'd learn a lot of interesting things about how railroading is done in the tropics.

You'll Enjoy "PEACE TO THE MAJOR"

By BOB CROSS

Author of "The Rawhider," "Rusty Threads," "When Redwood Went Dry," "The King," etc.

In the April RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE



The "Samson" Is Shown Here beside a Modern Canadian National Giant of the 6000 Class. Below Is a Portrait of Edward Mitchell, One-time Fireman on the Little Old Pioneer Jack

Nova Scotia's First Iron Horse

"The Famous Old 'Samson' Had No Sand Box, so in Wet Weather We Had to Sit at the Front End and Pour Sand on the Rails by Hand"

By EDWARD MITCHELL

I STARTED my rail career in Nova Scotia in 1880 by firing the old "Samson" on the Albion Mines Railway, one of Canada's earliest.

The Samson is listed as "Canada's first locomotive" in the *Catalogue of the Centenary Exhibition of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, 1827-1927*, but this apparently is incorrect, for we have abundant evidence that the Champlain & St. Lawrence Railroad was using at least one other steam locomotive as early as 1836 or 1837. It was not until 1838 that the Samson was built by Timothy Hackworth at New Shelden, Durham, England, shipped to Pictou, Nova Scotia, in a sailing vessel and put into service the following year in a run from the mine near Stellarton (my present home) to the loading ground, Pictou Company.

The Albion Mines Railway began

The "Samson" Coupled to the Famous "Bride's Coach"

with horse-drawn cars along the bank of the East River, where part of this road may be seen to-day. Hackworth made three engines for the Albion Mines—first the Samson, then the "Hercules" and the "John Buddle"—the first two of which were still in service when I started firing.

Later I ran the "Vulcan"—built in 1848 by R. B. Longridge & Co. at the Bedlington Engine Works in England—also the "Albion" and the "Pictou," both made in 1854 by Rayne & Burn at Newcastle upon Tyne, England—and various locomotives of later date.

The Vulcan was the only one of that group which had a sand box. The other jacks had to carry two or three buckets of sand on the front and back; in wet weather we would have to sit at the front end and pour sand on the rails by hand. These old-timers had V-shaped flue boilers. The tender, carrying both coal and water, was shoved ahead of the engine, although the pump was controlled by the engineer from his seat on the jack.

We tallowpots had plenty of stoking to do in those days to keep the pressure up to 35 pounds. Whenever it ran above that, the Salter spring balance caused a blow-off. We could determine the amount of water in the boiler from three taps located on the side of

Possibly the "Albion," Which Is Pictured Above, Was Nova Scotia's First Iron Horse. Some Railroad Historians Say It Is Older than the "Samson." Can Any Reader Tell Us Definitely?

the boiler. The danger line was just below the second tap, so you can bet we watched it closely. One of those ancient jacks could pull her load of thirty-two cars each with three tons of coal—a fairly good haul in those days.

Eventually the Albion mines and railway were sold to the Acadia Coal Company, which discontinued its shipments of fuel at the loading ground and abandoned the old A. M. railway tracks. The new company shipped its coal over the Intercolonial Railway to the Acadia's piers on Pictou Harbor.

The Samson and Albion then passed into other hands. Later they were exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair, in charge of my friend George Davidson, the Samson's first engineer. After that they toured the United States and finally were shown in the B. & O. Centenary at Halethorpe, Md., together with other ancient and modern motive power.

While at Halethorpe the Samson was coupled to one of the earliest railroad coaches used on the American continent, known as the "Bride's Coach," built by Timothy Hackworth in England. Tradition has it that this little coach came over in the same ship which carried a new governor general of Nova Scotia, who was married the day after he landed, and the first use of the coach was carrying the newly-weds to their "love nest." Folks used to say that any maiden of marriageable age who would sit in that coach for ten minutes without speaking to other passengers would find a husband before the year was out.

After the Centenary exhibition the B. & O. presented the Samson and the Albion to Nova Scotia Province. Our stanch old veterans were burnished up to original brightness and made a triumphal journey homeward in gondola cars as part of a hundred-car freight train of the Canadian National System. We of the Dominion welcomed them back with a big celebration and placed them on exhibition in the beautiful new C. N. R. terminal at Halifax, where they remain to-day as reminders of past history.

The Samson evidently was the first iron horse in Nova Scotia, and it was only fitting that when her working days were over she should return permanently to this province.

The Old-Time Boomer

By CHARLES ("BALDY") DEATON

A BOOMER, grizzled and marked with scars,
Who for eighteen years had juggled cars,
Approached a clerk in an office chair
And blew a smoke ring into the air.

The applicant asked, in a civilized way,
If the big T. M. would be in that day.
"What business is yours?" quickly asked the clerk.
And the old-timer yelped, "Why, I'm lookin' for work."

"Your hair is all graying, your whiskers, too.
And a finger off? Which won't ever do.
We got an age limit an' that's twenty-eight.
An' you have to be sound, an' all up to date."

The boomer went out to the barber shop,
And shaved off his whiskers and colored his mop;
He bought a white shirt and a collar and tie;
So he sure looked a treat for a critical eye.

The yardmaster's office next day was the scene,
And the boomer walked up like a kid of sixteen.
Approaching the haughty and dignified clerk,
He said, "I'm a farmer boy, lookin' for work.

"I'm just twenty-two an' I'm six foot tall,
An' I've never been round any railroad at all."
"All right," beamed the clerk, "you look mighty trim.
We always want students with vigor an' vim."

The Life Saver

Illustrated by Charles Durant

The Dark Little Man with the Ratlike Face Looked Entirely out of Place in a Railroad Beanery

Two and Two Make Four in Any Language, and so Bill Figured as the Runt Told His Tale

By WILSON WELLS

Author of "Battlefield of Traffic," "Regulating Bus Competition," etc.

MR. LOCUST MAYNARD, locomotive engineer, made a hero out of me, and I'm not blaming him. He was my pal, and you, or any one else, would do a good turn for your partner in this vale of tears. Now, even though I was then, and still am a hero, at least in my own eyes, this tale is properly about Locust and not myself.

The first inkling I had that anything was wrong with the general picture of Locust came to me in a greasy spoon eating house in Minot, North Dakota, where Locust and I were working the extra board on the Great Northern in those days of hectic travels. Locust was sitting at the counter, grabbing a bite, before taking his turn on a westward drag. I had just come in and was standing by the cashier's desk getting set to pay my bill when my eyes wandered along the counter.

I don't know why I gave a second glance at the little dark man, with the mean, close set eyes and the ratlike face, unless it was because he looked so entirely out of place in a railroad beanery which was patronized mostly by a hardy breed of roving sons of the rust. I do know that I looked with no little interest on the runt's countenance, sitting there opposite the curve in the counter at which Locust sat. I saw that the runt was darting close looks at Locust while Locust had eyes for nothing save his bowl of soup.

At the time, I remember, I told myself that I certainly wouldn't want a bird like the runt there staring hard at me, or showing an interest in me, and

with that I dismissed the thought from my mind. Locust turned, after taking his last gulp, saw me and grinned that wide, toothless grin of his, and came up to the cashier's desk.

"Whither away, pal?" I greeted him, looking to see what had become of the runt.

"Extra west," said Locust, "an' from what I hear they won't be many more of them."

"What's the dope?"

"Cuttin' the board in a coupla days," said Locust. "That means me an' you'll be travelin'."

The runt was now at Locust's elbow, and behind the engineer. Something about his ratty face, however, led me to believe he was listening to what was being said.

"Guess I'll be ready when you are," I said. "You're next older than me on the board."

I watched after Locust as he swung through the door, and I also kept my eye on this gutter snipe. The runt, however, just watched Locust make his way out in the twilight and hung around the door of the restaurant.

I walked on up to the room that Locust and I shared. You see, we'd been pals now for something like two years, and we had a lot of things in common. Almost everything, with one exception. That was women. There we were as different as night and day. I liked 'em, and still do. I could never get Locust interested, however, and sometimes I used to wonder how an otherwise normal sort of guy could get along without fair company. I never gave the situation any serious thought, though, and I respected Locust's desire of strictly male company by never fixing any dates for him. I just figured that he was missing a lot in life, that's all.

I went up on the front porch of the house where we roomed, and instinct, or something, made me turn around right quickly. I had a feeling like some one was trailing me, and just as I swung I was sure I saw a shadow dart behind a shed at the corner of the alley and the street. I stood stock-still for a full minute, then went inside. The lady's parlor was dark, so I stepped over to the window and looked again, but I failed to see any movement in the night.

II

Now in our two years together Locust had never told me much about himself or his past. He wasn't as big as I was—stood about five feet eight—and he seemed always to get a big kick out of traveling around with me. I knew him for a square shooting bird, honest as the day is long, and I did know that he'd give me the shirt off his back. As to his past, all I knew was that he'd been set up to running an engine on the Texas and Pacific and had worked for as many roads as a man of thirty-five could work for, and that, prior to our meeting, we'd crossed trails more than once.

This shifty-eyed individual began to prey on my mind, the more I thought of him, and that night, when I rolled in for some hay, I dreamed about the runt. The caller, in fact, woke me up about the time I was ready to grab the man by the neck and ask some personal questions.

It was four in the morning and a work train for the day was my lot. As soon as I got into my overalls I made a dash for the hash house and looked about for the runt, but everything was peaceful and quiet. The day didn't develop anything new, but I did a lot of thinking, and made up my mind to

hint to Locust as soon as he got in that rat-face was taking a lot of interest in him, and in both of us apparently.

The board was getting slower, and it was not until the third night after I first spotted the runt that Locust got back to Minot and it was then that the ax fell. We were the youngest runners on the extra list, so we were lopped off first. We had to get our time, pay up a few bills, and make up our minds on what our next move would be, and I just about completely forgot about the runt until the day when we departed from Minot to drop down to Fargo.

Locust and I were walking through the yards towards a caboose in which we were to be given a lift on our way when I spotted the runt for the third time. He was leaning up against a baggage truck on the station platform, but didn't seem interested in us.

I took a quick look at Locust, but apparently he hadn't seen the individual.

"Old timer," I said to Locust, "take a look over here at the station platform. Not now, but just turn casual like in a minute and see if you've ever seen the map on that runt that's leaning against the baggage truck. Don't let on like you're looking at him."

Locust nodded, started to roll a cigarette, and in a few seconds he looked up. I watched this partner of mine closely, saw him fix his eyes on the man, saw his eyes widen just for the split fraction of a second, then saw his face set into a regular poker mask.

"Well, what about him?" Locust said after a pause.

"Oh, nothing," I answered. "I just wondered. I happened to see him looking pretty hard at you in the hash house the other evening. Thought maybe he knew you."

Locust's hand trembled a little as he held a match to his cigarette, but he didn't reply to my statement any more than to grunt and throw the match to the cinders.

"Where we hittin' for?" he asked as we approached the caboose.

"West, I guess, after we get to Fargo," I suggested. "I hear times are good on the Northern Pacific around Billings."

"West, she is, pal," he said, and it seemed like he was trying to make his voice sound cheerful when there wasn't any cheer in his heart. He never looked back, never said another word about the runt on the platform, and I figured not to mention it again since it seemed like he didn't want to say anything.

III

From Fargo we struck west to Jamestown, where we found the riding hard. The brothers weren't inclined to let a man ride the caboose, so we had to take our traveling in empty box cars, which wasn't so good. When we hit Jamestown we were pretty tired, so we picked out a quiet spot near the creek that skirts the country west of the town to jungle up, wash our shirts and get ourselves in shape to meet the master mechanics at Mandan and Dickinson.

We had a good sleep in the Jimtown jungle, and it was dark when we woke up. The jungle had filled up with a gang of Wobblies, and one bird was orating on the outrages which were being perpetrated against the harvest hands. We didn't like our company so we drew away to ourselves, got our belongings together and decided to trail west on the first thing out. I tried to make conversation, but all Locust did was sit there and smoke one cigarette after another.

I Felt Pretty Sure the Runt Wouldn't Start Any Monkey Business

At nine o'clock a westbound drag came pounding up out of the yards, so Locust and I made a stab for it. We stayed down on the gravel until we saw the yawning door of an open empty. Locust boarded first and I followed, swinging up and in. We decided we'd close the door as soon as we got going good, so we went to the forward corner of the car and planted some newspapers and our bindle.

That's where we made a mistake—not closing that door immediately. Had we done so, however, I might never have had the opportunity to become a hero, and Locust might be feeling even to-day like a hunted man.

I hadn't straightened from the corner where we put the papers down until I was aware that Locust and I were not alone. I felt the presence of the intruder before I saw him in the deep gloom of the box. A hand gripped my arm, and I'll swear that Locust was trembling.

I had about made up my mind to start finding out things when I saw the dark blur of the runt get up and slink toward us. He knew he was between us and the door, and I felt pretty sure he wouldn't start any funny business.

"Got a match?"

The voice was thin, harsh, grating. The runt had to shout a little, because the car was rumbling at a loud rate. He squatted right in front of us. I thought I felt Locust draw up beside me, tense. I fished in my pocket, took

out one of those old-fashioned kitchen matches. I wanted to get a look around so I struck it and held it up to that mean, pock-marked face. There was something uncanny about it. Looked like tan leather, pitted, stretched over high cheek bones.

"Much obliged."

"Don't mention it," I said. I'd got a whiff of a whisky breath.

"Goin' far?" The runt was feeling sociable.

"West," I replied, thinking it a good chance to draw him out. "Don't know how far." His cigarette glowed from rapid inhalations.

"A little nip?" I felt rather than saw the bottle that he shoved into my hands. I wanted to push it back to him, but thought better of it.

"Thanks," I said. "It's getting a little cool. A nip'll taste good."

I put the bottle to my lips, pretended to take a swig.

"How about you, pardner?" I handed the bottle to Locust, who hadn't said a word. "It's good for what ails you."

"Sure," Locust chirped up. "I'll take a shot."

It seemed to me that his hand trembled as he took the bottle from me. I could see in the gloom that he was wiping off the neck. I knew he took a good gulp of it, because he coughed a little.

"Ugh. That's hot," Locust said. He passed the bottle back to me. I returned it to the runt. The runt took a swallow and drove the cork in.

"Where you headed for?" I asked. I wanted to find out something.

"Just travelin'," he said in that grating voice.

He smoked a while then went to the door and tossed his cigarette out. The conversation was short and productive of nothing. I had in mind to start it up again when the air went into a service application and the drag began to slow down.

I said something to Locust about getting the door shut to keep any stray brakeman from sticking his head in. He didn't answer, so I went to the side just as the train stopped and looked out. A lantern bobbed right at our eastern end. A brakeman had dropped off the side ladder from the decks and was coming up on us.

He was a hard brother. There wasn't any argument at all. I showed him my receipts in the brotherhood and so did Locust, but that didn't make any difference. We had to unload and the runt went out with us. We found ourselves at a water tank out on the prairie, and we made for a little stream near by with a clump of woods in the offing. The air bit to the bone and a fire was in order.

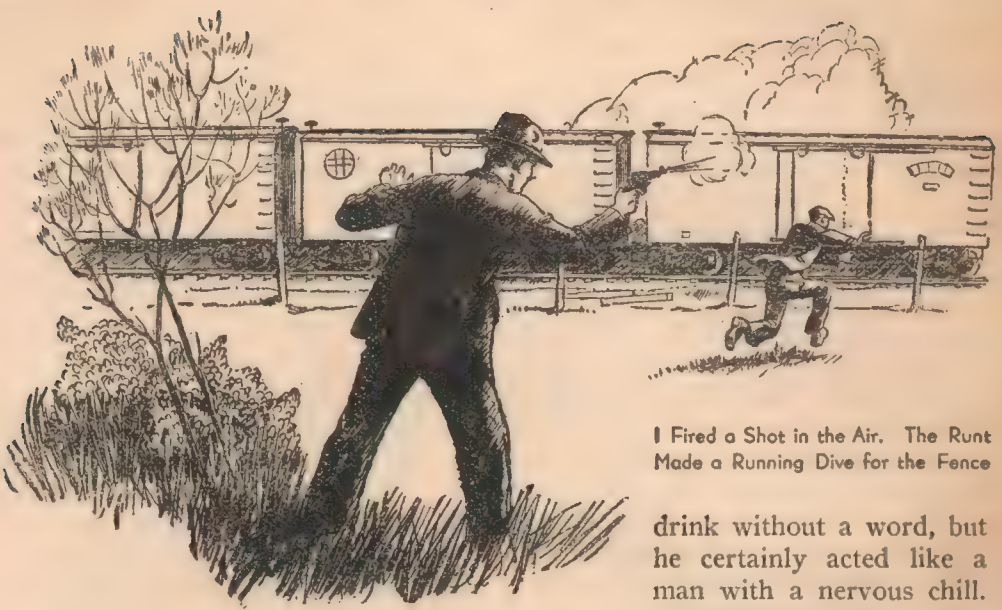
I noticed that Locust didn't let me get two feet away from him, and it seemed to me that he was keeping a sharp eye on the runt every move he made. We got a fire going shortly and sat down by it to get rid of the chill.

"Come on, fellers," the runt said presently. "Let's have another drink. I ain't inclined to entertain company or do visitin', but we might as well be sociable."

He pulled out his quart bottle. I knew he had been drinking a good deal, for the bottle was half empty and there was a peculiar gleam in those shifty eyes. He passed the bottle directly to Locust, and as I watched I saw that Locust's eyes were fastened on the runt's face as if hypnotized.

"Come on," the runt grated out, "an' let's drink to—to women."

Well, a shot in the dark couldn't have had a different effect on Locust.



I Fired a Shot in the Air. The Runt Made a Running Dive for the Fence

He stiffened with the bottle half raised to his lips, and while the fire was playing its cheery glow over Locust's face I'll swear the blood drained out of his skin. He paused only a moment then set his jaw and took a good long swig.

Locust handed me the bottle.

"To women," I said with a shade of reverence, and this time I took a drink.

"To women," grated the runt as he took the bottle. "Damn 'em!" There was a lot of feeling in those last two words. The runt drank deep of the red eye.

"Funny," he rambled then, and I saw that he'd just had enough to loosen his filthy tongue. "Funny. Women sure can do things to a guy. Make fools of a feller."

"How so, comrade?" I prompted, thinking that now the dirt would come out. "How so?"

The runt tilted the bottle again and the gleam in his eye was deadly. He handed it to Locust, who took another drink without a word, but he certainly acted like a man with a nervous chill. I passed this time and the bottle went back to its owner.

"Yessir, funny," the runt said. "Funny women. Funny worl'."

"Why, feller," I broke in, "without women—"

"What you know about women?" This last was a snarl, a griping, rending snarl. "Lissen, feller, women are all like. See? All like. If it wasn't for one of 'em I wouldn't be settin' here to-night. An' that's even a funny story. See? Funny because of a woman an' a lotta things.

"Look!" The runt pointed a bony finger at Locust. "Look! See him shake. He's played around with women. Only women can make wrecks outta men like that."

I followed the finger and saw that Locust certainly was almost a wreck.

"Know why I'm settin' here lookin' at you two?" The runt shot the question like a bolt from the sky. I wanted to ask why, but he didn't give me a chance. "It's because of a gal named —well, it ain't no difference what her name was. See? But she sure played

me. Back in Terre Haute. I was just outta stir when I met her an' I fell hard. See? She played me so I promised to go straight—on the level. No more shady livin'. Nawsir. An' I tried. Gawd knows I tried. It was like tryin' to quit smokin' or booze.

"An' I slipped. Just once, I slipped an' got in a jam. An' she says she's gonna wait—wait'll I get outta Jefferson City, an' she says she's gonna keep her job hashin' in the depot lunch room. Yeh!" The runt spat the last word from his thin lips.

"An' does she? She does not. She takes up with the first tramp that comes along, an' off she goes with a tramp railroader. I don't know this till I get out an' find what that skirt's done. See? Then I get a lineup on the bloke she blew with. I trail him. See? I figger some day I'll meet that rat, an' just to be sure, I got this—"

I looked down. He'd drawn from somewhere on his person an ugly blue .38-caliber revolver. It was pointed directly at Locust, who looked like he was ready to collapse.

"See?"

I measured the distance between me and the runt. Then I had a bright thought.

"Well, well," I said calmly, "yeh. Let me see."

I don't know how I ever did it. I just reached out and before the runt or Locust knew what was happening I had that gun in my hand and the runt was looking at me with a peculiar twist of a grin on those blue lips.

"You know, Locust, old pardner," I said as steadily as I could, "what this little feller here says touches me right to the heart. This boy sure has had tough luck with women, and he must have fallen for that hasher hard to feel like takin' a life over her."

I turned the gun over and over in my hands, keeping my eyes on the runt.

"Reminds me," I said, "of Mamie. You know, Locust, I've always been strong for the girls. Well, now Mamie was a queen. Worked in Fred Harvey's place in Trinidad. Hair and eyes to make any lad fall over himself, and when Mamie came along I not only fell over myself, but I fell so hard that I've never quite recovered. Like our friend here. It was tough medicine when the washout came."

"Washout?" The runt now spoke, turning curious eyes to me.

"The washout," I repeated. "Mamie and I were married and we boomed around a lot until we hit Paris, Illinois, and I hooked a job firing on the Big Four. Mamie went down to Terre Haute. Funny. That's where you said—"

I watched the runt shrug his thin shoulders and I was conscious of Locust's eyes fastened on me.

"Well, never mind," I continued. "I know Mamie picked up a little runt there. Picked him up and—say. You know—" I started to get to my feet. The runt rose too. A freight train was sounding a blast at the whistle board to the west. An eastbound man was swinging down. "You know I've been waiting to meet the guy that stole Mamie, and while I never carried a gun, I—"

I fired a shot in the air. The runt made a running dive for the fence at the right of way and I trailed him. I saw him scurry into the deeper shadows of the rolling cars as the train came lumbering by, saw him make a dive for an end ladder. He was eastward bound.

Back to the fire I went and Locust was stretched out looking at the embers with a far-away look in his eyes.

He didn't say anything until the rumble of the freight died away.

"Lord, Bill," he gasped as if trying to get back to earth. "I never told you about that woman, an' that feller would just about have done for me. He's a killer, Bill. A killer. I knew he was after me back there in Minot. Knew he'd be trailin' me because Mamie told me all about him when it was too late. Honest, Bill, I didn't steal her. I didn't know until one night Mamie got sore and then she showed me a prison photo of that bird an' told me she could go back to him an' all that noise."

Locust lapsed into silence, mopped the perspiration away from his forehead with the back of his horny hand. His eyes were looking where the freight went—kind of far-away.

"Lord, Bill," he said suddenly, "I didn't know you ever knew Mamie, or that you was married—"

"Locust," I said, "I never knew Mamie. I never saw her but once, an' then not in the flesh. I saw what the runt was driving at when he started in about women, and I remembered that picture you used to have in your watch charm with the name Mamie written at the bottom. I put two and two together and took a chance."

"An' saved my worthless life," said Locust.

And thus was I proclaimed a hero.

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Actual Happenings Told by Men Who Experienced or Witnessed Them, with Some of the Names and Places Disguised

An Eye for an Eye

By H. L. CHILDS

Illustrated by D. H. Hilliker

ALONG about the time that you younger bucks, who are just cutting your eye-teeth in the railroad game, were born, a Missouri farm and a Wisconsin hillside sent two strapping lads to eastern Montana to try a new calling in a strange land. The first to arrive and convince the Northern Pacific that it needed new blood, was Thomas B. Foreman, from the Show Me State. A week later the Wisconsin product, author of this tale, by the way, also was marked up on the brakemen's board.

Since that time Tom and I have been pretty close pals, and while the following happened to Tom, I have the honor of laying it before the world. So, gentle readers, hark to the Missourian:

I had been promoted a matter of two years or so, when on the 15th of April, 1912, I was called out in charge of a train of sixty-five empties. The day was one of ideal spring weather, and the trip, until we arrived at Joppa, was uneventful. Little did I realize, until we stopped there for water, the tragic events which I would be called upon to witness and take a minor part in.

Joppa, about twenty miles east of Forsyth, which was the western terminus of our run, boasted, outside of a siding and water tank, one lone homesteader's shanty and a few adjacent outbuildings. There Billie Merrill, his winsome wife and ten-year-old son, were betting the filing fees against the land that they would win out and make a home. Because of the close proximity of their little habitation to the tracks, most of the boys had come to know and like the family. It had become almost an established custom for all of us to wave at them as we rolled by.

When we stopped there for water on this day, naturally I took a stroll up to see that all the wheels were rolling. As I walked toward the head end and around the curves and bluffs, which both abound there, I expected every minute that the flag would be called in. The engineer's "five minutes" had been up some little time when I at last came into view of the head end, some twenty cars away. It

Without the Formality of a Loading Chute, the Cow Wranglers Jumped Their Well-Trained Ponies into the Car from the Depot Platform, and We Were Soon on Our Way to the Scene of the Murder

was then that I decided that something must be amiss, and quickening my step, was soon alongside the engine, where the little Merrill boy was sobbing out the story that the hired man had shot his mother, and also had tried to kill him. After that, in heartbroken sentences, he sobbed out more information, regarding the culprit taking one of the horses and making for the adjacent hills, adding as an afterthought, "he won't get far, 'cause old Dolly is soon going to find a colt."

Hastily the engineer and I conferred and decided upon cutting off the head empty box car. I went to the phone and told the dispatcher what had taken place. He called Rosebud, six miles west, to get help, and we made it over there in about two shakes with the engine and one car. The agent at Rosebud had spread the word, and some half dozen booted, spurred, and heavily armed cow pokes were waiting at the depot platform when we arrived with our special.

Without the formality of any loading chute, the cow wranglers jumped

their well-trained ponies into the car from the depot platform, and we were on our way back to the scene of the murder. As soon as we stopped, those horses and men came out, jumping from the car to the ground, which, luckily, at that time of year was soft. This latter fact helped much, too, in following the fugitive, whose trail pointed toward Rosebud, but through the hills.

Before going to Rosebud I had left the head brakeman with the grief-stricken boy. After all the cowboys except one or two had departed, we went to the house. There, in the yard, just as she had fallen, lay poor Mrs. Merrill. Tenderly we picked her up, and taking her in the house, placed her body on the bed. So short had been the time between the shooting and the dispatching of the posse in pursuit of the murderer, that poor Billie had not as yet been acquainted with the facts. He had been in the field some half mile away, and it was not until he noted our return that he had sensed something wrong. Glancing out the window, I observed his approach. I told one of the men there, who was better acquainted with Billie, that it might be well to inform him in advance. The man went to meet the husband.

All of us in our lives are called upon to witness sadness. But so far in my life, that one scene stands vividly in my memory. It isn't hard to realize what Billie's feelings were, as he embraced the body of his beloved wife, whom he had no later than noon of the same day left in perfect health and happiness. To me the grief of both Billie and the little boy was soul-searing, indeed. There a hardened bunch of railroaders and ranchers learned a new aspect of life and death.

But even in his grief so pungent, his desire to help bring the murderer to justice became uppermost, and he left the wife, whom he could no longer do anything for in this life, mounted a horse and went off in the wake of the posse.

It was here that we, too, left the sad scene. We whistled in our flagman, coupled up our train and proceeded. At Rosebud we were again stopped, and by the time I had made the head end, we sighted the posse, with the murderer in custody, coming down over one of the hills. Meanwhile the county authorities at Forsyth had got busy. They had chartered an engine, caboose and crew, and had arrived at Rosebud. The sheriff now took charge, and loading the guilty man into one of the cars of our train, and deputizing some men to accompany him, we took them all to town.

This man had been in employ of the Merrills but a few days. He had come to the house asking for something to eat and Billie, needing extra help, had offered him a job. On the day of the murder, Billie had sent him to the house on an errand. On arrival there, Mrs. Merrill not being in evidence, the man had started to rob the place. It was in this act that the unfortunate woman had caught him, and in the struggle over the gun, so he stated, it had been discharged, wounding her. As she ran from the house, screaming, he had fired the second and fatal shot. Here the little boy, appearing home from school, had presented another menace to his escape. Twice, pointblank, he had fired at him and missed, the gun being so close that the little fellow's face bore powder marks. It was here that the whistle of our approaching train had halted further slaughter.

From men of the posse, I learned of

their overtaking him some three or four miles from Joppa. None of them knew him, but readily recognized both the horse and the dog that was following. The posse took the man prisoner just as Billie Merrill overtook them.

That feeling was running high against this man, all of us were quite well aware. But it remained until I was coming west on my next trip that the curtain closed. Just as we came through Rosebud the operator handed us up a message, which read, "A mob is charging the Forsyth jail; you may see a hanging to-night."

Personally, I have no zest for affairs of that kind, so when we arrived at Forsyth our train was held out for a few moments. The engine being just opposite the jail, the boys up there saw all they cared to, and more, and told me of it later. The town was alive with armed men. To resist them would have been suicidal for the sheriff's force. Obtaining a large telegraph pole, they had battered down the door. Here it was that the Bowery tough had exhibited real nerve, for he had requested them to let him don his shoes, as he wished to "die with his boots on."

A large tree, which is now missing, but which then was right across the tracks opposite the jail, was where they took him to. Some one procured a barrel for his last earthly footing, and as they adjusted the rope to his neck, he remarked, "Let me help you, so it will be a good job."

I'm glad I didn't witness it, but I'm thankful, too, that I was able to play the part I did in apprehending the criminal.

Down Between

By C. F. CULPEPPER

Illustrated by D. H. Hilliker

WHEN I was fourteen years old I was given the job of messenger boy at the freight warehouse in my home town. "Ole Hundred and Five" (that was what my youthful mind designated it) was one of the company's switch engines. Many a minute I've stolen from my work and climbed into the cab of that engine to be teased and petted by the crew.

Next to the warehouse plat-

The Jar Tore My Hold Loose and Plunged Me Down between the Cars

form was track No. 1, which always had a cut of cars on it. I went between two of these cars one day looking for the yardmaster to deliver an order. I did not go on the ground, but just over the couplings, one foot on one car end and one foot on the other. Not seeing the Y. M., I started back. I was almost over the couplings when the cars jerked and bumped violently.

The jar tore my hold loose and plunged me down between the cars, which to my horror I realized were moving. Without conscious thought, and certainly my movements must have been lightninglike, I shoved with my foot as I was torn loose. But that in itself would not have saved me, for I landed on the rail on my knees. In falling, my outstretched hands had grasped the edge of the platform. It was a sorry hold at best, but it enabled me to jerk myself to comparative safety. There was just a fraction more room than I needed between the platform and those moving cars. If I had swayed back only a little it would have meant being knocked under for good. The short time I spent there seemed like an eternity to me.

When I finally dragged myself up on the platform, shivering with fright, I found a badly dislocated ankle. Crawling and limping, I delivered that message and then collapsed. When I waked up from the chloroform there were two doctors working over me, and I was somewhat of a hero. I had delivered a message on a badly damaged foot. The whole affair, however, was an awful nightmare to me.

And "Ole Hundred and Five" was the engine that hit those cars. It was some time before friendly relations were resumed between us, for it seemed to me that every time I looked at her I could see my blood on her drivers.

The Haunted Wire

By ROY H. BAGGETT

Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

THE clock was just striking two as I knocked the ashes from my pipe and reached for the coal scuttle. It was a very disagreeable night. A blizzard, for the past hour, had been furiously swooping down upon the little mining town, and the only noise to be heard was that of the storm as it made its way down the valley, piling blankets of snow on every obstruction within its mighty course.

It was during the winter of nineteen eighteen, just after the World War. I was a relief telegraph operator at the time, and the chief dispatcher, the evening before, gave me orders to protect third trick. Yeager Thomas, a veteran at the telegraph key, the regular man, had taken suddenly ill, and, at twelve midnight, had died.

I filled the stove with coal, knocked the grates a few times, and placed my chair closer to the roaring fire. My sympathy wandered to the poor devils who happened to be out on this cold

and dreary night. I dozed off for perhaps ten minutes, when the instrument on the table began to click my office call. It was the train dispatcher. He had found time to take the "Tie up" report on the ore train. I transmitted the report and started to my chair, when

I Put Ground to My Wire, Cutting Out All Stations Below Me, but to No Avail

the instrument fluttered, "What you sign?"

I reached for the key, but, before I could touch it, it had started clicking.

Dot, dot, space, dot, dot, pause, dash.

It had produced the code for "YT," the personal signature of Yeager Thomas, and to be used by no one else on this particular wire.

As cold as it was, I began to perspire. The dispatcher acknowledged with "O. K.," and then something like "Thought you were sick."

I did not reply. I couldn't. A thousand thoughts ran through my mind. Was it Yeager Thomas trying to work his job? If not, who was it? Why was it?

I was determined to find out, and, with a trembling hand, I took the key. I got the dispatcher and, after a full explanation, he called the chief. The wire was soon busy. Every operator on the line was called and questioned. No one had touched the key. An operator near the other end of the line was ordered to ground his wire. By grounding a wire, two complete circuits are made, the ground wire being the division of the two. We waited for perhaps three minutes, and then, again, our instruments began to click, "YT YT YT."

I shuddered, put another scuttle of coal in the stove and waited. The operator below me was ordered to ground the wire in his office, but this eerie code would not cease. I put ground to my wire, cutting all stations out below me, but to no avail. This mysterious clicking did not stop. In a few minutes everything was quiet. An operator above me had put ground to

his wire, which cut me off entirely. Minutes passed, and I could not rest. My thoughts were on one thing. Had they found the invisible hand which had so plainly sent the electric current through the coils in our instruments producing that weird sound?

It was four fifteen when the wire finally closed. They had cut us back on from the dispatcher's office. The chief was on the wire requesting every one to copy. The message read:

> After grounding wire outside of this office the sound continued to come. By tracing wire from ground to my instrument the linesman located the trouble. One wire crossing another wire in the attic had a bad connection. It had become uninsulated and, with a slight pressure on it, it would touch the wire below and at the same time disconnect. On touching the wire below, which was also uninsulated, it would have the same effect as if some one had touched a key. These wires were located near a hole in the inner wall from which rats traveled in search of food. When coming from the hole they were compelled to cross over the wires, and in doing so the insulation had become worn. In crossing the wires the rat would place his fore feet on the upper wire, causing two rapid connections with the lower wire. His two rear feet would do likewise, making two more rapid connections. This action formed, perfectly, the letter "Y." In dragging his tail across obstruction he made the letter "T." Hole stopped up. Wires insulated.

It was signed by the night chief. I sighed. Well, yes! I felt better. Some one acknowledged the message with, "Aw, rats!" and the wire was quiet.

An Emergency Stop

By O. E. RHOADS

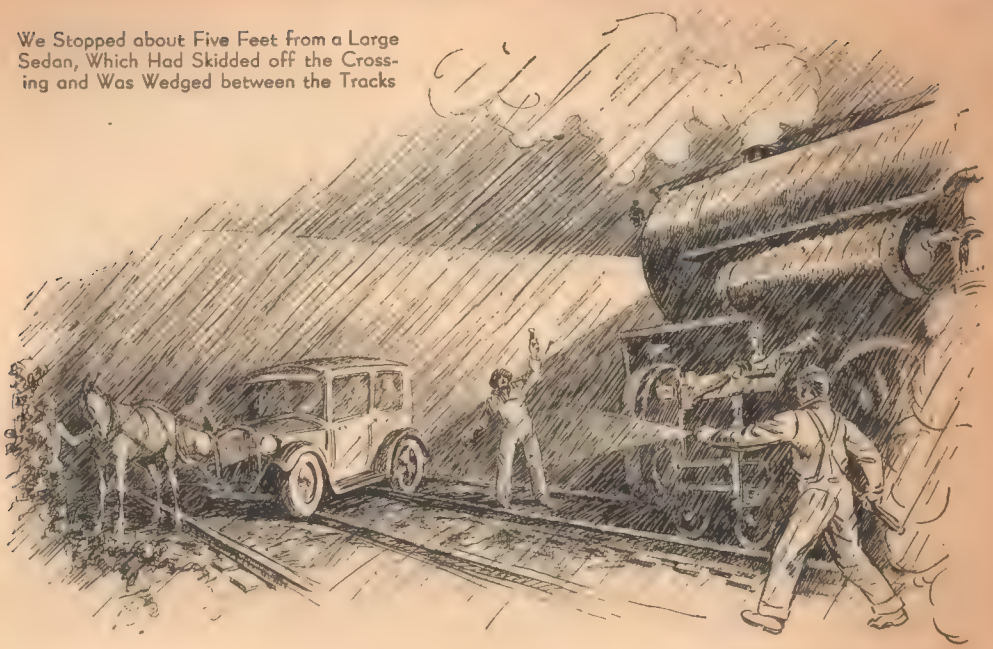
Illustrated by Roy Williams

ONE night in the spring of 1920, I was firing Pennsylvania passenger train No. 27 for Engineer William "Pard" Killelea, now retired on pension. After pulling out of Dennison, Ohio, our eastern terminal, about forty minutes late, we were trying to make up lost time. No. 27 was a fast New York to St. Louis express, but with a heavy train in a steady downpour of rain, we were up against it.

We left Newark, Ohio, with about eight minutes gained, and if everything went well on the last thirty-three miles of that division, which is joint track of the B. & O. and P. R. R., we expected to pick up ten more minutes. From Outville to Summit is eight miles, and down through a sink that sure gets you rolling.

As we approached Broad Street crossing, one mile east of Summit, we saw a flash light swinging on us. Pard big-holed her and we stopped about five feet from a large sedan, which had skidded off of the crossing and was wedged between the east and westbound tracks.

Grasping the situation, I got off with my red and white lights and a



We Stopped about Five Feet from a Large Sedan, Which Had Skidded off the Crossing and Was Wedged between the Tracks

fusee to flag No. 26, which was due there. I saw two girls sitting in the car very comfortably out of the rain, with two young fellows and an old farmer who lived near by. With an ancient horse and some chains they had tried to pull the car back on the road. The farmer had seen our headlight coming, and had flagged us.

He urged the girls to leave the sedan, but they insisted they were safe. I told them for Heaven's sake to get out of there, as No. 26 would be coming over the hill in a minute, and they would be killed. Then I ran up the track just as a headlight appeared, and stopped what I thought was No. 26, but happened to be a fast freight train.

The freight crew helped us to get that car back on the road, a job which took about forty-five minutes. During the excitement the safety valves lifted on our engine and the farmer's horse ran off. Even now I can hear his feet cracking on the road, and the old farmer after him, hollering:

"Whoa, Billy! Nice Billy. Whoa, you cock-eyed, flea-bitten bone-yard! Whoa, there! I'll break your damn' neck—"

I don't know whether the aged farmer got his horse back or not, but I sure would like to thank him, for he saved our lives and the people in the automobile by swinging that flash light.

THE BOOMER'S STATEMENT

A DIVISION super, holding kangaroo court on two crews involved in a rear-end collision, quizzed a boomer shack who had been braking on the smoky end of one train which ran into the rear end of the other.

"Tell us in your own words what happened."

"Well," the boomer replied, "we was droppin' down the line about forty or fifty per when roundin' a curve I seen a stack o' reds. I notified the hoghead an' he give her the secret works on two streams o' seashore an' I disappeared in the atmosphere."—*George E. Rose.*

A Group of Lima Switchers Ready for a Turn

Our Engine Picture Club

THE engine-picture hobby seems to be spreading like a prairie fire. Every month we get hundreds of letters from enthusiastic fans who buy, sell, exchange or draw pictures of the iron road, especially locomotives.

We have yet to hear from any girl who collects such pictures, although one railroad photographer writes: "Our files show that over 50 ladies are patronizing us; 26 from this country, and the rest from countries in Europe."

At the suggestion of George Hadaller, of Granite City, Ill., we are reproducing—on page 560—F. M. Whyte's Locomotive Classification System, as it appears in the 1930 *Locomotive Cyclopedia of American Practice,* issued by the Simmons-Boardman Publishing Company, New York City.

This system, based upon wheel or axle arrangements, is commonly accepted in this country and Great Britain. "Numerals are used to represent the number of wheels in each group starting at the front end, the first denoting the number of wheels in the leading truck, the second the number of drivers and the third the number of wheels in the trailing truck. In articulated locomotives a numeral is used for each group of drivers."

A careful study of Whyte's System will assist inexperienced collectors in classifying the various jacks. Builders can be identified by the name plate placed conspicuously on the side of the locomotive. For instance, the Baldwin plate is either circular or oval, the American is oblong, Lima is horizontal diamond-shaped, Vulcan is circular, H. K. Porter is shaped somewhat like a policeman's shield or badge and Davenport is oblong with rounded corners and a point extending outward from the middle of each of the four sides.

We are starting in this issue a very interesting series of 56 pictures covering the history of the locomotive from the year 1769 to the present time. Watch for the remainder of this series and save space for them in your scrapbook. Our April issue will show Stephenson's "Locomotion," 1825; Stephenson's "Rocket," 1829, the "Stourbridge Lion," 1829, and the "Best Friend," 1830.

In January and February we listed some of the readers who are interested in this hobby, and additional names are given here. These names are published in good faith, but without guarantee.

WALTER DE LONG, 180 N. Blackford St., Indianapolis, Ind., writes that he lost both legs under a N. Y. C. freight in 1925, and will make a pen-and-ink drawing, 5 by 7 inches, of any engine photograph for $1. He sent us a sample of his work; we think the fans would like it.

CHARLES C. BREWER, R. F. D. No. 2, Port Matilda, Pa. Wants to buy photos or magazine pictures of Lehigh Valley engines: American 4-4-0 type, class E-27, road No. 2587; ten-wheeler, 4-6-0 type, class J-23, road No. 1105-1111, inclusive, also class J-24, road No. 1118-1120, and class J-49, 1349-1397; Atlantic 4-4-2 type, class F-3, road No. 2400-2411; and Pacific 4-6-2 type, class K-2, road No. 2236-2238 and 2231-2235. Also the rebuilt No. 2236, as used on old Black Diamond Express.

M. C. HOWARD, Northfield Route, Childress, Texas. Will buy or pay postage on pictures of his home railroads, the E. T. V. & G. and the Southern. What have you?

HAROLD JENKINS, 18 King St., Windsor, N. S., Canada. Snaps pictures of rolling stock on Dominion Atlantic Railroad (C. P. R.).

R. W. CARLSON, 110 East 16th St., Auburn, Ind. His specialty is C. & N. W. Too busy to exchange right now.

JOHN MUELLER, JR., 211 William St., Waverly, N. Y. Beginner.

VINCENT E. GARDNER, 1934 Tenth Ave., Los Angeles.

HARLIE M. BOULAND, R. 4, Box 87, Paducah, Ky. Wants pictures of N. C. & St. L. and Illinois Central.

ERNEST L. ANDES, 6565 Yale Ave., Chicago. His hobby is collecting odd and interesting railroad facts. He says: "I have access to most all of the Chicago yards and take Kodak pictures of engines. I want to exchange pictures—size 2½ by 4¼—for material to use in my hobby, such as a picture of Chicago, Ky., station, the only other Chicago in the U. S., or of the station at Tenino, Wash., named after Engine 1090 which was the first to arrive there."

OTTO C. PERRY, 2921 Umatilla St., Denver. Has fine assortment of photos of engines on western and southern roads.

F. L. YEO, 6 Oneida Circle, Winchester, Mass. Has about 100 pictures of B. & M. and other New England roads made with his own Kodak. Wants snaps of Midwestern roads.

L. J. SCHULER, 4814 W. Belden Ave., Chicago. Has a few good shots of electric jacks, size 5 by 3½ inches.

HARRY B. BAUGHEY, Neffsville, Pa., member of Railway and Locomotive Historical Society, buys, sells and exchanges. Especially interested in passenger and Pullman trains. Issues a mimeographed catalog.

FRANK SHAW, 558 21st Ave. E., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

D. L. JOSLYN, 2420 27th St., Sacramento, Cal. Mechanical draftsman, S. P., and Pacific Coast representative of Railway and Locomotive Historical Society. Has about 1,000 pictures. Willing to sell prints from his negatives of engines of S. P., C. P., etc.

IRVING N. DRAKE, 110 Harvard St., Dedham, Mass. Prefers station pictures; has about 3,300. Eager to exchange.

A. G. KLEINBECK, JR., Citizens Water Works, Inc., Litchfield, Ill. All kinds of railroad pictures, mostly cut from magazines. Especially railroad insignia.

M. J. CUMMINGS, 604 54th Ave. East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada. Fireman, C. P. R. Wants to buy or exchange engine pictures.

GEORGE KRAMBLES, 7620 Sheridan Road, Chicago. Has several hundred railroad pictures, largely magazine illustrations, also some German calendar pictures. Will exchange. Wants pictures of passenger and freight cars and cabooses.

H. W. PONTIN, 82 Raymond St., Allston, Mass., railroad photographer, writes that he would be glad to put readers in touch with engine picture collectors in foreign countries, especially Great Britain, France and Germany.

J. G. BURKHART, Box 413, Harrisburg, Pa.

JOHN S. POWELL, 409 Lincoln Ave., Moore, Pa. Train photos. Sells 5 by 7 size.

GEORGE H. MECK, P. O. Box 92, Courtland, Cal. Retired civil engineer of the "Katy." Sell or exchange. Wants back numbers of *Baldwin Locomotives* magazine.

GRANVILLE PERSINGER, 807 Allton Ave., Columbia, Mo.

A. WAYNE MELCHING, 824 Lathrop Ave., Forest Park, Ill. Beginner.

G. F. WHITE, 603 N. Mulberry St., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

JEFFREY WINSLOW, 12 Harding Parkway, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

M. H. LITTLE, 128 E. 18th St., Minneapolis.

B. THORNTON, 871 Turk St., San Francisco, Cal. Many pictures of S. P., W. P., N. W. P. and A. T. S. F. engines. Also blue prints and engine pictures drawn by himself.

DON RICHMOND, 1222 E. Main St., Stockton, Cal. Western Pacific R. R. clerk. Has about 100 photos of Western jacks to swap for Eastern ones.

A. HARRY CHICK, 251 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass. Clerk, B. & M. Has more than 10,000 different engines in his collection—almost 13,000 pictures in all, counting duplicates, gathered over a period of forty years. Pictures include photos, post cards, magazine cuts. Eager to exchange.

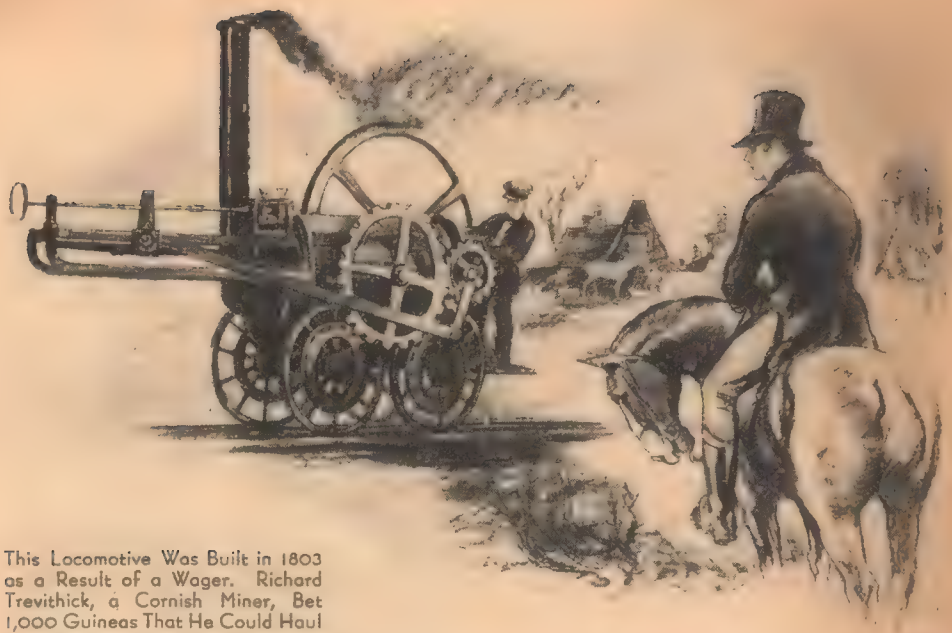
HARRY J. HILL, R. 1, Box 79, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Wants to exchange a photograph 8½ by 20½ inches of an A. T. & S. F. 2-10-2 compound No. 1654 for a good drawing of a Mogul built for a North American railroad since 1890—not a camel back—and drawn to scale. He also wants a good photo or drawing of an ex-Grand Trunk 2-6-0 as now used for local freight on the C. N. R.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE

© Republic Steel Corp., Youngstown, O

The First Locomotive, Made by Nicholas J. Cugnot in 1769, Ran through the Streets of Paris at Three to Four Miles per Hour, Stopping Every Fifteen Minutes to Get up Steam

In 1784 William Murdock, an Associate of James Watt, Built the First Locomotive to Run on English Soil, Which, However, Was Not Quite so Large as the Above Drawing Indicates. Its Speed Was Six to Eight Miles per Hour



This Locomotive Was Built in 1803 as a Result of a Wager. Richard Trevithick, a Cornish Miner, Bet 1,000 Guineas That He Could Haul a Load of Iron, Nine Tons, a Distance of Nine Miles upon a Cast Iron Tramroad by the Power of Steam Alone. He Won the Bet. His Engine Had a Single Cylinder 8 Inches in Diameter by 54-Inch Stroke. It Was the First to Employ the "Forced Draught" Created by the Steam for Operating Without a High Stack

The "Puffing Billy" Was Made by William Hedley in 1813 at Wylam Colliery in England. It Had a Wrought Iron Boiler Which Had a Return Flue and Provided All the Steam Required. Two Vertical Cylinders Were Employed, the Pistons and Rods Being Connected to Beams Centered at Each End and the Power Transmitted to Axles by Gears. It Is Now in South Kensington Museum, London

TO BE CONTINUED

Along the Streak o' Rust

The Human Side of Railroading

FOR a long time inventors have sought to perfect a railroad crossing that would be shockless and noiseless. Every existing rail crossing requires a jump-gap of two to three and one-half inches, according to the angle at which the rails meet. This gap is required to allow the passage of the flanges on the car wheels across the intersecting rails.

A new type of crossing has been in-

W. H. Whalen, of Los Angeles, Explaining the Model of His New Device Which Would Minimize Noise and Shock at Grade Crossings

Testing W. H. Whalen's Shock-Eliminating Device at Southgate, California

vented by W. H. Whalen, of Los Angeles, and tried out at Southgate, in Southern California. It meets for the first time, it is said, the requirements of shockless and noiseless operation. It consists of a disk that turns with the approach of the train or street car, to provide a continuous rail.

In service it is operated either manually, electrically, or by other mechanical power. It has the necessary heating facilities so that it may be used in the coldest climates. It has been approved by engineers of the largest railroads, and has been granted patents in most countries.

The shockless feature received first attention from the mechanical engineers. As every time a car or engine makes the jump over at the present crossings, wheels are dented, car bodies banged and shaken, bolts loosened and the rails themselves are damaged. In minimizing these shocks, the new invention, it is claimed, would reduce the costs of car repairing and maintenance of way—*F. F. Tomblin.*

* * *

PRETTY Miss Gloria Miller, of Pacific, Mo., representing the Missouri Pacific Lines, established a new world's record for girls under twenty-five in a contest at the recent National Dairy Exposition in St. Louis. Gloria, who is eighteen and weighs 81 pounds, milked 17.46 pounds of milk in three minutes, and set an additional record by obtaining her weight in milk in 23 minutes elapsed time.

GLORIA MILLER, Champion Milkmaid

JACK SHOUP, Son of S. P. Chief

THAT old melody about the dearth of bananas doesn't apply to the San Francisco grocery store in which Jack Shoup, son of Paul Shoup, president of the Southern Pacific, toils daily from 7.30 A.M. till 6.30 P.M. Jack takes to railroading like a kitten takes to water, and is learning the grocery business from the ground up. He has no yen to succeed dad on the "Espee."

* * *

ANNIE E. CAYWOOD

FIFTY years ago a young lady going to work had the choice of being either a schoolteacher or — a schoolteacher. But Annie E. Caywood, living in Lodi, N. Y., preferred to become a telegraph operator instead. So, with three boy friends, she rigged up a dummy telegraph key made of wood, and for two years they ticked out messages to one another.

Then, October 10, 1884, Annie got a job as telegrapher with the New Haven Railroad at Stratford, Conn., and was transferred a year later to Milford, Conn., where she remained until her retirement on pension a few weeks ago. Thus Miss Caywood has won an enduring place in history as a pioneer woman op, with a record few can equal.

LAST month we told how John F. Hylan, an ex-rail, became mayor of New York City. Another ex-rail who has attained prominence in the New York municipal government is James F. Geraghty, the present license commissioner.

"JIM" GERAGHTY

"Jim" fired for the New Haven road for eight years and was first president of the Harlem River local of the B. of L. F. and E., which he organized in 1901. Later he became the brotherhood's legislative agent at the New York State capitol.

Geraghty began his railroading career in 1899 by firing a New Haven switch engine in the Harlem River yards. Promotion was rapid, and soon he was firing some of the best freight and passenger runs on the road. For many years he fired the "Cannon Ball"—reputed to be the fastest freight train in the world.—*John L. Flanagan.*

* * *

FRANK McMANAMY

SPEAKING of rails who have forged to the front in other careers, don't overlook Frank McManamy, who recently celebrated his first anniversary as chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Frank was carrying water buckets in the Pennsy's construction department in 1885, when he was fifteen years old. Later he was promoted to the job of gandy dancer on the same road, and in 1890 he got a job in Muskegon, Mich., in the shops of the Chicago & West Michigan (now Pere Marquette), becoming a tallowpot the following year. And, of course, he joined the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen—even to-day he still holds a paid-up membership card.

For six years he fired C. & W. M. jacks, then was a hogger for two years, meanwhile studying law. After filling various other positions creditably, McManamy in 1913 was appointed chief inspector of locomotive boilers for the I. C. C.

During the war, while the railroads were under Federal control, McManamy was assistant director in charge of mechanical matters, and later became chairman of the committee on standards for locomotives and cars.

C. NELSON MURRAY

C. NELSON MURRAY, a building and bridge carpenter for the Rock Island at Kansas City, Kansas, recently received a Carnegie bronze medal and $1,000 for heroism in saving the life of Mrs. Flossie M. Comstock. Mrs. Comstock had fallen into the Kaw River at Kansas City; Murray, dressed in heavy winter clothing, swam 25 feet out and caught her as she came to the surface.

* * *

"GENE" JAMES

EUGENE JAMES, a seventeen-year-old jockey who has been creating a sensation on the turf, is a son of George James, a springmaker in the L. &. N. shops at South Louisville. Gene brought home his first winner at Latonia last July 11, and followed this up with an amazing total of more than 90 winners, all in the same season! After riding four winners October 13, Gene hit the highest note in his brilliant career October 15, when he accomplished a feat that had not been heard of on a Kentucky track since 1923—drove down to the wire with five winners, four of them in sequence!

* * *

AFTER thirty-six years of continuous association, John L. Sprague and Union Pacific engine No. 2 have made their last run together. It was a sorrowful parting, for "Jack" Sprague and No. 2 had known each other since as far back as 1887.

Jack was born in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1865. With his parents he moved to San Francisco in 1876, when antelope, buffalo and Indians were still roaming the prairies, and later got a job on the narrow-gauge Portland-Willamette Valley Railroad, long since a memory.

Forty-three years ago No. 2 arrived at Portland, Oregon, by steamship from San Francisco for service on the P. W. V., and young Sprague built the first fire in her. In 1890 he went to work as a hogger for the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company (later a U. P. branch line) on the 27-mile Megler-Nahcotta beach road in Southwestern Washington. Four years afterward No. 2 showed up on that "pike," and remained

"JACK" SPRAGUE and Engine No. 2

in Jack's care until a few weeks ago when, automobile and bus travel having taken their toll, the line was abandoned and No. 2 had to be sold.

No. 2 began life as a Baldwin wood-burner, but has since been modernized into a coal-burner and, despite her long service, Sprague declares, she's "better than new." If the veteran hogger had his way, he wouldn't trade old No. 2 for the biggest superheater Mallet that ever climbed the Rockies.—*John Don.*

* * *

MISS "C. N. R." and Her Mother

A MONTREAL girl born a few weeks ago on a Canadian National Railways train has been named Cecelie Norma Rollande Turgeon, the initials of the first three names being a tribute to the crew who rendered emergency service at the time the stork arrived.

MARGARET NEISTER

MARGARET NEISTER, youngest daughter of a Southern Railway machinist, was recently voted the best contralto soloist in the State of North Carolina. She was awarded first prize in a statewide high school competitive contest held at Greensboro, N. C.

Margaret is only fifteen years old. Her father, W. P. Neister, has been employed as machinist at Spencer Shop since March 1, 1910.

Besides achieving wide recognition for her vocal ability, Margaret is one of the most beautiful girls in her home town of Spencer. Our photograph shows the singer with a handsome silver cup she won at the Greensboro contest.

* * *

SIXTY years a railway attorney! That's the record of Judge Robert H. Thompson, now eighty-three, who is still on the job daily in his Jackson, Miss., office. He is an active member of a law firm which includes, besides himself, his two sons, J. Harvey and Fulton, and a grandson, R. H., Jr., a recent graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point.

R. H. THOMPSON

Since he was twenty-three years old, Judge Thompson, a Confederate veteran, has been representing the roads now included in the Illinois Central System, beginning with the New Orleans, Jackson & Great Northern. He recalls vividly those far-off days when slow-moving oxen, prodded by Negro slaves, provided the planters of central Mississippi with their only means of transporting cotton to Port Gibson or to the then newly-built railroad connecting Raymond and Vicksburg.

"It was not an uncommon occurrence," he said, "for oxen to drop dead in the yoke from exhaustion, and for wagons to be stuck in the mire for days at a time on the way to the river. The railroads pulled Mississippi out of the mud, and they brought immeasurable relief to our people."

JACOB TESKE AND HIS SONS, JACOB, THEODORE AND EDWARD

HERE'S a record hard to beat. Jacob Teske, of Eureka, S. D., has worked for the Milwaukee for about 30 years, including nearly 28 years as a section foreman, without injury of any kind to himself or the men under his supervision. He has two sons, Jacob J. and Theodore, both section foremen, and a third son, Edward, who has worked in his father's gang more than six years.

* * *

MEET Miss Emma A. Kentz, secretary to W. F. Lincoln, Union Pacific general freight agent at Los Angeles. Emma is the first woman chosen to the directorate of the Associated Traffic Clubs of America. She has been with the U. P. for fifteen years, and was instrumental in organizing the Women's Traffic Club of Los Angeles, the first organization of its kind in the world

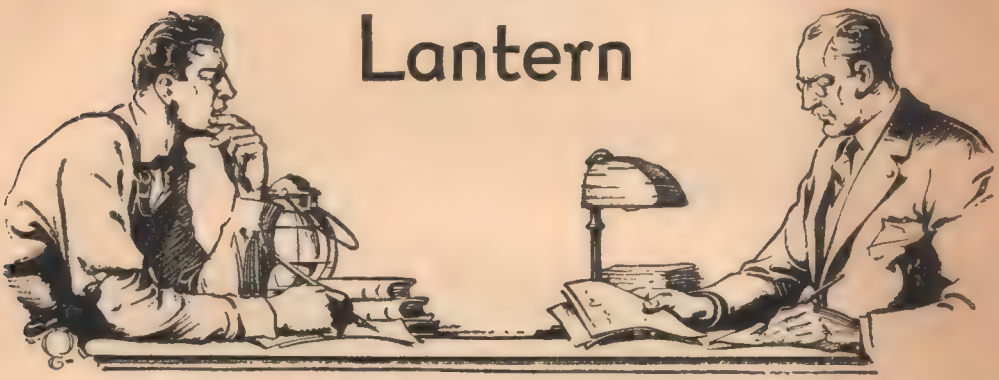
EMMA A. KENTZ

* * *

LEWIS NEILSON

LEWIS NEILSON, Pennsylvania Railroad vice president in charge of the secretarial department, has retired from active service with a unique record. In his forty-nine years with the P. R. R., Mr. Neilson was secretary of 112 railroads, all subsidiaries of the Pennsylvania! He was responsible for the operation of the Pennsy's general office buildings in Philadelphia, also stock transfers.—*Milton Peril.*

By the Light of the Lantern



WE want to be as useful as possible to our readers, but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are obliged to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions WILL NOT be answered. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials. The editor begs that readers sending in questions will not be disappointed if the answers do not appear as early as expected. Delays are often unavoidable for two reasons: the magazine is printed two months in advance of the date of issue, and it frequently takes weeks to secure correct answers, owing to the complexity of the questions.

PLEASE give me the data on the Boston and Maine Railroad 3600 and 3700 type passenger locomotives such as weights, tractive force, cylinders, etc., and also state how many of each class is in operation.—E. K. H., Barre, Vt.

There are ten of the 3600's, numbered from 3680 to 3689, and ten of the 3700's, numbered from 3700 to 3709. All are Pacific or 4-6-2 types. The 3600's have cylinders 22 inches x 28 inches; driver diameter, 73 inches; steam pressure 200 pounds; fire box, 108⅛ inches x 71¼ inches; wheel base, engine and tender, 67 feet 6 inches; engine weight in working order, 239,600 pounds; tractive force, 31,600 pounds. The 3700's have cylinders 24 inches x 28 inches; driver diameter, 73 inches; steam pressure, 200 pounds; fire box, 108⅛ inches x 71¼ inches; wheel base, engine and tender, 66 feet 6 inches; engine weight in working order, 263,800 pounds; tractive force, 37,600 pounds on the engine and 9,380 pounds on the booster. Built by American Locomotive Co.

IS there any literature published which gives locomotive specifications on United States railroads?

(b) Are there any books which give the grade conditions?

(c) What are the grade conditions on the Central Railroad of New Jersey on its main line from Wilkes-Barre to New York, and on its mine branch from High Bridge to Ogden?—D. P. M., Fanwood, N. J.

(a) A great many locomotives are covered in the *Locomotive Cyclopedia,* issued by Simmons-Boardman, 30 Church Street, New York. This volume deals with every known type and prints several pictures in each classification together with all the data.

(b) None that we can learn of.

(c) The following table will answer your C. N. J. grade question:

NEW YORK AND WILKES-BARRE

1.12% westbound between White Haven and Tunnel for a distance of 4.7 miles.

2 10-4 Type Locomotive on the Bessemer & Lake Erie Road

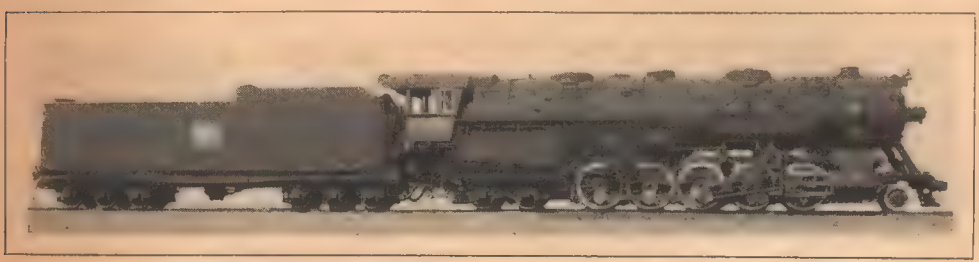
1.84% eastbound between Ashley and Laurel Run for a distance of 7.8 miles. This, however, is bypassed with the Ashley Planes and the next ruling grade is,

.4% between Bloomsbury and Hampton for a distance of 8.7 miles.

.4% between Dunellen and Fanwood for a distance of 6.1 miles.

HIGH BRIDGE AND EDISON

1.88% westbound between Morris County Junction and Minnisink for a distance of 3.2 miles.



An Engine of the 2-10-4 Type on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy

.8% eastbound between Lake Hopatcong and Minnisink for a distance of 1.5 miles.

HOW do the 600 class engines on the B. & L. E. and the 2-10-4 jacks on the Burlington, compare with the three-cylinder engines on the Union Pacific in power and size?

(b) How many decapods are in service on the Seaboard Air Line?

(c) Are not the Great Northern's 4-8-4's 2550-2555 and 2575-2588 superior to the C. & W.'s 3000 engine, class H?—E. B. S., Crum Lynne, Pa.

(a) We are reproducing herewith photographs of the B. & L. E. and Burlington locomotives about which you inquire. The following data will show you how these two engines stack up and enable you to make such comparisons as you desire: B. & L. E. 609 has cylinders 31 inches x 32 inches; driver diameter, 64 inches; steam pressure, 250 pounds; fire box, 150 1/16 inches x 102¼ inches; wheel base, engine and tender, 95 feet 2 inches; total engine weight in working order, 506,970 pounds; tractive force, 96,700 pounds. C. B. & Q. 6325 has cylinders 31 inches x 32 inches; driver diameter, 64 inches; steam pressure, 250 pounds; fire box, 150 1/16 inches x 102¼ inches; wheel base, engine and tender, 95 feet 11¾ inches; total engine weight in working order, 511,700 pounds; tractive force, 90,000 pounds. Both engines were built by Baldwin Locomotive Works. You will note by studying the pictures that these two engines are virtually duplicates, except that while the Burlington jack is a trifle heavier, the Bessemer locomotive exerts the greater tractive force.

This engine is a little more powerful, therefore, than the Union Pacific 9000 class of the 4-12-2 designation which exerts a tractive force of 96,650 pounds. The difference, however, is negligible. The U. P. locomotive was pictured and described in full on page 573 of the July, 1930, issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

(b) The S. A. L. has 37 decapods in service.

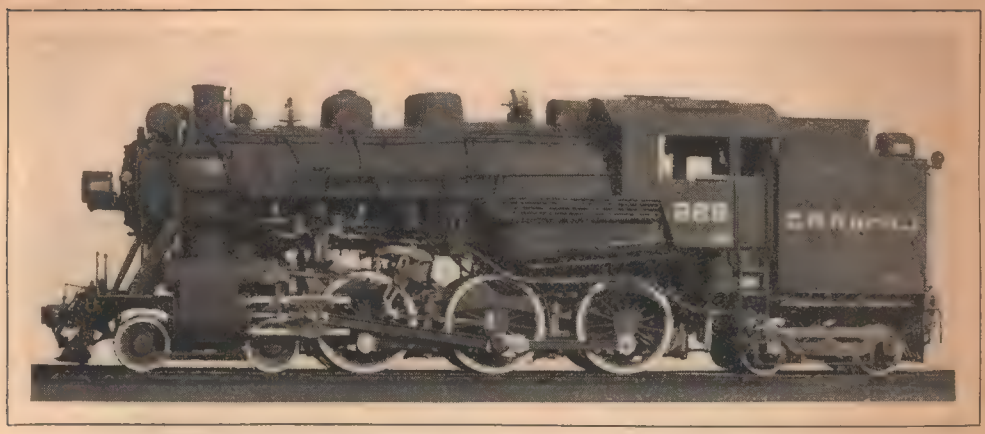
(c) We would not say that either engine was superior to the other except that the C. & N. W. locomotive is a little larger, but does not exert as much tractive force. The C. & N. W.'s 3000 class has a larger driving wheel diameter than the G. N.'s brute, and is probably somewhat faster on that account.

M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We are glad to reproduce herewith a photograph of the C. N. J. engine 229, called a double-ender. This locomotive has cylinders 21 inches x 26 inches; driver diameter, 63 inches; boiler pressure, 200 pounds; fire box, 102⅛ inches x 96¼ inches; total engine wheel base, 39 feet 3 inches; total weight, engine in working order, 291,640 pounds; tractive force, 30,940 pounds. Water capacity of tender, 4,000 gallons; fuel capacity, 6 tons. Built by Baldwin Locomotive Works.

C. H., Gretna, Neb.—In answer to your request for a brief history of the old Colorado, Kansas & Oklahoma Railroad, we quote the following from Poor's Manual of Railroads, 1915 edition:

"Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma R. R.—Scott City to Winona, Kan., 50.45 m.; operated under contract 0.31 m.—total 50.76 miles. Siding (owned 1.1 m.; operated under contract 0.76 m.), 1.86. Gauge, 4 feet 8½ inches. Rail, 70 pounds.

"History—Incorporated July 16, 1913, in Kansas for 50 years, as successor to Scott City Northern R. R. Co., the property of which it purchased at receiver's sale held on August 6, 1913. In March, 1914, company let contract for an extension from Garden City to Forgan, 140 miles, which was to be completed in twenty months.



Double-Ender Tank Locomotive on the Central Railroad of New Jersey

"Rolling Stock, June 30, 1914—Locomotive, 1; cars, passenger, 2; freight, 8; service, 2—total, 12.

"Income account, year ended June 30, 1914—Earnings, $10,490. Operating expenses, $25,126. Deficit, from operation, $14,636. Charges: taxes, $4,933; hire of equipment, $132—total, $5,065. Deficit for year, $19,701; deficit forward, $154,507—total deficit, June 30, 1914, $174,209.

"Capital stock authorized and outstanding, June 30, 1914, $200,000. Shares, $100.

"General balance sheet, June 30, 1914—Capital stock, $200,000; working liabilities, $4,132—total liabilities, $204,132. Contra: Property investment, $175,000; cash, $5,755; other working assets, $1,960; profit and loss, $21,418—total assets, $204,132.

"Officers: W. C. Fordyce, president, St. Louis, Mo.; Frank S. Yantis, first vice president, treasurer and general manager, Scott City, Kan.; Edward F. Goltra, second vice president; W. V. Delahunt, secretary, St. Louis, Mo.; B. A. Brown, auditor; Ben L. Allen, chief engineer, Scott City, Kan.; office, Scott City, Kan."

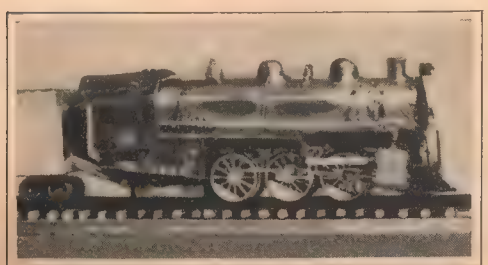
In Poor's Manual for 1918, we find the following further reference to this railroad:

"This company went into the hands of receiver October 19, 1917, ceased operations November 14, 1917, and the physical property was sold December 15, 1917, by Special Master W. P. Hackley to Joseph Hyman, 531 Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, who is taking up the track."

C. E. P., Huntsville, Ala.—A camel back locomotive was illustrated on page 122 of the April, 1930, issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. Another was pictured last month on page 434. These engines originally were built in the eastern region where hard coal was burned. Because of the fuel it was necessary to get maximum width to fire boxes, and when they had the width, they didn't have room for an engine cab. They had to hang the cab in a place where it would fit, and that was over the middle of the boiler. A shelter was extended out over the back head to protect the fireman from such inconveniences as hail, sleet, rain and snow.

R. W. C., Auburn, Ind.—Specifications of the Soo Line 4-8-2 type locomotive were published in the August, 1930, issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, on page 89. The Soo Line has three of these engines.

TINY MODEL IS AN ALCOHOL BURNER



THIS little engine model was made from raw material by W. E. Garrison, of Denton, Texas, at his watch-repair bench. Its boiler has crown sheet, firebox, firebox door, water jacket, water glass, seven flues, steam dome and smoke front. It can run 100 feet on one boiler of water, and so far it has gone more than ten miles. The engine weighs 5½ ounces and is 4¾ inches long.

An illustrated feature article on the subject of "Engine Models" will appear in the April issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

While Stillwater and His Cousin Sat Watching, No. 31 Rolled in, with Bud Carner and Red Star on the Caboose

Gangsters of the Rails

The K., G. & O. Train Robbers Made One Big Mistake When They Left Connie to Die in Old "Cap" Turner's Abandoned Storeroom

CONNIE TURNER, a brakeman on the K., G. & O. from the Cootie's Bluff section of the Ozarks, was out to avenge the murder of his pal, "Spike" Moody. He and Spike had got jobs together on the railroad after Connie had rescued "Big Jim" Stillwater, division superintendent, whom gangsters had gagged and bound to the rails in front of an oncoming express.

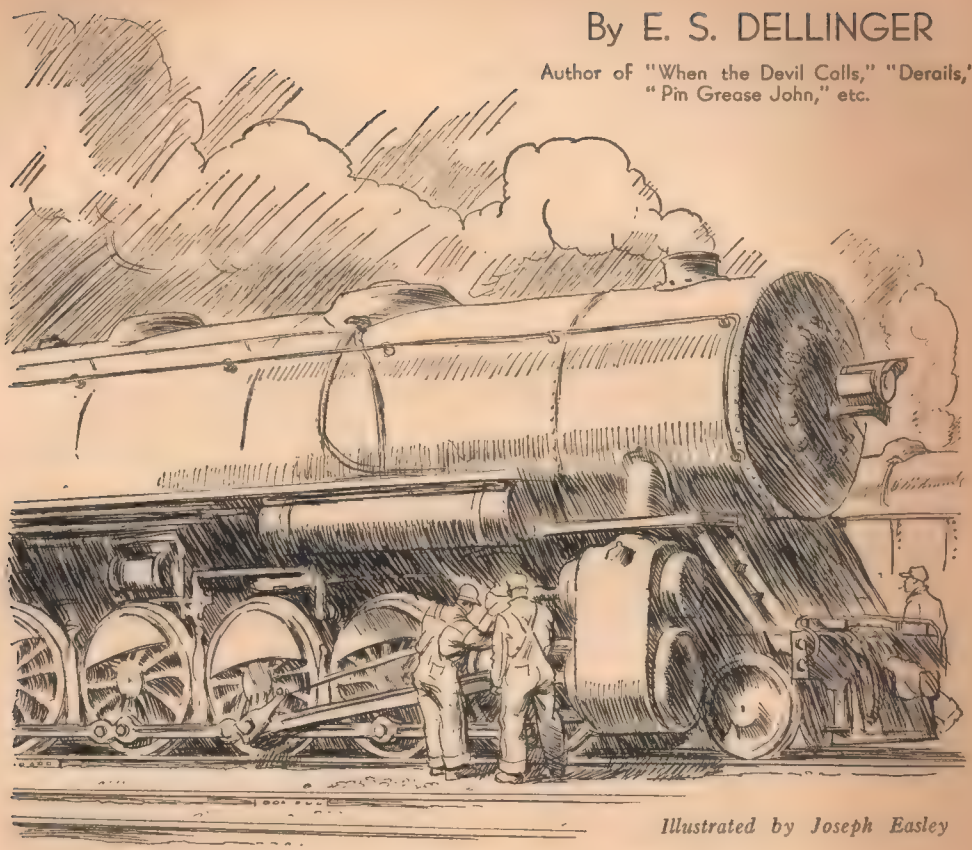
Big Jim's father, who had built the K., G. & O., had been murdered by the Wolf Creek Gang at Cootie's Bluff. Connie's father, accused of the crime, had been killed by Green Star. Star had disappeared. Several years afterward Trainmaster J. Clarence Blaney hired his son, Red Star, as a brakeman on the K., G. & O.

Spike and other loyal employees of the road were murdered by the gang, and train robberies were frequent, but rigid investigations proved fruitless. Those who knew were not telling. Stillwater's cousin, Leona — Connie's sweetheart—was fired from a job in the trainmaster's office.

Then the girl went abroad, while Big Jim, assisted by young Turner and other Stillwater adherents, did

By E. S. DELLINGER

Author of "When the Devil Calls," "Derails," "Pin Grease John," etc.



Illustrated by Joseph Easley

what he could to get at the bottom of the murder-robber mystery from which the K., G. & O. was suffering heavily.

Connie was seized by the gangsters, but escaped in time to spoil a plot. However, he was charged with complicity, was arrested and thrown into jail, and later was let out on bail pending the trial.

Big Jim arranged for the bail so that the young brakeman could look for clews in the Cootie's Bluff section.

Suspecting that loot was hidden on Blaney's farm, Connie investigated and again was trapped. Wills, a renegade ex-brakeman, covered him with a gun in one of Blaney's twin silos. *This summarizes preceding chapters. The narrative continues:*

CHAPTER XXVI

A MOMENT later Connie Turner had been handcuffed and was being hurried unceremoniously out of the elevator by the former shack, Wills, and his undersized companion, Parsons. Little time was given Connie to inspect his surroundings; but in the dim light of weak electric bulbs hung at intervals from the ceiling, he could see that he was being dragged through a vast underground storeroom. He glimpsed stacks of dry goods and cigarettes, and canned goods, carloads of it, all in crates and boxes piled here and there about the uneven floor.

In one part of the cavern were

parked several trucks and a few new automobiles—stolen cars, Turner reckoned. He wondered how they had been brought into the cavern.

But when a few hundred feet from the elevator down which he had come, he passed another steel and concrete cage, twenty-four feet long by ten or twelve wide, he reasoned at once that this must be a second elevator, coming down from the Blaney barn.

From the storeroom he was hurried through a winding passage. In places, where apparently the roof and floor had almost met, or where the cavern all but pinched out, rock had been blasted away until at no point was the width less than eight feet nor its height less than nine. After following this passage for a distance, they reached a branch opening coming in from the right. His captors turned into this passage and passed through a rough door into a well-lighted room evidently used as an office.

On the left were desks with typewriters. On the right an operator leaned over a table where telegraph instruments clicked incessantly. In the farther end, between two closed doors leading out of the office room toward the rear, a big man with iron gray hair sat dictating to a pale youth beside him. That was the big boss, the Mogul, Connie learned later.

Wills stopped with his party at a railing which crossed the room ten feet in front of the desk. The Mogul glanced frowningly at them, then continued his dictation.

Connie, trying to subdue the pounding of his heart while he waited, listened to the chatter of the telegraph instruments. One was sounding out a train order. He took it mentally.

Order Number Nineteen is annulled. Number 9, eng 2763 will meet Number 4, eng 1569 at Mountainview instead of Harwood.

That order registered, but somehow it didn't jibe. Harwood and Mountainview were on the G. & P., not on the K., G. & O.

A second instrument was ticking away at a manifest report for Train No. 378. There was no train of that number on the K., G. & O. A third one was reporting the cars at Cootie's Bluff.

Wills grasped the young brakeman roughly and shoved him forward to the desk. The Mogul removed his cigar and placed it in the ash tray.

"Here's the bird that's been nosin' into our business so much of late," growled Wills. "This mornin' he got prowlin' around the silo, an' Parsons an' me nabbed him."

The big man glowered angrily. "Didn't I tell you never to bring in a man unless it was absolutely necessary?"

"Kinda seems to me like this is absolutely necessary. The brass hat said—"

"I'm running this end of the game."

Wills stepped back, leaving Connie to face the Mogul alone. The latter drummed on the desk with a lead pencil. Then he said bitterly:

"There's only one thing we can do, Wills, unless—"

The Mogul turned to Connie with a burned-out smile.

"Turner," he began apologetically, "I regret you've wormed your way into our affairs as you have. I rather like you. But you've seen things no man can see and live—unless he is one of us." He paused. "Now, if you'd care to join this company—"

"Join your gang of thieves and murderers and bloodsuckers!" broke in Connie. "I'd see you in hell first!"

The smile left the Mogul's face. Lightning flashed in his cavernous eyes. Wills laughed harshly. The Mogul turned from Connie and said in a voice as smooth as oil:

"Bring the Jitsu, Wills, and when the Jitsu has finished with this bird you can release him to-night at Cootie's Bluff as No. 35 stops there for orders. Barton will be on Thirty-five to-night."

Wills shot a triumphant leer at Connie, then, followed by Parsons, left the room. The Mogul turned to Connie after a moment's hesitation, and in the same silky voice continued:

"We never kill except in self-defense, Turner. That is why we are releasing you."

For a split second Connie's heart leaped with hope while the full significance of the softly spoken words filtered to his tired brain. "We never kill—"

No, they had not killed Spike Moody. They had not killed Bill Warder. His loyal heart became a swelling lump which climbed his throat to choke him. Was he to go as they had gone? Maybe it was not yet too late to save himself by accepting their terms, by joining them. No! Even if he should join them, he would be but a tool in their hands to be used until worn out, then discarded.

Connie squared his shoulders and waited. Soon the two henchmen returned, bringing a third, a weird, loathsome being which Connie knew at first sight was none other than the Jitsu—*the dreaded killer of the gang, come for him!*

At first glance, the Jitsu appeared to be old—ancient. His bullet head was bald on top, fringed about the base with white hair which hung in unkempt mats to his shoulders. His beard, white save where it was streaked with tobacco juice, fell to his waist. His feet were bare. He wore only a dirty cotton shirt, with sleeves rolled above the elbows, and a pair of bib overalls. The hands were like claws, bony fingers with nails an inch long.

But the feature that struck Connie most, as he watched the killer approach, muttering some crazy jargon, was the pair of tiny eyes set in red-rimmed sockets, deeply sunken in the wrinkled pallid face. They were green like an idol's. They shimmered like those of panther or lion in the firelight. Those eyes were frightful.

Connie shuddered involuntarily, shrank back against the wall, uttered a hoarse cry of fear as the Jitsu advanced, hands outstretched toward him.

The Jitsu stopped, his snaggled teeth bared in sickly grin. The hands fell trembling to the dirty overalls. The green eyes grew wide with terror. The killer slunk back toward the Mogul's desk.

Wills grabbed him roughly by the shoulder, swung him about. "Git him, Jitsu, you damned fool!"

But the Jitsu, who had now ceased muttering, refused to be pushed forward. He crouched back whispering hoarsely:

"Yuh dassent touch that — Boss—That's—that's Cap—Turner."

"That ain't Cap Turner, you fool," yelled Wills. "That's Cap Turner's—"

"Cap Turner," croaked the killer. "Cap Turner back from hell—an'—an' don't you dassent touch him!"

Connie straightened up and took two steps forward. The old man screamed like a wild thing, tore loose from the grasp of Wills and went leaping from the room like a maniac.

Wills and the Mogul looked at each other.

"You ain't goin' to let the old nut git away with that, are yuh?" sneered Wills.

The Mogul shrugged. "The Jitsu has a wonderful intuition, Wills—a wonderful intuition—"

"If he won't kill this bird, then I will. I ain't takin' no—"

"We don't have to kill him, fella," soothed the Mogul. "We will put him in—in Cap Turner's old storeroom." The Mogul smiled suavely. "And you can feed him, Wills. No blood will be shed, no bones broken."

Taking a big flash light from his desk, the Mogul led the way out of the subterranean office, turned to the right and led down into a part of the cavern which appeared to be unused by the outlaws. They followed this winding passage until they crossed a stream entering in at right angles, and climbed up over slick mud and rock ledges and through a passage so narrow that they could proceed only in single file, creeping on all fours.

When they had passed the narrowest place and could once more walk upright, they came to a heavy steel door. As the Mogul flashed the light over the door with its combination lock red with the rust of years, Connie was struck with a strange sense of familiarity. It seemed to him he had faced this door in another world, another life. Yet, he had no conscious recollection of ever having been in this cavern before.

He studied the door with interest as the Mogul began fumbling with the lock. It seemed to have been seldom used. Before it, rocks had fallen.

"Damn' thing's prob'ly stuck," growled Wills. "'Tain't been opened for three—four years."

"We'll soon know whether it is or not," returned the Mogul.

He twirled the right knob, then the left, moved his hands quickly from combination to handle. There was the creak of rusty hinges. The door swung open. The Mogul flashed his light inside.

The room, dry as a powder house, seemed to have been untouched for ages. It was irregular in shape, with walls of layered limestone. In the walls on both the right and left, at a distance of ten feet from the entrance, was a single crevice four or five inches wide, extending from floor to roof. And the floor was covered deeply with white sand.

Its contents were few. Some old wooden boxes, black with age, a wrecked steel safe leaning crazily against the right wall, an ancient bed made of unplaned pine boards against the left.

"I'm sorry we have no better guest room," apologized the Mogul. "We have so few honest men like yourself who need our special hospitality, that we have neglected this feature of our equipment."

Parsons stuck the barrel of his automatic in Connie's ribs. Wills removed the handcuffs, rummaged through Connie's pockets, removing the few coins, his watch, his wallet, and his knife, drove him before them to the door, forced him to hold his hands above his head, and passed out into the cavern.

"Are—are you goin' to leave me here to die—like a rat?" asked Connie in a voice that shook.

Wills laughed. Parsons thrust his face inside the door and snarled: "See how you like it, yuh big slob. If yuh hadn't untied Stillwater off—"

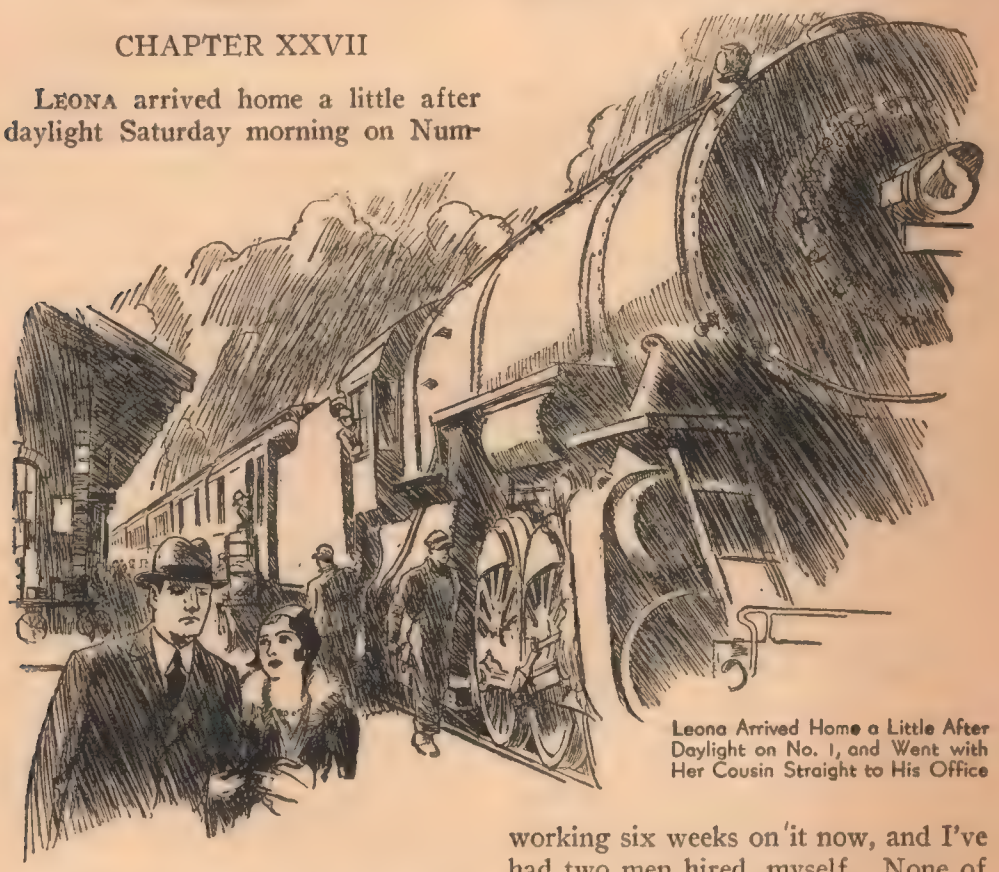
"Shut up, Parsons," ordered the

Mogul. To Connie he said, " You had your chance, Turner. You made your choice. There is no reprieve."

With that they closed the door. The lock clicked, and Connie was left alone in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXVII

LEONA arrived home a little after daylight Saturday morning on Number One, and went with her cousin, Jim Stillwater, straight to his office. Having got the story of Connie's arrest and of the charges against him, she had come immediately, hoping she might be able to help in some way.



Leona Arrived Home a Little After Daylight on No. 1, and Went with Her Cousin Straight to His Office

" There's absolutely nothing you can do, Leona," Big Jim told her. " We don't know what they've got in the way of evidence. I don't believe they can stick him on the circumstantial they have. But the bull that was in the car with Snell's showed up. He's been closeted with Blaney and also with Morton. I don't know what he's tellin'. Wills is still missing. It looks to me like a pretty tight frame-up unless we can actually produce something definite by Monday. Connie's been working six weeks on it now, and I've had two men hired, myself. None of them have been able to get anywhere."

" Blaney's behind it, of course."

" Sure. Blaney's behind everything. But you can't prove it. Doing crooked work and getting by with it seems to be a family trait."

" Blaney has even fooled Mr. Morton, Jim."

Through the dreary light they watched the caboose of No. 36 as she headed north out of the Gates yards. The conductor stood out on the back

platform smoking. The hind brakeman was waving at a couple of office girls coming to work. Often Connie had so waved at her from his caboose.

"When is—is he coming back, Jim?" she asked huskily.

"Sometime to-day. I look for him this morning on Thirty-one. Want to see him?"

Big Jim gave his cousin's arm a playful squeeze. She looked up at him with a smile, and, leaving the office, went down to the apartment, telling him to call her as soon as Connie came into town.

About two o'clock that afternoon, receiving no word, she went back to the office. Big Jim was busy most of the afternoon; but as evening drew on and Connie did not put in his appearance, he became visibly restless and nervous. He smoked constantly. He walked the floor and watched first the yards, then the street. About five o'clock the gray sky began dripping.

They had their supper brought up from the restaurant and ate in the office. At eight, Connie's attorney came up for a word with Big Jim.

"You don't reckon he'd skip his bond on us, do you, Stillwater?" asked the attorney.

"You don't reckon I'd have helped him out if he'd been that kind, do you?" countered the superintendent.

"You know his pedigree, Stillwater—a Turner from Cootie's Bluff—"

"That doesn't spell anything, Edwards. The kid's true blue. He'll show up unless something's happened to him. Maybe he's stumbled onto something."

"Yes, and maybe he's hunting a hole," returned the lawyer, still unconvinced. "I'm not sure but that I would be."

Until after midnight that night Big Jim and Leona remained at the office, expecting him to come. They discussed her trip, the gossip of Gates, prospects for the merger of the K., G. & O. with the P. & C., coming back always to the thing uppermost in both their minds—the stealing on the K., G. & O. and the disappearance of Connie Turner.

About 12.30 they went home, leaving instructions for the dispatcher to let them know if anything showed up. Sunday morning they arose bright and early. After choking down a few bits of toast, they returned to the office.

No. 31 came in, with Bud Carner and Red Star on the caboose. As they passed the office where Stillwater and his cousin sat watching, Star said something to Carner and both laughed.

At ten o'clock, though it was still raining, when no word had come from Connie, they decided to go to the Moody place and talk to the young brakeman's foster parents.

Uncle Tom and Aunt Sally were flustered by the presence of visitors. Big Jim and Leona were invited into the best room, where the superintendent introduced himself and his cousin.

"So you aire Connie's gal, aire ye?" The old lady peered appraisingly at the trim figure of Leona neatly dressed in a gray suit.

She flushed, then answered simply: "Connie and I have been good friends."

"He allus did have mighty good taste, Connie did; an' my Spike said he war sure crazy about ye."

"Where is Connie?" asked Mr. Stillwater.

"Connie? Why, Connie aire gone to Gates to face that aire trial. Ain't that the beatin'est thing—"

"Gone to Gates?"

"Yessir. He slep' here Friday till atter noon, an' then he left, sayin' he wouldn't see us no more till atter the trial was over. Ain't you seed him?"

"No. He hasn't shown up in Gates yet."

The old lady shook her head uncertainly. Leona was pale. This shattered their last faint hope that he was safe. Big Jim's shoulders were stooped. He looked old.

"And you have no idea where we'll find him?" he asked.

"None whatever. Eff'n he's alive he'll be thar fer that trial, though."

Big Jim and Leona arose to go. The old folks, one on either side, their faces drawn with uneasiness, accompanied them to the door. Leona gave Uncle Tom her hand. She stooped and planted a kiss on the old lady's forehead. Aunt Sally stood in the door until they were halfway down to the track, then Leona heard her say to Uncle Tom: "Well, did you ever?"

All that day they drove up and down the valley, but no word of Connie did they hear. On Monday morning court was convened and the case of the State vs. Conrad Turner was called. Attorney Edwards was compelled to announce that the defendant was not present. On motion of the prosecution, the bond was declared forfeited, and instructions were given to institute a search.

On the streets as the day wore into evening, men whispered that Turner had jumped his bond and Stillwater had paid it. Rumors were set afloat that Stillwater knew the bond was to be forfeited when he put it up.

Connie's friends began slapping each other on the back because they had not gone his bail. J. Clarence Blaney strutted about town with his pompous air and his smirking expression which said but too plainly: "I told you so!"

On Tuesday morning, when General Manager Morton left for Kansas City, he parted from Stillwater with a coldness such as the superintendent had never known.

Jim remained at the office but little that day. He reasoned that within a few days now he would be removed on suspicion and Blaney promoted to his position.

He stayed with Leona, keeping her company, for though she did not weep nor tear her hair, yet clearly written on her sensitive face was the agony of spirit which she dared not show. Tuesday was the darkest day that had come to Big Jim Stillwater's life since his father had been murdered by the denizens of Cootie's Bluff.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CONNIE'S first feeling was one of utter panic. He pounded the heavy door with his fists. He cried out frantically to Wills, to Parsons, to the Mogul, not to let him die like a rat.

But with the return of reason, he knew that his cries would go unheard in the vast loneliness of his subterranean prison. He surmised that, despite the Mogul's instructions to Wills that he be fed, he would never again see the face of one of his captors nor the light of day. He would starve to death or die of thirst, and no one would be the wiser.

Connie felt in his vest pocket, found a few matches which Wills had overlooked in his hasty frisking, lighted one and looked about him. Walking over to the boxes, he kicked them. All were empty but one. It contained a few charred pine knots which some

former occupant had left here for torches.

The match burned his fingers. He used another, gathered together a few of the pine slivers and lighted them. With this improvised torch he explored his prison carefully.

He found that a draft of air crossed the old storeroom, entering at the crevice on the left, sucking out at the one on the right. The captive stood for a long while studying the two crevices. Neither was sufficiently large to do him any good. A cat could scarcely crawl out through it, though he could see, when he thrust his torch inside, the opening widened into another cavern only a few feet from its beginning.

With a sigh he turned from the crevice to study the old safe. Cap Turner's storeroom, they had called this place. Perhaps this was Cap Turner's old safe. He held his torch down to examine it. The door was off the hinges. The devils had blown the safe after their captain's death. He wondered what they had found.

Dropping upon his right knee, he thrust his hand into the yawning opening and drew out a soiled, musty envelope. The date was two years before he was born. The address was in a feminine hand, a peculiar back-hand slant: "Mr. Wm. Turner, Jr."

Connie examined the empty envelope carefully. That would be his mother's writing. He folded the paper and thrust it into the hip pocket of his overalls. His mother had died of a broken heart, Aunt Nancy had often told him, grieving for her husband who had been made a fool of by "Long Bob" Blaney, the present trainmaster's father.

He lifted the light to stare once more about him. Weird shadows playing over blackened walls, over the rickety old wooden bed, over the blown safe, over the white sanded floor, brought to him once more the strange sense of familiarity. Surely he had seen this place before. Still, try as he would, he could not fix upon one single object which he could distinctly place in memory.

The torch was burning low, the smoke beginning to stifle, before he continued his inspection. Moving to the end of the vault opposite the entrance, he expected to find the cavern pinching out, coming to an abrupt end in natural rock formation. He was somewhat surprised, therefore, to discover that such was not the case.

Instead of the natural formation, he found the cavern had been closed at a narrow place similar to that at the opposite end, only here by a wall built of nine blocks of hewn limestone, carefully fitted together and set in lime mortar.

Connie examined the wall with interest. Every joint was true as a skilled mason could make it. He picked up a heavy stone and pounded the wall. It gave back an echo not vastly different from the natural walls of the cavern. Then he sighed. This vault his father had built would be his tomb.

He shifted the rapidly shortening splinters of his torch, fumbled the envelope in his hip pocket. And there came to him a vision of the two graves just within the right-of-way of the K., G. & O.—two graves where once had been a limestone marker at the big one which he had put there as a boy, and at the other a weathered headboard made of black walnut, with a heart carved upon it.

The youth turned from the wall, extinguished the last embers of his torch, and dropped wearily upon the old bed to think of the past twenty-four hours.

It was, indeed, a strange company into which he had fallen. No wonder the general manager had been frantic. They were stealing from the K., G. & O. on a scale which would soon plunge the railway into bankruptcy unless their vandalism could be stopped.

Dreams Came to the Imprisoned Connie—Dreams of Water and Trains and Leona Stillwater. . . . She Had Closed the Switch and Was Wading along the Main Line toward Him

Connie made a rough count of the men. He had seen fourteen within the cavern, including the Mogul and the Jitsu. These, he guessed, were hunted men like Parsons and Wills. Then without there was J. Clarence Blaney. Perhaps others also.

Did not Blaney have access to all bills of lading of cars in transit? He had but to send a simple message to his gang located here in the heart of the hills. No, he did not even need to send the message; Connie had seen that the dispatcher's wire to Gates was tapped, so that every train order and every report came directly through the subterranean office of the gang.

Yes, now that he thought of it, even the wires of the G. & P. and the S. & S. also came into that office. That accounted for the three distinct telegraph sets he had seen. The scheme was even bigger than he had guessed.

At last he knew what Big Jim had been working years to learn, knew it all. Enough to send Blaney and twenty others to the penitentiary, if not to the gallows. But — they had him where he could never tell. They

would get Big Jim some day, and maybe Leona.

CHAPTER XXIX

For the first time in his life, Connie, who had not eaten or drunk since the preceding night, was beginning to feel the pangs of real hunger and thirst. Yet, so worn out was he that, lying on the old straw, he fell asleep.

Dreams came to him—dreams of water and trains and Leona Stillwater. He was headed in now at Logan. The river was over the track. Water came almost to the steps of his caboose.

Leona Stillwater had closed the switch for him, was wading along the main line toward him. Was she wading? No, she had stopped. Number Seven whistled for the station. Leona stretched out her arms to him for help.

Connie tried to get off the caboose, could not move. He tried to call Spike and Old Pig-iron Carson. Why didn't they come?

While he stood helpless, the engine thundered over, and on the platform of the caboose attached to the passenger coaches, J. Clarence Blaney stood twirking his nose, and pointing down where Leona still was trying to rise from the rails.

With a hoarse cry, Connie arose to sit on the edge of the bed. He felt about him, groped for his watch, recalled where he was and groaned. Then he remained listening, staring into the black vault ahead of him. There was a strange pulsating, vibrating movement—strange, yet familiar. It died out.

He sat still—for hours, it seemed. Again came that same jarring, vibrating, half felt, half heard, as of a train thundering over a bridge in the far distance.

"Number Seven!" he whispered. "Seven and Five!"

Again he waited, hoping for a repetition of the sound. Yes, there it came again, growing out of the stillness and gloom, growing to a sort of dull whisper, then dying away as it had come. That would be the "Flying Crow."

Time after time, as the weary, torturing hours dragged by, he felt or heard that vibration repeated. He came to wait and lie awake for that and the vibration caused by the more scattered movement of other trains as the one external sign which marked the passage of empty time.

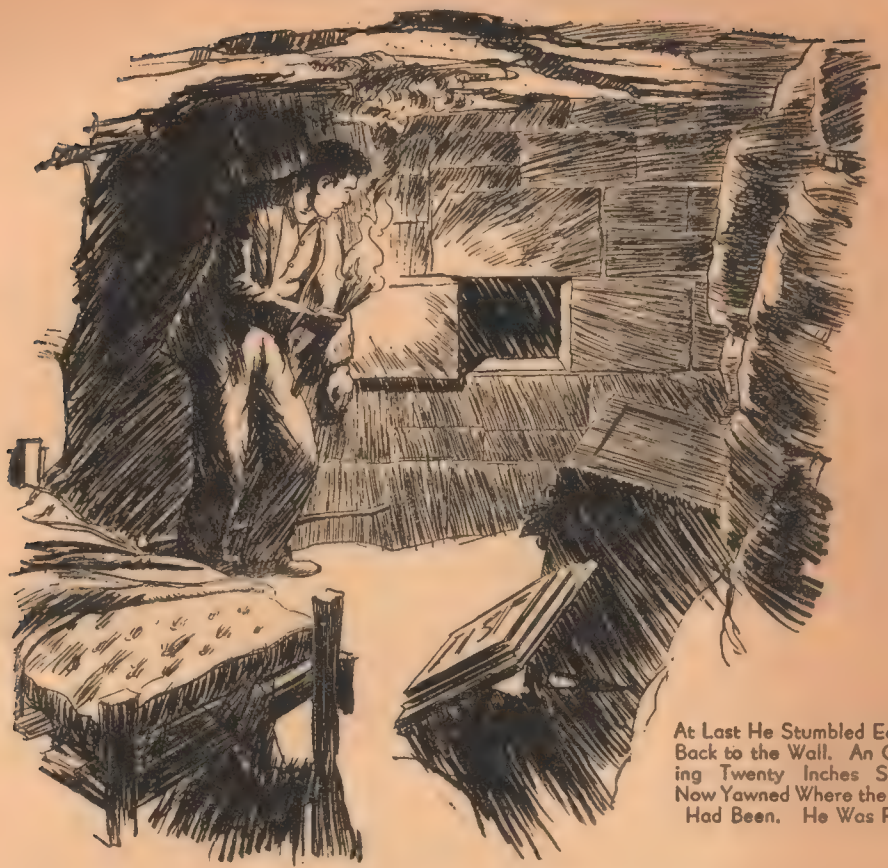
Number Six going up, Seven and Five down, Thirty-two, the Gulf Coast fruit, and then the Flying Crow. Three times he heard them go. Saturday morning, Sunday morning, Monday morning—

He was due in Gates to-day. His trial would be called. He would not answer. Big Jim Stillwater would forfeit ten thousand dollars put up for bail.

Four times already Connie had struck a match, had lighted a torch, and had examined the walls of his prison, hoping that some miraculous means of escape might open. Despair settled slowly upon him.

The hours were lengthening. Fever came, and hunger and thirst and uncontrolled fear. On Tuesday morning when the trains came by, he lay panting and waiting—waiting for the end.

Connie fell into a sleep of exhaustion. When he awoke it was well past midnight. He struggled to a sitting posture. Slipped off the bed to his knees and tried to pray. But there were no words. Once more he removed straw from the tick and lighted



At Last He Stumbled Eagerly Back to the Wall. An Opening Twenty Inches Square Now Yawned Where the Block Had Been. He Was Free!

it. *One match left!* Only one! But he would not need it by to-morrow—

He crept to the dwindling pile of pine sticks and made a bundle which he lighted. Slowly, he worked the bed back from the wall until he could squeeze by it and squat upon the sand in the corner. There was—there should be a lever. He had dreamed there was. He clawed madly in the sand. His hand touched a strip of iron. Was it iron? It felt like a huge reverse lever lying in the sand.

For a moment he thought he must still be dreaming. Or had he dreamed? Was it memory? He thought he could see a big, bearded man—his father, he guessed—squatting in the sand and working at a lever.

Hope spurred his conscious mind once more to mastery. A lever! The captive had found a lever. He shoved the bed farther away. He worked feverishly at the heavy strap. Bit by bit it moved away from the cavern floor.

Now it was above the sand. He got both hands beneath it. Then he used both hands and feet. It came to the level of his knees, grating and jarring.

He stood up and, bracing his head against the wall, tugged with all his might. It moved to his waist. He got under it with his shoulder and worked until it was perpendicular against the hewn stones. Not another inch would it budge.

Taking the torch, he staggered with it to the opening and looked. The

center block had moved inward. He took hold of it and tried to pull it loose. It was solid as the wall itself.

Trembling with weakness and excitement, he stumbled back to the lever. It would go no farther. He took hold of it, shook it, worked it back and forth. It seemed to change directions and pull toward the door. He moved it slowly, then more rapidly downward until it was almost level with the floor.

At last he stumbled eagerly back to the wall. An opening twenty inches square now yawned where the block had been, the block projecting as a double sliding door hinged within the wall. *He was free!*

Connie's first impulse was to flee from this place of horrors as quickly as possible and to seek the air. But caution restrained him. He shoved the bed back against the wall and erased the signs of its movement before he crawled out through the opening. Then, with a new torch lighted, he went stumbling hurriedly down the dark passage, trembling with weakness and excitement.

For a full half hour he stumbled on, down at first for what seemed hundreds of feet, then up and up and up over slippery ledges, stopping only to revel in the cold water which crossed the cavern in gurgling streams or trickled from the roof.

A train roared down the valley, shaking the earth and scattering pebbles from the roof.

At the end of that time he reached a point where the cavern ended abruptly, closed apparently by a jumble of stones caved in from the roof overhead. With a despairing murmur the youth sank down upon the stones, head clasped in his hands, and wept like a baby. Sobs shook his frame, tears streamed down his stubbled cheeks.

"Caved in!" he cried within himself. "Caved in—and this is the end!"

While he sat hopelessly staring at the sticks of his shortening torch, knowing that this torch would be gone long before he could return to the last mouth and try another passage, he heard a sound — muffled, but unmistakable. It seemed ages since he had heard it — that "Wha-a — wha-a— wha-a—wha-a-a-oo." Shorty McCall! Whistling for a crossing!

His torch had burned his fingers until he was compelled to drop it. Jerking together the scattered bits which still blazed, Connie began working at the stones in the passage.

The freight rattled by with a drumming of the exhaust, the thumping of wheels on joints, the rattle of brake shoes, and the squeal of flanges. He must be at the surface, close beside the track! He pulled at those stones like a madman. One came loose. He tossed it down the cavern behind him. Another followed, and another. For a time, as fast as he removed one, another would roll down to take its place.

By and by no more stones came. He felt cautiously upward. All he could find was a single strap of iron like a piece of wagon tire. He crept into a round shaft, no bigger than a barrel, and stood upright.

Clinging to the stones which walled the shaft, he climbed out of it to stand on solid rock. He tried to see where he was. He could hear outside the blowing of the wind, the whistle of a train miles away, the distant baying of a hound.

Taking out the match safe Leona had given him, Connie removed his last match and struck it. He stood staring about at the weird shadows, at spider webs hanging from rotting joists, at broken steps, at caving walls.

Could it be? Why, of course! Why hadn't he thought of it before? Where else could that passage from Cap Turner's old storeroom lead except to Cap Turner's old home?

Once more outside under the stars, he stood reveling in their light. It was clear and cold. A tang of frost was in the air. So overjoyed was he with his freedom that at first he did not think. Then the Flying Crow came by—the crash of her exhaust sounding as if it would tear out the grates and blow them through the stack.

This aroused him to his next problem—get word to Big Jim Stillwater. His pocket sending set was gone. Besides, he probably could not climb a pole, weak as he was. If he should go to Cootie's Bluff to send a message, like enough the operator would tip off the gang in the cavern. He suspected the operator as being in with them.

If he should go to Moody's and tried to get word through them—well, neither of the old folks could walk the two miles to Bill's place more quickly than he could make it on to Blaney's Spur.

That was it! He would go to Blaney's Spur, cave in a window in the box car office, cut in his message to Big Jim, giving as a meeting place a point under the bluff below the Spur, upon which they had once agreed. The code word for that spot was—he thought a long time. Yes, that was the spot to which Big Jim would come if he sent the one word: "Coldwater."

CHAPTER XXX

It was between five and six o'clock in the morning when Connie cut in his message to Mr. Stillwater. The operator in the office room in the cavern caught it, of course; but believing it another fake sent out by one of their own gang to plague Stillwater, he did not even call the Mogul to tell him. That's where the operator pulled his bonehead play.

The third trick dispatcher called the superintendent immediately, and gave him the message. He, too, thought it a fake; so did Big Jim.

But the superintendent lost no time. He hit the floor running, called two operatives who were helping him, and taking them along, burned up the highway to Blaney's Spur. It was after seven when he arrived.

Connie, having drunk too much water, and the excitement having died out of him, was lying under the rocks in a half stupor. The thickened tongue still filled his mouth until he could but mutter incoherently, even in the moments when his mind was clear.

Through these mutterings Mr. Stillwater gathered a few of the main facts. Connie had caught the gang robbing Bud Carner's train. Yes, Carner knew it. He had overheard Carner and his brakeman talking. He had seen the stuff taken into Blaney's barn and a part of it to the twin silos.

In trying to locate it definitely in the silo he had been trapped. The silo was an elevator leading down into the cavern where they stored their stuff. He had escaped through a secret exit. He thought they would never miss him. They had left him there to die.

The young brakeman knew enough to send the whole gang to prison. This much the superintendent learned on the way into Gates where he took Connie to the hospital.

It was between eight and nine o'clock when they arrived at the hospital where Connie could be looked after. Thinking that he had com-

pletely escaped observation in getting the brakeman to the hospital, Stillwater gave instructions that he and his group were not to be disturbed in any way.

He considered it best to withhold any announcement of his discoveries, also to defer making a report of the matter of Mr. Morton, and to postpone any arrests until he had the trap ready to spring and catch the whole gang. That's where Big Jim blundered.

At five minutes to nine, some hand, an unknown hand, so the first trick dispatcher declared, cut in on the dispatcher's wire with the message:

TURNER IN GATES HOSPITAL WITH STILLWATER AND BULLS.

Who sent that message is not known to this day. The $1,000 reward offered for his apprehension still stands. It was just one short sentence; but running over the system like a streak of greased lightning, it sent gangsters fleeing for the cavern like a flock of rooming-house bedbugs when the light comes on.

Within the cavern headquarters was rank unbelief. No human being could escape from Cap Turner's old storeroom! Even a rat could not get out of there!

But when a hasty survey of the erstwhile prison revealed the fact that the prisoner had gone, there were consternation, recriminations, threats of mutiny and murder.

Wills and Parsons, pouncing upon the idea that the old Jitsu, who had refused to kill Connie, had helped him to escape, hustled the aged killer off to the prison and shoved him inside the door to starve to death. They didn't even consider that the Jitsu didn't have the combination to the door.

A group of workmen were for leaving this dungeon before they were blocked in, for risking the light of day rather than to have their last avenues of escape cut off. But the Mogul calmly held them, promised division of spoils, assured them that a means of escape in case of discovery had not been overlooked in the construction of their underground plant.

Above ground, the thieves who masqueraded as railroaders, being absolutely in the dark as to how much had been discovered, went scurrying for shelter.

The moment confirmation of Connie's escape came from the cavern, J. Clarence Blaney walked boldly from his office, went to his apartment, emerged with brief case and hand bag, and, entering his sedan, drove rapidly away in the direction of Cootie's Bluff.

Bud Carner and his crew, getting the news in Locust Grove, pulled the air halfway to Blaney's Spur and left their train. In Gates, a switch engine was deserted on the lead; a yardmaster quit his shift; an operator left his key; and a dispatcher, aroused from sleep, kissed his wife and kiddies goodby and was never seen again.

Within thirty minutes after the news of Connie's return had leaked through—long before he had finished the painful narration of his adventure, long before any organization for handling the situation could be perfected, or outside help secured—those parasites, able to rob and steal and kill in the dark, but unable to stand up and fight full-grown law, had sought, as in the past, the kindly shelter of Cootie's Bluff.

While the thieves were snatching what few belongings they could gather at one sweep and scurrying for shelter, Leona Stillwater, unable to remain

inactive, had hastened to the hospital to see Connie.

Anxious as she was to see Connie, they told her he could not be seen. Failing in that, she returned home. As she alighted from her car, a messenger boy rode down from the direction of the office and handed her a note. It was typed on Big Jim's stationery. The girl read it in haste:

> Leona, go down and tell Connie's old folks he's come in with the dope and that he's okay. JIM.

She hopped into the roadster and, having driven straight through Cootie's Bluff, parked the car under the trees by the path leading up to the Moody place, eager to break the news to Uncle Tom and Aunt Sally that Connie had come home.

Since the only rumor which had leaked through to the public was that Connie had come straight from the headquarters of the gangsters, with evidence which would hang the whole crew, the three of them talked excitedly, substituting surmise where fact was lacking.

It was about eleven when she arose to leave. Aunt Sally followed her out into the yard.

"Now you aire better be keerful, honey," the old lady warned. "Don't you go lettin' them aire gang'ers git holt to you. Them's bad uns, them Blaneys is. Be keerful."

"Don't worry, Aunt Sally," laughed the girl. "They've done all they'll do, now. My cousin will have them all in jail by noon."

But that's where Leona guessed wrong. As she neared her car, parked off the highway, she saw another, a big blue sedan, which she did not remember to have seen before, parked beside it.

A second later, hearing a step behind her, she turned to stare straight into the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun.

"Don't run, miss!" said a low, commanding voice. "Reach for the tree tops and keep your mouth shut!"

Then, before she knew what was really happening, two pairs of arms seized her. A cloth was stuffed into her mouth. She was loaded into the blue car and driven rapidly away toward Cootie's Bluff.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN APRIL

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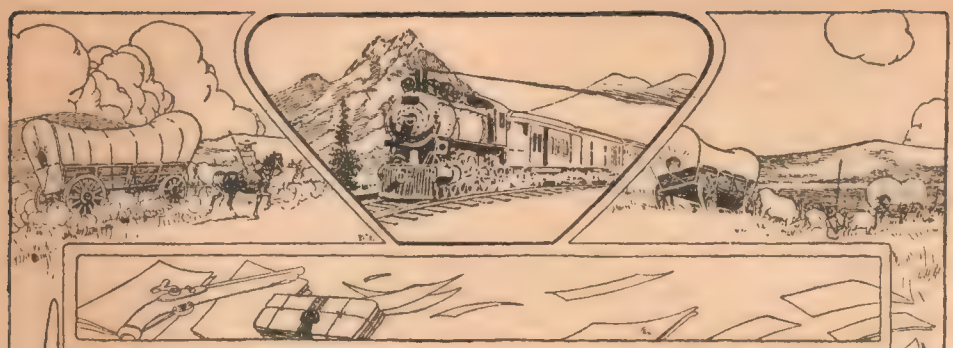
92 CARS OF LIVE STOCK IN NORTHERN PACIFIC TRAIN

ENGINE No. 5002—a sister locomotive to the 5000 described in the December, 1929, issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE—recently pulled out of Glendive, Mont., with a Northern Pacific train consisting of ninety-two cars of live stock, two coaches for attendants and a caboose. As is now the practice, this engine and train went intact through to Mandan, N. D., my home town—a distance of two hundred and sixteen miles—changing crews at Dickinson, N. D. Its running time was ten hours and forty-five minutes.

Until the advent of monster, superheater, simple Mallets such as No. 5002, a train of more than fifty carloads from Glendive through the Bad Lands for eighty miles was very rare. The big Mikados, with boosters, were seldom expected to make good stock-train schedule with more than 1,700 tons. Many hot shots have been trimmed to forty cars between Glendive and Dickinson, while from Dickinson east to Mandan ten cars, if available, might be added

Now the one and one-half per cent grades are negotiated by leviathans of the rail with long trains in such a manner as to cause one to inquire, "Where are them hills?" The general opinion of these Mallets is that they will do what they were designed for, pull plenty of cars. From the rail labor viewpoint, however, they are not so good, for now only one train runs where two ran before. And the boys who man them have all got "lots of whiskers."—*H. L. Childs.*



Footloose !

By OLIN LYMAN

CRADLED in the bumpers of a long-haul string,
Rumbling o'er a dimpling river, sliding south;
Northward the icy winds are wandering
But the sunny Gulf is waiting at the river's mouth.

No boss to bother me, and no job to lose;
Sandwich in my pocket—and who needs a purse?
Car wheels are crooning the Forget-it Blues,
I'm rolling down the river with a one-way nurse.

Brakie up above, I hope he doesn't meet me;
Cinders in my shirt tail, and dust in my hair;
I like to travel like a salt loves the sea,
So I'll travel while I ravel—and what d'ye care?

Something's a screaming—it's a hawk in the sky,
Down below there's digging by the road gang slave;
So I'll ride the silly bumpers while the world hums by,
Owing me a living from the crib to the grave!

The Boomers' Corner

ON to Detroit! As this is being written, it is too early to tell you just how many of the faithful will meet in the automobile capital of the world on Wednesday, April 1. In last month's Corner, we printed an announcement from Brother Charles Lyons that the Detroit boomers were all set to foster the first real meeting of the Sons of the Rolling Rust.

We doubt whether ever before in this country has such a glamorous and picturesque body been called together. All of us hope that not only the rank and file will assemble, but that company officials who have served their own boomers' days will take an active interest in what the proposed organization hopes to accomplish.

For full details about the convention communicate with Charles Lyons, Flat Rock, Michigan.

A short time ago we printed a letter from "Silent Slim" Roach relative to using old boomers' signals as sort of secret works for the proposed lodge. We reproduce the following from a brother in California:

DEAR BOOMER:

Let's all get together and ask our editor to create a code of signals. Let him alone know them to start with, then have him send a letter to every boomer in signal code. After that it's up to the boomer himself to qualify. It's a great idea.

* * *

Three Letters from Brooklyn

In welcoming this brother we are confident he will be a loyal member of the organization, and Brother Lyons would like to see him in Detroit:

DEAR BOOMER:

Have followed RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE since the December, 1920, issue, and have recognized several names in the Boomers' Corner. I don't claim to be an 18-carat tramp, but I have carried signals for some of the brothers whose records have appeared in recent editions.

I have sailed before the mast on several vessels under three flags—American, British and Swedish. The countries I visited are Great Britain, France, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Sweden, Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Egypt, French West Africa, Cape Colony, India, Australia, Canada, Mexico and Cuba. I hope to visit Brazil and Argentina this summer on my ninety-day leave.

My railroad record as brakeman and switchman can be verified by division superintendents at the various places as named herewith: C. N. W. (2) out of Ashland, Wisc., and Chicago; Great Northern (1) out of Minneapolis; M. St. P. & S. S. M. (8) out of Thief River Falls, Minn., and Schiller Park, Ill.; C. B. Q. (1) out of Chicago; C. E. I. (1) out of Danville, Ill.; F. E. C. (2) out of Fort Pierce, Fla.—was working on this pike during two Florida hurricane disasters; N. Y. C. (1) out of South Bend, Ind.; A. T. & S. Fe (2) out of Chicago; and N. Y. R. T. (1) and S. B. R. R. (1) both Brooklyn, N. Y. Am still on the N. Y. R. T., holding down the extra board.

Would like to hear from Brother A. S. Calhoun, switchman on the Missouri Pacific, Kansas City, Mo.; Brother R. C. Reynolds, switchman, last heard of in Chicago, switching on the Santa Fe; and Brother A. W. Hammel, Lyndville, Ind.

Have standing order for RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE on file, and have lined up several other brothers to carry signals also.

HENRY JACKSON,
1529 58th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

This brother has been in train service, has followed the gandy dancers, and has been a car whack and engine wiper. He has 48 States and 12 foreign countries to his credit. Now he has a piece to speak:

DEAR BOOMER:

Brother McDonald's idea in the December issue is a red-hot one. As we are both in Brooklyn, I wrote to him and we met and discussed

it farther. For the benefit of those who don't know what it's all about, I would say that Brother McDonald believes we can resurrect some abandoned railroad and make it profitable and self-supporting.

What do you think, boomer? How would you like a railroad of the boomer, by the boomer, and for the boomer? Perhaps you yourself know of some road that needs resurrecting. If you do, let's hear about it.

"SMOKY JOE" GOOGER,
465 45th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

DEAR BOOMER:

Brothers McDonald, Googer and myself have frequent meetings at McDonald's home to discuss his plan for a boomers' railroad.

We wish to extend an invitation to all boomers who are interested in his plan, as outlined in the December issue, to write to Brother McDonald, 28 Argyle Road, Brooklyn, N. Y., in order to cooperate with him. No brother will be asked to make any cash outlay.

PHIL LEIRNESS,
7109 Third Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

"Midland Memories"

When Brother Clark sat down to recall things about the old Colorado Midland, he certainly did a great job. Listen to them remember:

DEAR BOOMER:

"Midland Memories," by A. B. Clark, sure hit a soft spot in my heart. I read it over twice, for I know that pike—at least I ought to. Mr. Clark, do you know where Snowden is?

"BIG BOY,"
Pueblo, Col.

* * *

DEAR BOOMER:

It was a great surprise to me to learn, through Brother Clark's article, that the Colorado Midland was no more.

I wish he had told us something of Colorado City where the shops were located and the trains fared forth; also of Buena Vista, the end of the line—Buena Vista where the sun rose at 10 A.M.

If you've ever heard a woman scream, you can imagine the sound made by a mountain lion of which the author speaks. Along this road there were plenty of them, lurking in mountain caverns.

The saloon was ever present along this road, but as there were no towns the proprietor did business in a tent. A board was laid across two barrels and served as a bar.

I shall never forget the old bartender in Buena Vista who refused to give me a drink when an old-timer was setting them up. Said he: "That kid will learn to drink soon enough, and I am not going to start him."

He was right. I have drunk everything from KY to champagne since then. And why? I guess any old boomer knows. Not enough thrills sticking your hand in between drawbars and jerking them out again before they came together, or coupling two overlapping cars of lumber, or jumping from a low to a high car.

FRANK A. HILKER,
1513 Madison Street, Chicago.

* * *

Reports on conditions in various parts of the country have started to come in. We'd like to hear from others. The first district we hear from is Oregon:

DEAR BOOMER:

I am a fireman on the Portland Division of the Southern Pacific. The division comprises 539 miles of main line and a little over 600 miles of branch lines. We have a seniority list of 271 firemen, and at present only 44 of these are on the working list. I have 10 years and 9 months seniority here and have not been on or near the list since December 9, 1929. Worked one day on a goat in emergency this year, so there is no chance of employment here. All of us with several years' employment here are qualified as main line hostlers, having taken the examination on book of rules, etc.

The new national cut-off on our division cut our helper crews down from an average of 24 crews per day to about 6. Also, we are handling 70 to 100 cars where we handled 35 loads in 1920. We have exceptionally fine officials and good conditions, but the work just isn't here.

I am quite sure the other roads out of Portland are about the same. Five years ago I was holding a regular passenger run out of Portland, and a G. N. fireman with seven years as an engineer was firing in there. We now have 1,916 engineers who can't hold a passenger job firing.

L. S. MCCARTY,
1365 Cross Street, Eugene, Ore.

* * *

Missing Men

We have requests for the whereabouts of the following:

JIMMY R. DODDS, last seen on Superior Division, C. M. & St. P., where he had three years of seniority. Jimmy disappeared in 1926. Information about him would be appreciated by his pal, Harold A. Sabrowsky, 615 Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee.

WALTER R. MCHENRY, last heard of as fireman on the P. R. R. between Crestline, Ohio, and Conway, Pa. His old pal, C. S. Lewis, 31 South Second Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., would like to hear from him.

JACK RADICIN, former boomer, once yardmaster in St. Louis. Last heard of, Jack had gone West. If anybody knows his whereabouts, communicate with John Huhn, in care of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

* * *

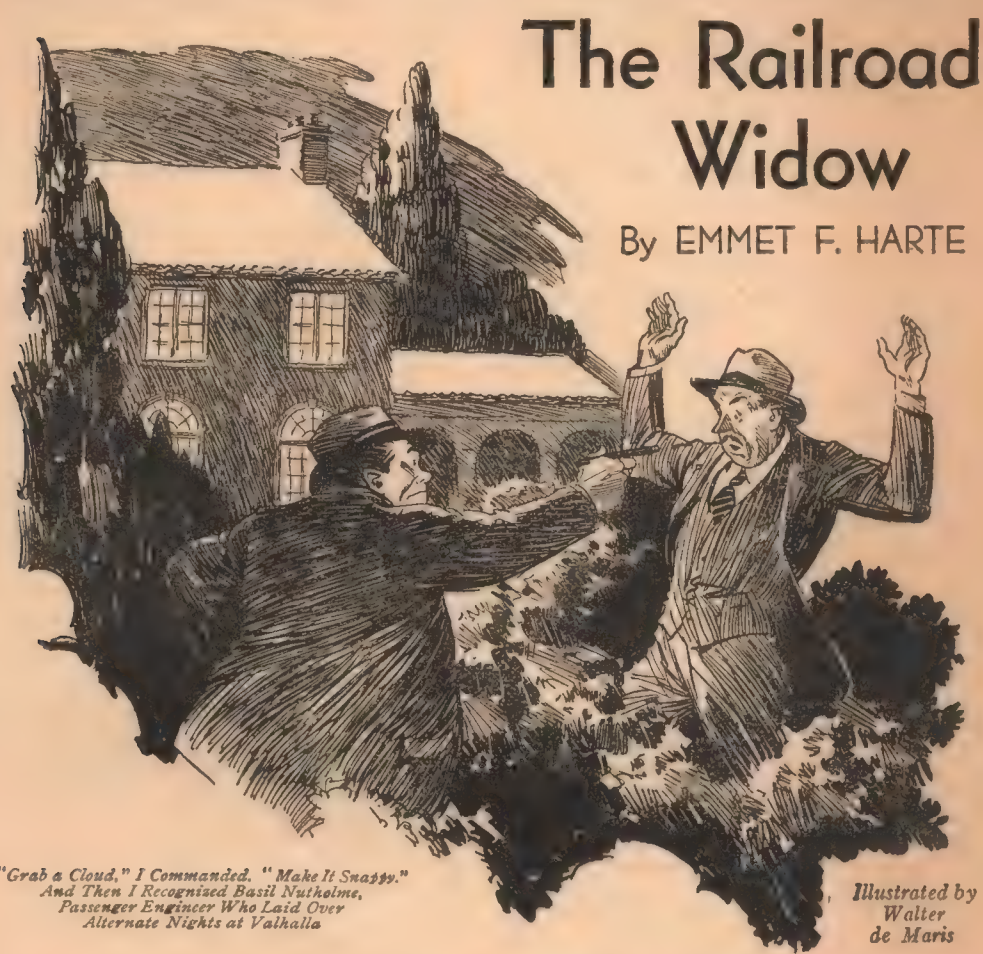
And here's a request from us:

JOHN HUHN: Please send in your address.

HONK AND HORACE ARE IN AGAIN!

The Railroad Widow

By EMMET F. HARTE



"Grab a Cloud," I Commanded. "Make It Snappy." And Then I Recognized Basil Nutholme, Passenger Engineer Who Laid Over Alternate Nights at Valhalla

Illustrated by Walter de Maris

"Harvey House Maggie" Hooked up with a Mudhop and Two Boomer Shacks, but When It Came to Husband No. 4—Well, Read the Story Yourself

OF course Honk and I wouldn't stay in Gypsum Junction forever. Forever is too long to stay anywhere. You can't keep a race horse tied to a picket pin any more than you can retain a safe-blower in a tin jail. So one day we got a come quick to hurry to Valhalla. It was a temporary promotion. The agent there had been taken with a cluster of pains. At the company hospital the docs opened him up and found most everything in bad order. So they overhauled him a plenty. Later they gave him ninety days to limber up. His assistant seized the chance to resign. Which made an emergency.

Honk and I got there in time to save the railroad.

"Soho," said Honk. "This is great. I like this burg. I aim to cut a dash socially. What are your plans, if any, Horace?"

"Who, me?" I replied. "Why, I believe I'll get a shave—"

"A bully scheme," he approved. "You look like Blackbeard the Buccaneer. Better be careful about drafts, though, after you have that fur sheared off. You'll catch cold."

I made an appropriate rejoinder and went to a barber shop. The barber had one opportunity to use all his tools. Pruning knives, scythes, sickles, scissors, clippers, chisels, razors—everything but a saw. The odd result was, when I came out of my ambushment, I felt exposed. Like a person with nothing on. For a few days I was all suffused with modesty, like a girl with her ears showing. I wanted to hide.

This false modesty got me smack into an adventure. One dark evening when my stint of labor was done for the day I rambled down on the South Side for a bumper of chili con carne at the bazaar of one Miguel Mendez.

Then I came to Hinkle Street. A street of residences in big yards, with hedges and large trees and parkways full of bushes and very few lights. Dark as a den of black cats. And in the darkest place I came suddenly on a man loitering in the lee of a bush. For a fragment of a second I thought he was a footpad. One of those furtive birds who lighten people of their wallets. Well, he'd made a bum guess this time. He seemed slow about displaying his gun. So I snatched out my fountain pen and beat him to it, getting what we Westerners call the drop. "Grab a cloud, you!" I commanded. "Make it snappy."

"Ho, I say, my word," he began—and I recognized him.

He was a passenger engineer who laid over alternate nights at Valhalla. An all right kind of a guy, only different. He was a Britisher and still youngish, about thirty-eight, and was quiet-mannered, capable and well-behaved. The name he worked under was Basil Nutholme. It sounded like fiction, but I guess it wasn't. I pocketed my weapon.

"It's Horace, by Jove!" he said. "All I was doing was, I mean to say, I just popped out to ask you for a match. My cigar lighter won't work."

As evidence of good faith he showed me that it wouldn't work. I've seen several of the same type. I staked him to a match. We chatted for a bit. And somehow the chap grew chummy and confided what was gnawing at his vitals. He was goofy about a girl, a member of the Younger Set. He'd met her at a dance. Her name was Annabelle Faversham. Her father is W. W. Faversham, president of the Chicago Western Railway, which, of course, makes Annabelle a daughter of the iron road and a popular dame with us rails.

She had given Engineer Nutholme a date or two, but lately had sort of slipped him the clammy mitten. On this particular evening he'd phoned for a tryst and had been assured by the feather duster flickerer that Miss Annabelle had done gone out.

Later, while strolling past her house, he'd lamped his doll baby through the window sitting at the piano screeching and playing as happy and carefree as ever was. And when a sport roadster stopped honking out in front, she came out and he'd heard her proclaim that she was as footloose as a grass widow newly arrived from Reno, and had piled in with four other nighthawks in the front seat to go glimmering.

Nutsy was low-spirited. I doped it out that he was wasting his time on a feather-headed damsel who, if he captured her, would be all foam, but of course it wouldn't help him any to say so. So I proposed instead that we waddle to a pharmacy and quaff a glass of fizz water to better luck next time. He gloomily assented.

Walking along we happened to see a sign board on a little house. It read "Cozy Nook Tea Shoppe." Basil's eye lit up like a couple of spotlights. "A dish of tea would be top hole," he gibbered. "Nothing like tea to cheer one's drooping spirits, dash it! What say we wrap ourselves around a few pots of brew and some toast and marmalade?"

"Cheerio, I'll try anything once," I told him.

We cantered in. A bell tinkled when we bulged into the dim little room. A girl came from somewhere in the back and placed us at a dinky table. She was my idea of a cutie. Slim, golden-haired, with a strawberry and cream complexion, and a dimple. Miss Margeret Bailey was her name. At least, she called herself "Miss." Young as she looked, we learned later that Margaret was the widow of a mudhop and two boomer brakemen. She was known far and wide as "Harvey House Maggie."

The girl flashed rows of pearls, and Nutsy's eyes opened wide with admiration. The railroad widow had a snappy line which I rather liked myself, and I made a mental resolve to become better acquainted with her.

Right away I discovered Basil's weakness. He was a tea toper. He guzzles tea the same way an old soak laps up liquor. With a gallon or so of Oolong under his belt, he became a human being. He began to laugh at my jokes without demanding that they be explained. When he wasn't teaed you had to step carefully when you told him a joke. By the time you had dissected and analyzed it for him it had matured into a chestnut. I got reckless after five or six pots and set out to drink him pie-eyed. It was a foolish ambition. He had a thousand years of tea bibbers behind him, while my forbears had only monkeyed with corn whisky and rum. About eleven o'clock we sloshed forth.

Basil suggested that we hire a taxicab by the week and paint the town. But I prevailed on him to call it a night. We parted, vowing to go another time.

I got a good squint at Annabelle Faversham a few days afterward. A school pal of hers was arriving on No. 27 from the East. She brought a mob of cut-ups and she-males down to the station to meet the expected guest. A wild party. Miss F. was dolled and painted, and led the cheering. She puffed a cigarette and pretended to be papa's flaming pullet, no kidding.

It was along there somewhere that Nutsy took to loafing around the station office and sitting like a rain crow for hours at a time with the gloom oozing out of him. He'd heave a long, soul-curdling sigh every minute or so. And finally he got on Honk's susceptible nerves. "You act like a guy with a guilty secret," Honk accused. "Why don't you go give yourself up and stand trial like a man?"

"You're dashed right, I fancy," Basil sighed. "I'm jolly well in a low state."

"Listen, you buzzards," Honk said. "I've just thought of a great idea. The way to knock a girl like Annabelle Faversham off her perch is to give her a jolt. Hand her a real thrill. She

thinks she's a dizzy stepper. Well, the thing to do is lick her at her own game. Our friend here must show her some real speed. Make her head swim. Shock her. Lead her a merry chase. Zip, pep, whirlwind stuff. Galloping hoofs. Wild yells. Sandstorms in the desert. Fighting. Yo, ho, and a scuttle of synthetic gin!"

"Oh, but I say—" Basil burst in. "What, what?"

Then he suddenly gave a wheeze and began to cackle merrily. I wondered if he'd got a short in his mental ignition and was about to blow a fuse. But no, it was his starting motor working. "By Jove, I get it," he said. "Annabelle smokes, drinks, swears, and swaggers. I should do the same and do it better, eh? Take her trick and lead trumps."

"Right," said Honk. "You've got it. I'll help you. When shall we start?"

"We should start," Basil decided, "as soon as we can arrange our plans."

It was wind wasted for Honk to argue that no elaborate plans were necessary. Nutsy wanted blue prints and specifications fixed up first. That's the British way. By the time they get their campaign plotted, maps drawn, and ranges calculated, the war is over.

However, I was perfectly willing for Nutholme, the hogger, to run around with the daughter of a brass hat, especially as I had my eye on a certain railroad widow and was looking forward to opening a Harvey House with her maybe some time in the future after we had got married, she supplying the capital, of course.

I gave Honk some advice. "Get old Bazz full of hot tea," I told him, "and hang on to your hat."

But nothing much happened. After a lot of heavy scheming they got their time-card and scenario cooked up. Then they went out to take a few road houses apart. Honk reported that Nutsy's acting up was enough to make a laughing jackass weep. As a wild man he was a wooden Indian for true. In short, he was the world's worst poof as a gay dog.

"I suppose you've run into Miss Faversham on your boisterous rounds," I ventured. "Has this cuckoo idea of yours put the kibosh on her like you figured?"

"Er—ah—well, we saw her and her gang at the Strut Inn one night. I danced with her. She made sarcastic remarks about Nutsy. 'Are you galloping around with that Nutholme canary?' she wanted to know. 'Ouch! He's the prize dull thud. Some baby gold-digger's going to frisk him of his crown and bridge work if he don't stay home.' 'You're all bedraggled,' I told her. 'The vamp that bites him will die frothing at the mouth. He's deep, that hombre. Slow to start, but hard to stop.' She laughed till I wanted to slap her. But I caught her watching him on the sly."

Two nights later I collided with Jerry Locke turning a corner. We're lodge brothers. He's a secret agent, or highway cop, or something, and thinks he can beat me playing pool. "Blow your horn, and keep to the right," I snapped. "Always in a hurry and never going anywhere."

"Close your foolish face," he shot back. "I am going somewhere. Just got a big line on a rum runner. Got to beat it out into the sticks without delay. Say, want to go 'long? Only three of us in the car. Plenty room for one more."

A couple or three hours of scouting down one road and up another skipped by. No luck. Jerry was still hopeful,

Nutsy Took to Loafing Around the Station Office for Hours at a Time

but not boastful. Eleven o'clock. And all quiet. We scooted up to a wayside inn called the Dandelion Dell, Dine and Dance. Motion made and seconded to pause and spoil a few sandwiches and mugs of Java. Then be off again.

George waited outside. Jim was to bring him some grub and grog. Locke and I camped in a little stall at a table. The joint was a big long barn-sized room with stalls on one side and tables at one end. The orchestra was one piece, a piano, played by a jazz virtuoso. There was a pie counter at the other end. In between was dancing space.

A big bunch of merrymakers filled the place. Eating, drinking, smoking, dancing, and having a grand time. The high-stepping buds and buddies of Valhalla's Younger Set were making medicine, it seemed. Heap much whoopee. I noticed that about all of the wild ones were present. Including Honk and Nutsy. And Nutsy was drinking tea! Old Basil was supposed to be a he-wolf. Slow to start, but terrible when he got going. Well, mates, he finally started.

Honk says that somebody hit Nutsy with a cigarette end. It went down his collar—still lit. Anyhow, he suddenly grabbed half of a melon and crowned a sport behind him. Then he started throwing water in the faces of everybody who looked amused. Male or female. That led to somebody else slinging titbits like oranges, bananas and buns; and before a fast talker could say "ugh!" the battle had become gen-

eral. What we old brawlers used to call a free-for-all, and no favorites. Everybody was fighting everybody else. And getting rough, too.

Nutsy chose the largest man near him and popped three quick ones—right, left, right—to jaws and chin. The bird went down like a spreading elm taking a table, dishes, chicken dinners and three diners with him. The orchestra quit on a flatted note. The air began to buzz with missiles. Fruits, poultry, pastry, hard and soft drinks, ironstone, cutlery, glassware. For want of heavy solid shot, many were using light explosives. Puddings, jelly rolls, ice cream, custard, stewed rice, and miscellany like baked beans, salads and boiled spinach. I got an ear full of chop suey, I recall.

Jerry Locke jumped up to quell the riot. He opened his mouth to yell "Halt!" or some such ukase of the law. But while his face was open some dastard neatly placed an entire portion of mashed potatoes and brown gravy in the hole which yawned so invitingly, and the voice of authority was stilled before it boomed. Basil went on mowing 'em down. He had only two weapons, a bunch of knuckles on the end of each arm, but they were mean. Every face he cracked just fell out of sight. I went into action with a rebel yell and a ginger ale bottle. I saw Honk edging toward the counter where pies were kept on a row of shelves.

He reached his objective. He launched an offensive in all directions. I got a brief glimpse of Annabelle Faversham's face through a crevice in the crowd, but it was just a flash. Her face changed magically into a gibbering mask of meringue pie.

I reached Honk just as he ran out of pies. He recognized me with a yelp of amazement.

"There's cops already here," I said. But I got no further. Somebody switched off the lights. Squeals and brays resounded. Honk clutched my arm and dragged me with him. He went through the crowd like a buffalo through tall grass. We reached a window. It was open except for a flimsy screen of wire netting. We went through it, feet first.

I suppose we both forgot Basil. I don't remember thinking of him. Outside it was dark, but the air was less stuffy and congested. Right in front of us stood a long, low gray car. It was at the side of the building in a kind of private parking place. Its lights were out, but its engine was running. A dark figure sat at the steering wheel.

We cantered over. Honk made the sales talk. "Listen, gentle stranger," he wheedled, "I wouldn't hurry you for worlds, but you'll be doing yourself a favor if you tear out of here mighty sudden. This dump is being raided. The cops—"

The guy in the car woke up like a jack coming out of his box. "Cops?" he barked. "I'll say it's time to travel—" He had the old boat already moving.

"Hey!" Honk yelled. "What about us? Give us a lift—"

"Pile in!" the other cried. "But don't wait till morning to do it."

We piled in. About three seconds later I estimated we were racking along at about a mile a minute.

Something passed my ear with a zip! Something traveling our way, but much faster. I noticed a ragged hole which suddenly appeared in the windshield. I heard another buzzing noise and a tinkle. Ping! Ah, I realized something. Those buzzing things were bullets. We were being shot at. Name

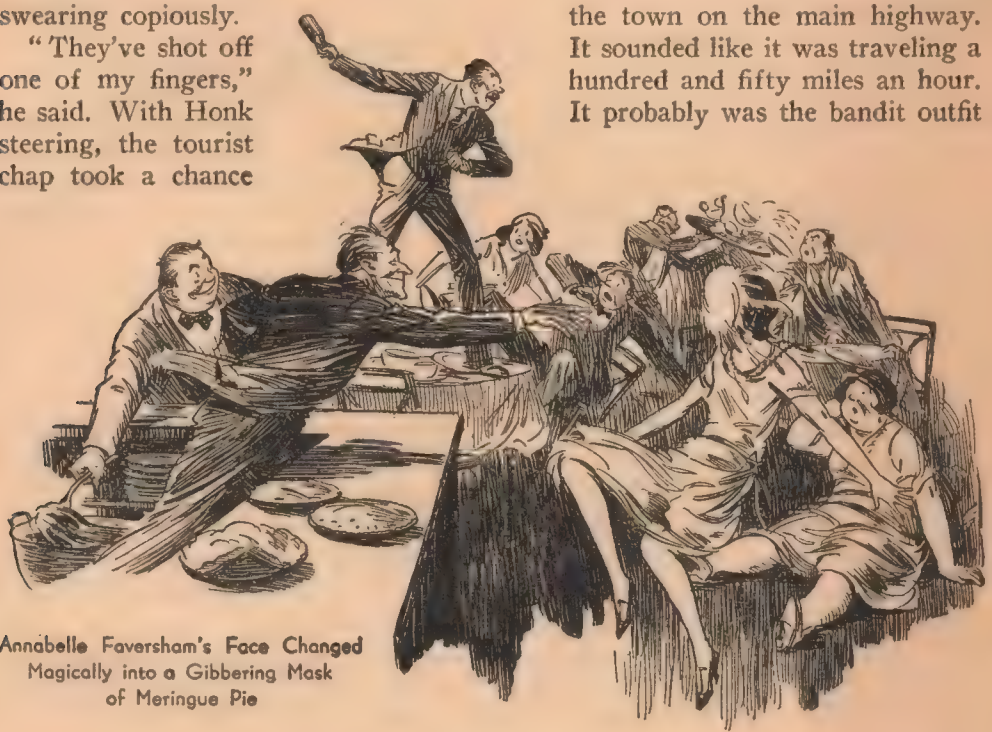
of a name! And this wasn't an armored car either!

Ahead of us the lights of a village twinkled. The driver was holding his left hand and swearing copiously.

"They've shot off one of my fingers," he said. With Honk steering, the tourist chap took a chance and looked back. "We're gaining on 'em," he announced. "But they're still coming. You drive, sport, and when we get to this little burg, slow her down. I gotta see a doc and get this wing fixed up. I'll drop out, see? Then you fellows scoot. Circle around and lose that bunch, and I'll catch you later on, see?"

We saw. "Okay," Honk agreed. "We'll procrastinate around, and get you later."

The tourist slipped off. A little ways farther, Honk doused the car's lights and turned into a cross street. After a bit he turned again to the right. And then again. I got confused and lost count of his turnings. We may have circled around twice, or only once, I can't say. It was very dark. Driving without lights is the darkest thing I can think of. Anyhow we kept moving. I heard a car roar through the town on the main highway. It sounded like it was traveling a hundred and fifty miles an hour. It probably was the bandit outfit that had chased us. They surely were bandits. Murderous cutthroats, too.



Annabelle Faversham's Face Changed Magically into a Gibbering Mask of Meringue Pie

Then all at once Honk drove into a pocket. The street or alley we were in ended abruptly. A building of some kind with a wide doorway like a livery stable or a fire department extended right across in front of us. Before Honk could come to a stop we were half inside the portal. He growled and switched on the head-lamps. The place seemed to be a garage, or maybe a farmer's barn. He drove on in, and we got out to take a look around.

Two or three men came out of a sort of side office. About this time I noticed a loud smell that was vaguely familiar. I sniffed. Honk also sniffed,

and the men who had joined us sniffed. The odor had an alcoholic tang to it.

"What the hello," Honk remarked. "We've got into a distillery or brewery or something, Horace. I guess we're in the wrong phew—"

One of the men horned in at that. He had on a species of uniform which I first took to be a taxicabby's, but it wasn't. "Phew is right," he said gruffly. "But you're not in the wrong place. What you smell is your cargo. It's leaking all over the floor. Welcome, both of you. You're under arrest."

Yes, we'd been nabbed with the goods. But they let Honk use the telephone. He called the entire membership of the All-Nighters' Club, the Order of Solemn Owls, and the local officials of the Transcontinental System at Valhalla. Bring lawyers, bail, alibis, writs of habeas corpus, and character testimonials, was the gist of his conversation. And between that and daylight assistance rolled in. In big cars and little ones. The village Scotland Yard looked like an Old Settlers' Reunion. Armitage, Carter Finley, Harry Higgins, Doc Pillsbury, and half a dozen from the division offices headed by the div. supt. The cops were doubtful.

"Looks like you two crooks are the personal bootleggers for all these people," they said. "We can't take any chances. We'll have to hold you till we hear from Washington."

As day was breaking our good angel showed up. Jerry Locke in his armored car. With Jim and George and—yes, Basil Nutholme. Nutsy was still pert, and without a battle scar.

It was Locke's car that had chased us. Basil confessed that he'd helped shoot at us. You never know what your friends will do to you, I'm afraid. At any rate, we were freed.

About a week afterward Honk came crowing to me. "I've just had a gabfest with Annabelle Faversham," he confided. "She's dippy about old Basil. She says she'll marry him in a minute. She's got it all planned out for them to spend a year wrecking road houses and raising old Harry. She's written and asked him to call."

"But he can't marry her," I objected. "It's impossible."

"Sure he can. Why the devil can't he?" Honk wanted to know.

"Why—because it isn't lawful. He's already married, to a golden-haired waitress known as Margaret Bailey, at the Cozy Nook Tea Shoppe. They went to the altar yesterday afternoon. I knew the lady was partial to rails, being as she used to sling hash in a Harvey House and tied up with a mudhop and two boomer shacks, so I kind of kept an eye on her myself—nothing personal, you know."

I heaved a heartfelt sigh and added sadly:

"But Maggie isn't a railroad widow any more! Maggie's a pain in the neck. The idea of hooking up to a tea-guzzling hogger what has the nerve to call himself a railroad man! Why, it's enough to make home guards like me and you want to pull the pin on the old streak of rust!"

We've Had Some Mighty Good Covers on RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, but None of Them Can Beat "The Worthy Brother," by Harry C. Temple, Which Will Appear on Our April Issue

On a Night Like This

By CHRISTOPHER JAMES BYRNE

DAY crews going—night men showing,
Six P.M. and still a snowing!
With a forty-miler blowing
And a drag on every track.
Chains a clinking—switch lamps blinking
Like a flock of dragons winking.
Boy! It's then you start a thinking
Of the old stove in the shack.

Blowers howling—hogsheads scowling,
With their torch and oil cans prowling,
While the dinger starts a growling
"Get those engines off the spot!"
Mister Blister! Feel that twister,
As it separates each whisker,
Every hour growing brisker
Tying traffic in a knot.

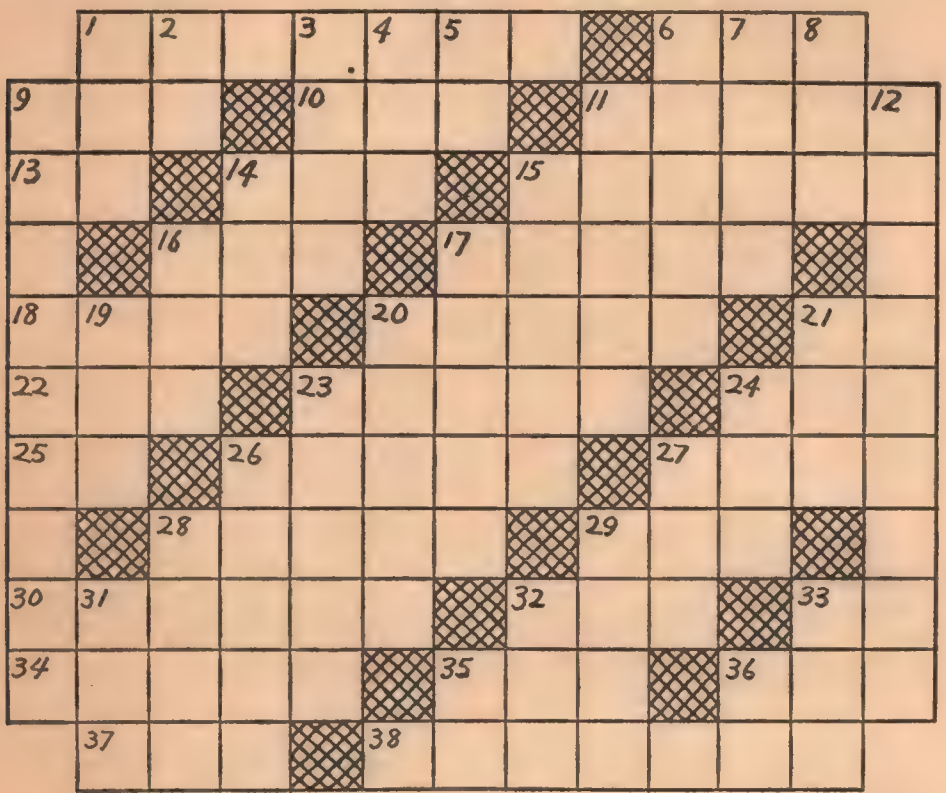
Interlocking switch points blocking,
Loads and empties creaking, rocking,
While the gale sweeps down a mocking
As we battle through the night.
Brake shoes sticking, nothing clicking,
Gandy dancers sweeping, picking,
While we stick and take a licking
In a game but losing fight.

Winds augmenting, unrelenting,
Not with drifts alone contenting,
But to add to their tormenting
With a stinging spray of sleet.
Whistles calling! Time freights stalling!
Engines pushing, slipping, crawling,
Wires down and poles a falling,
Just to make the job complete!

Footboards scraping—plowing—shaping,
Snowy ruts where steam escaping
Adds a touch of frosty draping
To the crossheads and the rods.
Drawbars snapping, car toads rapping,
Gangway curtains flipping, flapping.
Hands and faces raw and chapping
Stacked against a thousand odds.

Night crews going, day men showing,
Six A.M. and still a blowing!
Roofs adrift and overflowing
Where the night winds ran amiss;
Thus inveighing at the saying
And its meaning so dismaying,
Why for sailors, all the praying,
When we hit a night like this?

CROSSWORD PUZZLE—By H. A. Stimson



HORIZONTAL

1 Ground hog.
6 Pacific Fruit Despatch.
9 What the royal flush did.
10 Rimes with wye.
11 The end of the D. & S. L.
13 Once over.
14 The unfinished operator.
15 What the op is developing into.
16 If you can find this you're good.
17 What the engine does with Alkali in the water.
18 —bar pull.
20 Town in Ia. 105 miles from Jewell on the Sanborn branch, C. & N. W.
21 The first half of lung.
22 Bovine worry of an engineer.
23 Territory for boomers.
24 What figures in a freight train mile.
25 Masculine pronoun.
26 Colloquial hog call.
27 Weapon of the stock riders.
28 What the G. M. does to the pay roll in hard times.
29 Twenty-four hours.
30 Caboose.
32 June bug.
33 What a green signal says.
34 Town 29.5 miles east of Natchez on the Mississippi Central.
35 Side bar. Nothing to do with Volstead.
36 Short for this book.
37 Freight bill number.
38 With enough of these you have a minute.

VERTICAL

1 The route of the "Winnipeger."
2 Indefinite article.
3 They do this to the deck.
4 Signal indicator.
5 General yard (ab.).
6 If we'd had more space this would have been promanation.
7 Readers of Railroad Man's Magazine.
8 Don't do this on the main line.
9 Tunnel track walker.
11 Phonetic usage of chafed.
12 Sausage, too.
14 And—
15 She would yell for a cracker.
16 Released in the switch shanty.
17 More of these, cash or otherwise.
19 Fish delicacy.
20 The wise guy's idea of prosperity talk.
21 Chinese card game.
23 Railroad expression of endearment.
24 "If at first you don't succeed—"
26 The shine boy.
27 Hundred per cent.
28 Engine's exhaust at 60 per cent cutoff.
29 Overtime is as extinct as this.
31 Track for cripples.
32 Company saw-bones.
33 Sand house chatter.
35 In reference to.
36 Telegraph code for made.

(Answers elsewhere in this issue.)

On the Spot

BROTHER A. B. CLARK started something when he sent into this editorial terminal a while back, a choice bit of word tonnage under the title of "Midland Memories." If you will recall, we switched this one out to you in the December, 1930, issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. It was way-billed strictly on its merits and it was up to you, brothers and friends, to say just how well you liked it.

Out in California Brother Clark, sometimes known as the Old Cracker, is being just as thankful to you to-day as we are, because the way you gents greeted "Midland Memories" is something to write home about. The truth of the matter is that "Midland Memories" to date has received more ringing praise than any other one individual illustrated article we have published in more than a year. *And that's saying a lot!*

So just to give you something to look forward to, we are going to publish, in the April issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, Brother Clark's latest, "Hot Times on the Horny Toad." Here we have a chance to look back on the most glorious of the now gone boomer days on the hardest division of the Santa Fe where only a real he-man could survive.

Among the many reader comments on "Midland Memories," we are glad to print the following which, aside from giving a number of interesting sidelights, will also serve to answer a flock of questions which poured into this office concerning the Midland:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Clark's story on the Colorado Midland was a peach. But why not go on with it and tell the tale of the gallant end?

Competition was keen between the old Denver and Rio Grande, then a narrow gauge line, and the comparatively new Colorado Midland, standard gauge. In fact, frequent clashes between the section gangs of the two lines grew to such violence as to make the walls of the scenic cañons echo with the thunder of gunfire. These bouts, often started by stone-throwing across the narrow river, wound up with several fatalities which brought down subsequent investigation by the local arm of the law. Perhaps a small stone, loosened from above by the operations of one labor gang, would come clattering down upon them, and they would immediately respond by hurling a volley across the river at their rivals, assuming that hostilities had been opened. And of course from that moment on there would be a pitched battle.

However, there was not enough business through that country to support both lines and, therefore, both suffered. The Midland, being standard gauge,

advertised the fact as a distinct advantage. The Rio Grande appealed to the natives on the basis that it had pioneered the district and deserved support in the face of these tardy poachers on the territory.

Then came the World War and government railroad administration. After a Federal representative had made an investigation of these conditions, and reported his findings to Washington, he returned one day to advise the boys that he had great news for them. The Colorado Midland men had demonstrated the fact that they were such excellent scrappers that they were all going to get an opportunity to get into the big fight—overseas. And they could take their railroad with them—that is, most of it. Railroad material was urgently needed over there, and there was not time enough to manufacture sufficient new supplies and equipment. And that would leave the original field to the Denver and Rio Grande (now the D. & R. G. W.), which proceeded to make its main line standard gauge.

How many of the boys later rode up to the front on the relocated Colorado Midland and realized it? How many of them ate a meal of beans and goldfish that came up through a hail of shrapnel, thanks to a fearless Colorado Midland crew? How many shell torn veterans owe their lives to the record ride back to the hospital base on the Colorado Midland de France?

That was a relocation job that you don't hear much about. The old Colorado Midland is not dead. It lives on with the other heroes who went over there, did their stuff, but never came back. And let us not forget that a good crowd went over from the Denver and Rio Grande, allies with the Midland crowd, if you please!

The above I gleaned from the D. & R. G. boys. I felt that it should be told. Let's see if you can dig up somebody who *knows*.

E. Jay Quinby,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Editor Railroad Man's Magazine:

That "Midland Memories" was all to the mustard. I handled the tool of ignorance (fireman's scoop) on that road back in 1915 under the name of Willis Banks, and Brother Clark sure set my head to spinning. Hope we hear some more from that hombre.

Willis Stokes,
Shreveport, La.

Editor Railroad Man's Magazine:

Clark went a hundred per cent in his "Midland Memories," but I wish he'd have got more motive power in it. This grand old pike bristled with some intense railroading in the not-so-long-ago. Some of you old Midland heads should send in some pictures of the power—the 100 class four-connected switchers with their sawmill stacks; the old Vauclain and tandem compound hogs.

Now, as to R. W. Demoro's request for information about Silver Peak No. 2, his picture of which appeared in the January issue with the article on "Collecting Engine Pictures": This engine was one of the last survivors of what were known as the "Jay Gould Engines." When Jay Gould got hold of the Union Pacific in the '80's, this road had a heterogeneous mixture of motive power. A standardized series of power was designed, and Silver Peak and her sisters began to arrive in the U. P. and controlled lines in the early '90's. Hundreds of them were built at the U. P. shops. Many more were turned out of Rogers Locomotive Works and the Pittsburgh Locomotive Works. They were built in the following types: 0-6-0, 4-4-0, 2-6-0, 2-8-0 and 4-6-0.

The sunflower stack was designed for this power, to replace the old Congdon stack then in use on the U. P. Those fine old jacks all had paneled cabs, a new design of neat headlight, long, shapely oak pilots, bald domes—except those made at Rogers, which they equipped with their standard ogeed dome—standard headlight bracket, standard tenders and heavily-belled brass figure plates.

The U. P., Oregon Short Line, Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf Ry., Ft. Worth & Denver City Ry. and Denver & South Park Ry. were all powered throughout with these new engines in the early '90's. Mr. Demoro's snapping Silver Peak on the Pacific Coast indicates she served her time on the old O. R. & N.

W. H. Edwards,
Box 67, Deer Lodge, Mont.

* * *

Conductors, Please Read

We'll bet ten to one that the author of this epistle is a hoghead:

Editor Railroad Man's Magazine:

Referring to an article in "Sunny Side of the Track," December issue, a Union Pacific conductor with a bent toward psychology, forgot to mention several things:

That a real O. R. C. probably would have done the same work in about 15,000 moves instead of 38,710.

That he could have handled the engine 3,441 times better than the hogger on the 3,441 trains mentioned.

The number of faulty and indistinct signals given in the 38,710 moves made.

What the head shack was doing while this conny was walking over 100 cars to wake the hogger.

How many times he had his meals cooked in the crummy while the hogger was hitting the ball.

How many times he hit the hay while they were rolling along.

I have been a railroader for 43 years and I know this fellow's breed and he is well hated by every one on the division on which he works. He is always ready with an alibi and will always pass the buck at an investigation where in a great many cases, if the truth were told, all concerned would be exonerated.

I have had the pleasure of working with many congenial trainmen who made every effort to have the hogger know what work was to be done along the road, and the result was coöperation and getting over the road.

Frank H. Beach,
Chicago, Ill.

Yeh, It's a Small World

More old pals are finding each other after years of separation through this department than you can shake a brake club at. F. A. Goldsworthy, one of our regular contributors, and a former conductor, recently staged a reunion which may interest you:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I received a letter from my old runner, Norman H. Robotham, thanks to you. He was my hoghead in the days before the war, and what a hogger he was! He could coax a hog to pull twice her rated tonnage. And speedy, too.

GOLDY.

* * *

And here's another man who remembers, although the incident in question was prominent in a fiction story "Runaways," in the September issue:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I just ran across "Runaways," by Hardy Reeves. Say, I was right there when part of that story happened. Reeves tells about the second section of a passenger train running around the first without right to do so, simply because the boomer engineer wanted to dodge the road foreman of engines who was riding the engine of the first section.

I can tell you right where that took place. I've been on the spot many times, and I was the fireman that particular night on Second No. 1, and I'll never forget it as long as I live. There was no girl in the cab—just this wild-eyed hoghead and I. The hogger is now on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, so I won't call any names, nor will I reveal the exact road or place. The scene was in Arizona, and the pike involved is now one of the most thorough and modern roads. Reeves, I take it, was somewhere on that crew, although I don't remember the name. How about it, Hardy?

BERNARD PARKER,
Portland, Ore.

We asked Reeves and he replied:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Barney Parker is right. I'm writing him a letter to-day. So he can't remember me? Barney, I'm surprised. I was Landis. Yes. The conductor. Remember the name I worked under that time? H. A. Landers. Yep. That was the dope. The editor of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE also remembers. Eh, Bill? Because Bill was firing a local freight engine that was in the hole all by itself at the point where Second No. 1 tried to hide. Too bad I can't get together with that gang once again. Maybe, some time.

H. REEVES,
Montreal, Que.

The editor takes pleasure in attesting the foregoing facts. The incident happened in 1914, and resulted in two outright dismissals from service. The editor has a confidential letter from the engineer involved, and of course, cannot print it for obvious reasons.

* * *

Wreck of No. 97, Also of No. 9

If any one can enlighten the brother, please speak up:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I was much interested in Brother T. O. A.'s letter in the November Spot, in which he gave us the details on the "Wreck of No. 97." I'm in doubt about a certain term in that song where it says of the engineer, ". . . grade where he list his average, and you see what a jump he made." What's this average stuff?

Also can any one give us the details of "Wreck of No. 9?" Or is that one merely fiction?

ANDREW G. HARDY,
Drakeville, Iowa.

* * *

A Moment with the Critics

As long as we print magazines we are going to have the brothers who have an honest opinion to register, even if it does sound more like a good swift kick. So now we'll hear from them:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

A word regarding the picture "Red Eye" on cover of the December issue. This picture is an insult to every engineer in the land, and it is only on account of your bragging and boasting (on page 154) telling every one how true to life and perfect this picture is that has prompted me to say anything about it.

This picture presents a situation which has never happened to one engineer out of one hundred, and just why you wish to picture to the whole nation an engineer failing in the performance of his duty is more than I can understand. Enginemen, as a body, are mighty efficient men, and I have been around and worked on railroads ever since I was a kid. I have yet to see an engineer make so serious a blunder as you portray both in picture and explanation of same.

Just look at your assertion on page 154, "The old hoghead was 'wheeling along.'" Now wheeling along means running at a good rate of speed. Then, "when suddenly he saw ahead of him the red eye of an open switch. In another second he was on his feet, one hand on the throttle and the other on his brake valve."

It is just this "second" that the picture il-

lustrates. He was actually right on top of that open switch before he even saw its position, and his engine was actually passing over the switch points and entering the siding when he jumped up and "big-holed" her. Suppose there were cars standing on this siding? Nice situation, wouldn't it be? Suppose he did big-hole her? Can't stop a heavy train or any train on a dime. He would be a good many car lengths down that siding before his train came to a standstill, and if the siding was not clear he would stand good chances of exploring the promised land.

Mr. Temple should have left out the switch-stand and light, and left it to the imagination of the readers as to the cause of big holing her, and as to distance he had in which to make a safe stop.

If this is Mr. Temple's idea of a joke, it's a mighty sour one, and I'm afraid if he had been the negligent engineer he portrays, you would be seeing his coat tail disappearing through the gangway instead of him trying to bring his train to a stop. You, as editor, have set this picture up on the news-stands for all America to see, and you, as editor, owe an apology to the engineers of this land. Come on now, take this rap you so richly deserve, and let's see this in next issue of the magazine.

T. S. REED,
New Haven, Ind.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Just a request for more stories by Griff Crawford. His "Train Movement," in the December issue, is the best I've read in a long time. My brother and I have each read it three times.

EARL D. W. SHELDON,
Olympia, Wash.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

As for picking out the best stories, there is no such thing. They are all good, except the magazine should be twice as big, and should be published twice a month. You can take *Ching Wo*, now that he's finished with, get him a job in a laundry and let him stay there. That was a good yarn, but not for *our* magazine. I feel bad every time I think of the *real* railroad stories we missed while that fellow hogged up six perfectly good issues.

JOSEPH S. FLEMING,
Buffalo, N. Y.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Without doubt your magazine is the best published. My only complaint, since I started reading it, might be made against "The Mask of Ching Wo." Otherwise you are to be congratulated.

JULIAN B. BLOMLIE,
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

All I can say is that Max Brand's "The Mask of Ching Wo" is a good story. And the good Lord couldn't please everybody with that magazine. I have been railroading about twenty-three years. I've never seen a crew—hoghead, tallow, shacks and master—which, if given the best engine on the road, and the best caboose, would not wind up with some kind of a grievance.

G. W. C.,
Calgary, Alta.

THE POETS' CORNER

Brother E. L. Kilpatrick, of Detroit, wants some one to supply the poems named "The Mortgage" and "The Engine That Went Dead."

Brother A. L. Butcher, of Maryville, Tenn., writes about the poem called "While Brakin' on the Train." In his letter he was able to give one version of it, and wants to know if any of you can finish it out. It goes like this:

Oh, me name, it is O'Shaugnessee, a section hand I used to be
Until a brakeman came to me, these words he spoke so plain:
Ses he, "We want another man, to go brakin' on the train.

J. D. Goodermuth, of New Windsor, Md., would like to have the words complete on "The Little Red Caboose Behind the Train," "The Engineer's Story," and "The Wreck of the Cannonball."

Buell McCreary, of Winfield, Kan., wants the words to the song, "The Freight Wreck at Altoona."

* * *

A. W. Bradford, of Stewart Valley, Sask., sends the following:

Hoghead's Dying Request

A hoghead on his deathbed lay;
His life was ebbing fast away.
His friends around him closely pressed
To hear the hogger's last request.

He said: "Before I bid adieu,
One last request I'll make of you;
Before I soar beyond the stars,
Just hook me on to ninety cars.

"Oh, let me on that engine there.
Just see how rough I can handle air.
Oh, let me at some water tank
Make a big hole stop and give a yank.

"Then from the corner of my eye
I'll watch the pieces as they fly;
Then I'll calmly, softly sit me down,
And watch the dust clouds settle round.

"Oh, let me pull a drawbar out,
And take my can with its long spout
And get me down upon the ground
And take my time to oil around.

"Then far behind in that red caboose
I'll hear the conductor turning loose
A few pet names, as in days of yore
I've heard a thousand times before.

"Oh, just once more before I'm dead
Let me stand the conductor on his head;
Let me see him crawl from beneath the wreck
With a window sash hung around his neck.

"And you, dear friends, I'll have to thank,
If you'll let me die at the water tank;
Within my ears that familiar sound,
The tallowpot pulling the tank spout down.

"Oh, let the train with drawbar down
Have all the crossings blocked in town,
And when they chain those cars together,
I hope it 'll be in sloppy weather.

"And when at last in the grave I'm laid,
Let it be in the cool of the water tank shade.
And put within my lifeless hand
A monkey wrench and the old oil can.

"A marble slab I do not crave;
Just mark the head of my lonely grave
With a drawbar pointing toward the skies,
Showing the spot where this hogger lies."

Then fainter grew the hogger's tone;
His friends around him began to groan.
His mind was wandering far away,
Perhaps to some other bygone day—

When he as a hogger of great renown
Was turning cabooses upside down.
Perhaps his mind was wandering back
To a drawbar close beside the track.

While he was trying to start the train,
And was doing his best to "break the chain."
Then his face lit up in joyful light
And his soul prepared to take its flight.

His friends called to him in sad refrain;
He smiled and said: "I've broken the chain."
Then closing his eyes, he said no more,
He was "doubling the hill" to the other shore.

* * *

The Old Engineer's Gal

By A. J. "Fatty" Thomas

She's just uh little ole injun, an', you see, uh little lame;
But if it wuzzn't fer 'er, we wuddn't be in thu game.
If yuh don't overload 'er, she'll haul yore drag through—
Then jist watch our smoke, while she's steppin' through thu dew.

Talk uhbout yore superheaters an' yore monster jack,
But jist lemme pat this little ole Roger on thu back;
Frum these little'ns, thu big'ns all grew—
Oh, boy, hain't she uh steppin' through thu dew!

This little ole jack has had many uh hard rap,
But jist 'cauz she's old, she's not ready fer thu scrap.
She's gotta calk in most every other flue,
But watch this baby steppin' through thu dew.

Heave thu coal in 'er, sprinkle it well to thu front;
Drop 'er down uh notch er two, and lissun to thu ole hog grunt.
We gotta time order, an' uh highball crew,
We'll take 'er bridle off, an' let 'er step through thu dew.

Whasat? Slippin'? Say, ole gal, dontcha do it any more;
I'll jist letcha step on uh inch of old seashore.
Talk uhbout yore air reverse, an' air whistle, too—
They kain't beat this baby, uh steppin' through thu dew.

Watch 'er now—uhnother notch er two I'll drap.
Why; I'd jist as soon they put *me* on thu scrap,
Fer with me, this ole gal has allus been true.
Old? Yes, but hain't she uh steppin' through thu dew?

* * *

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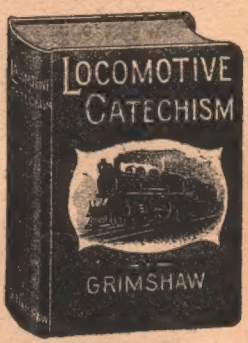

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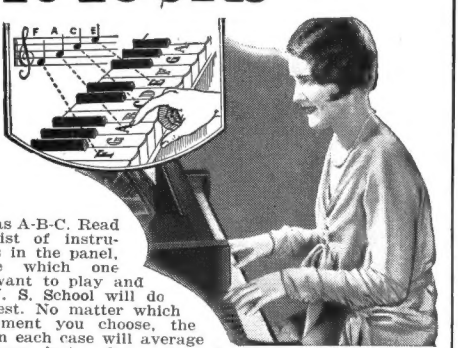

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